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☐ MR. HUESTON, a gentleman of character and standing, is about visiting the South and South-west, upon business connected with this and similar establishments. He will receive subscriptions for the KNICKERBOCKER; and our friends will confer a favor upon the Editor, by rendering him such aid, and extending to him such courtesies, as may be in their power.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1845.

No. 1.

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

NUMBER THREE.

Havana, November 18, 1844.

THE political changes adopted in Spain in 1812 and 1820 were productive of similar changes in the island; and when in both instances the constitution was proclaimed, the perpetual members of the municipalities were at once deprived of office, and their successors elected by the people. The provincial assembly was called, and held its sessions. The militia was organized; the press made entirely free, the verdict of a jury deciding actions for its abuses; and the same courts were in no instance to determine a cause the second time. But if the institution of the Consulado was very beneficent during Ferdinand's absolute sway, the ultra-popular grants of the constitutional system, which could hardly be exercised with quiet in Spain, were ill-adapted to a country more advanced in civilization, and stained with all those vices that are the legitimate curse of a slave country. That system was so democratic, that the king was deprived of all political authority. No intermediate house of nobility or senators tempered the enactments of a single elective assembly. This sudden change from a very absolute government, with its usual concomitant, a corrupt and debased public sentiment, to the full enjoyment of republican privileges, served only to loosen all the ties of decency and decorum throughout the Spanish community. Infidelity resulted from it; and that veil of respect for the religion of their fathers, which still covered the deformity of such a state of society, was imprudently thrown aside. As the natural consequence of placing the instruments of freedom in the hands of an ignorant multitude, their minds were filled with visions of that chimerical equality which the world is never to realize. The rich found themselves deprived of their accustomed influence, and felt that there was little chance of obtaining justice from the common people, (in no place so formidable as in Cuba, from the heterogeneous nature of the population,) and who were now, in a manner, arrayed against them throughout the land. They, of course, eagerly wished the return of the old system of absolute rule. But

I would here remark, and particularly call your attention to the fact, that the proprietors only asked for that liberal and noble policy which they had enjoyed at the hands of the Spanish monarch ; not, most surely, that oppressive and nondescript government which, by separating the interest of the country from that of her nearest rulers, and destroying all means of redress or complaint, has thrust the last offspring of Spain into an abyss of bloodshed and ruin.

During the second period of democratic, or what was called constitutional government, which commenced in 1820, the masonic societies came into vogue here as they did in the mother country. They adopted different plausible pretexts, though to speak the truth, they were little more than clubs for amusement and revelry. One of them, called the '*Sons of Bolivar*,' went so far as to discuss whether, in case of a Columbian invasion, it would be more expedient to avoid a collision in the presence of the slaves, by giving way peaceably before the invading army. Happily for Cuba, and certainly in consequence of the judicious interference of the United States, which foresaw in the preservation of its tranquillity the advantages of a fruitful commerce, the invasion did not take place. And if the island has since had to lament the gradual encroachments of the executive, in all the several branches of its politics and administration, it has also been preserved from the sanguinary results which the premature establishment of ultra free institutions has produced in all the numerous countries which once formed the dominion of Spain in America. They may now be recovering from the anarchical effects of the sudden change ; but that they have experienced a severe scourge, the principal and only fruits of independence to the first generation of its recipients, the people of Cuba are most thoroughly convinced. We must, however, consider that the subsequent jealous policy of the Spanish government has been altogether unwarranted.

First, because those discussions of the '*Sons of Bolivar*' were owing to the countenance of the liberal government given to those very societies ; a thing entirely uncalled for among a people permitted to meet freely and name a portion of their rulers.

Secondly, because for political ends, no property qualification was required ; a provision which, however well adapted to a country like ours, where constitutional rights have been exercised ever since colonial times, could not be safely overlooked in one just emerging from a despotic though beneficent government.

Thirdly, because a respectable portion of the old Spaniards residing here were themselves desirous of upholding the constitutional system in Cuba which they saw tottering in Spain. General Vives, who commanded at that time, regarded the circumstance with anxious solicitude, and very reasonably inferred that, if the constitution of 1812 was sustained in this country after the king's absolute power was acknowledged in Spain, the consequences would be fatal to its dependence, however rational and honest the views of the constitutionalists might be considered. Hence his strenuous efforts in 1824, after the restoration of Ferdinand, to make the most of the wild and varying schemes which had been proposed in the *Soles de Bolivar*, under the democratic institutions, and of the relaxation of the reins of government I have described. The

greatly-reduced Spanish military force at that time in the island, and the fact that much of it consisted of regular regiments and native militia, are sufficient proof that to the solid good sense of the inhabitants, rather than any show of force, should be attributed the immediate disappearance of those germs of disquietude. Not even the weakness of General Kindelan could induce the planters to lose sight of their chief interest. Though General Vives subsequently desired to impress the constitutional party with the idea that they might be carried farther than they meant to go, and with that view took especial care that a well-concerted scheme for throwing off the Spanish yoke should appear to have been devised, it must be acknowledged, that notwithstanding he caused the persecution and imprisonment of many individuals, and occasionally the ruin and misery of their families, he oftentimes also interfered to mitigate the appalling and unavoidable excesses of those menials of government, ever ready in such circumstances to exceed the wishes of the leading statesmen, and to make political difficulties subservient to the vilest purposes. That which should have warned the Spanish ministry of the inexpediency of establishing such inappropriate institutions, brought upon the island all its subsequent misfortunes. I refer to the Royal Order of 1825, which being the existing law of the land, I take the liberty to translate :

'*WAR Department.* The King our master, in whose royal mind great confidence has been inspired by your excellency's proved fidelity, indefatigable zeal in his majesty's service, judicious and well-concerted steps taken since Y. E. had charge of the government, in order to keep in quietude his faithful inhabitants, confine within the proper limits such as would deviate from the path of honor, and punish such as forgetting their duties would dare commit excesses in opposition to our wise laws; well convinced as H. M. feels, that at no time and under no circumstances whatever will the principles of rectitude and love toward H. M. royal person be weakened which now distinguish Y. E.; and being at the same time desirous of preventing the embarrassments which under extraordinary circumstances might arise from a division in the command, and from the complicated authority and powers of the different officers of government, for the important end of maintaining in that island his sovereign authority and the public quiet, it has pleased H. M., in conformity with the advice of his council of ministers, to authorize your excellency, fully investing you with the whole extent of power which by the royal ordinances is granted to the governors of besieged towns. In consequence thereof H. M. most amply and unrestrictedly authorizes Y. E. not only to remove from that island such persons, holding offices from government or not, whatever their occupation, rank, class, or situation in life may be, whose residence there you may believe prejudicial, or whose public or private conduct may appear suspicious to you, employing in their stead faithful servants of H. M., who shall fully deserve your excellency's confidence; but also to suspend the execution of whatever royal orders or general decrees in all the different branches of the administration, or in any part of them, as Y. E. may think conducive to the royal service; it being in any case required that these measures be temporary, and that Y. E. make report of them for his majesty's sovereign approval.

'In granting Y. E. this marked proof of his royal esteem, and of the high trust your proven loyalty deserves, H. M. expects that in due correspondence to the same, Y. E. will use the most wakeful prudence and reserve, joined to an indefatigable activity and unyielding firmness, in the exercise of your excellency's authority, and trusts that as your excellency shall by this very pleasure and graciousness of H. M. be held to a more strict responsibility, Y. E. will redouble his vigilance that the laws be observed, that justice be administered, that H. M. faithful vassals be protected and rewarded, and punishment without partiality or indulgence inflicted on those who, forgetful of their duty and their obligations to the best and most benevolent of monarchs, shall oppose those laws, decidedly abetting sinister plots, with infraction of them and disregard of the decrees from them issuing. And I therefore, by royal order, inform Y. E. of the same for Y. E.'s intelligence, satisfaction, and exact observance thereof. God preserve your excellency's life. Madrid, 28 May, 1825.

ADRIEN.

The sad effects of this royal order, which the king only meant to be observed temporarily, and under a strict responsibility, '*le mas estrecha responsabilidad,*' were not immediately felt. 'Truth and justice compel me to assert,' says one of the most enlightened Cubans, on being rejected from the Cortes, in common with all the deputies from this province, 'that notwithstanding the terrible authority conferred on the Captain-General by this royal order, Vives, who then held that office, far from

putting it in execution during his long government, discovered that its application would be equally disadvantageous to Cuba and Spain. Under a mild and conciliatory policy this island became the refuge of many unhappy proscriptions, who were expelled from the peninsular territory by the arm of tyranny.'

The very judicious administration of the Count Villaneuva, as Intendant, which had undoubtedly an influence materially advantageous to the country, was likewise calculated to make every one forget the depressed political condition to which the new law had reduced the inhabitants of Cuba. Under its fearful and comprehensive provisos, since become the scourge of the land, public bodies were respected. Some of them constantly consulted together on grave subjects, such as the rural and domestic police for the management of slaves, the imposition of taxes and judiciary reform, and enjoyed the privilege of printing their reports, without applying for the consent of the executive officers; and the press was moreover very far from being restricted as it now is.

As a proof that the political servitude created by the royal order of 1825 was not intended to be permanent, I make an extract from an article on the dangers of the slave-trade, published in a periodical of Havana, in 1832, under the despotic government of Ferdinand, and seventeen years after issuing the royal order above referred to. Immediately following a very precise detail of facts, of the numbers of imported slaves, and of the relative position of the races, we read :

'Thus far we have only considered the power which has its origin in the numbers of the colored population that surrounds us. What a picture we might draw, if we were to portray this immense body acting under the influence of political and moral causes, and presenting a spectacle unknown in history! We surely shall not do it. But we should be guilty of moral treason to our country, if we were to forget the efforts now making to effect a change in the condition of the African race. Philanthropic laws, enacted by some of the European nations, associations of distinguished Englishmen, periodicals solely devoted to this subject, eloquent parliamentary debates whose echoes are constantly repeated on this side the Atlantic, bold exhortations from the pulpits of religious sects, political principles which with lightning rapidity are spreading in both hemispheres, and very recent commotions in several parts of the West Indies, every thing is calculated to awaken us from our profound slumber and remind us that we must save our country. And should this our beloved mother ask us what measures we have adopted to extricate her from her danger, what would those who boast themselves her dutiful sons, answer? The horrid traffic in human blood is carried on in defiance of the laws, and men who assume the name of patriots, being no other than parricides, cover the land with shackled victims. And as if this were not sufficiently fearful, with criminal apathy, Africans freed and brought to this country by English policy, are permitted to reside in our midst. How different the conduct of our neighbors the Americans! Notwithstanding the rapid increase of their country; notwithstanding the white has constantly been four-fifths more numerous than the colored population, and have ten and a half millions to offset two millions; notwithstanding the importation of the latter is prohibited from one end of the republic to the other, and European immigration immense; notwithstanding the countries lying upon their boundaries have no slaves to inspire dread, they organize associations, raise funds, purchase lands in Africa, establish colonies, favor the emigration of the colored population to them, increasing their exertions as the exigency may require, not faltering in their course, and leaving no expedient untried which shall prove them friends of humanity and their country. Not satisfied with these general measures, some States have adopted very thorough and efficient measures. In December, 1831, Louisiana passed a law prohibiting importation of slaves even from other States of the Union.

'Behold the movement of a great people, who would secure their safety! Behold the model you should imitate! But we are told your efforts are vain. You cannot justly reproach us. Our plantations need hands, and if we cannot obtain negroes, what shall we do? We are far from wishing to offend a class equally deserving respect and esteem, including many we are happy to call friends. We are habitually indulgent, and in no instance more so than in that before us. The notions and examples to which they have been accustomed justify in a great measure the part they act, and an immediate benefit and remote danger authorize in others a course of conduct which we wish may never be generally and permanently adopted. We would not rudely censure the motives of the planters. Our mission requires us only to remark, that it is necessary to adopt some other plan, since the change in politics is inconsistent with and hostile to the much longer continuance of the illicit traffic in slaves. We all know that England has, both with selfish and humane motives, made and is still making great efforts against it by means of treaties. She is no longer the only power thus engaged, since France is also taking her share in the enterprise. The United States will soon appear in the field to vindicate down-trodden humanity. They will adopt strong measures, and perseveringly

pursue the pirate negro-dealer. Will he then escape the vigilance of enemies so active and powerful? And even should some be able to do so, how enormously expensive must their piracy be! It is demonstrable that the number of imported negroes being then small, and their introduction subject to uncommon risks, their cost would be so enhanced as to destroy the motive for preferring slave labor. A proper regard to our true interests will lead us to consider henceforth other means of supplying our wants, since our present mode will ultimately paralyze our resources and be attended with baneful consequences. The equal distribution of the two sexes in the country, and an improved treatment of them, would alone be sufficient, not merely to prevent a diminution of their number, but greatly to increase it. But the existing disproportion of the sexes forbids our indulging in so pleasing a hope. We shall however do much to effect our purposes by discontinuing certain practises, and adopting a system more consonant to the good principles that should be our guide.

'Would it not be advisable to try some experiments that we may be able to compare the results of cultivating cane by slaves, with such other method as we may find it expedient to adopt?'

'If the planters could realize the importance of these propositions to their welfare, we should see them striving to promote the introduction of white and the exclusion of colored hands. By forming associations, raising funds, and in various ways exerting themselves vigorously in a cause so eminently patriotic, they would at once overcome the obstacles to the introduction of white foreigners, and induce their immigration by the guarantees of good laws and the assured tranquillity of the country.'

'We may be told that these are imaginary plans, and never to be realized. We answer that they are essays, not difficult nor expensive, if undertaken, as we suggest, by a whole community. If we are not disposed to make the voluntary trial now, the day is at hand when we shall be obliged to attempt them, or abandon the cultivation of sugar. The prudent mariner on a boisterous ocean prepares betimes for the tempest, and defies it. He who recklessly abandons himself to the fury of the elements is likely to perish in the rage of the storm.'

'How imprudent,' some may exclaim 'how imprudent,' to propose a subject which should be forever buried in 'lasting oblivion!' Behold the general accusation raised against him who dares boldly avow new opinions respecting these matters. Unfortunately there is among us an opinion which insists that 'silence' is the true policy. All feel the evils which surround us, are acquainted with the dangers, and wish to avoid them. Let a remedy be suggested and a thousand confused voices be simultaneously raised; and a significant and imploring 'Hush!' — 'hush!' is heard on every side. Such infatuation resembles his who conceals the disease which is hurrying him to speedy death, rather than hear its unpleasant history and mode of cure, from his only hope, the physician's saving science. Which betrays censurable apathy, he who obstinately rushes headlong to the brink of a mighty precipice, or he who gives him the timely warning to beware? Who would thus save a whole community perhaps from frightful destruction? If we knew most positively that the disease were beyond all hopes of cure, the knowledge of the fact would not stay the march of death, while it might serve but as a terrifying annunciation of his approach. If however, the sick man is endowed with a strong constitution, that with timely prescription, promises a probable return of health, it would be unpardonable to act the part of a passive spectator. We heed not what the selfish say, that the self-admiring wise censure, or the parricidal accuse us. Reflections of a higher nature guide us, and in the spirit of our responsible calling as a public writer, we will never cease to cry aloud, 'Let us save our country — let us save our country!'

To those who even now assert that the present military and personal government is advantageous to those who dislike and fear novelties, to those who contend that it is the same system the island enjoyed under Ferdinand, we say: Dare publish now at your peril the above document, or any thing discreditable, or disparaging to the slave-dealers. That I may not lose sight of the order of events, I remind you that immediately after the overthrow of the constitution, and precisely at the time the persecution for revolutionary opinions commenced under the order of 1825, the country was in its most flourishing and healthy period. The fruits of the several acts for promoting the country's welfare and the development of its resources, which owed their origin to corporations, when they had vitality in them, were gathered then. Moreover the judicious and liberal policy above described was continued by the present Intendant, who could then act with great independence. As chief of the financial department, the Count de Villanueva regulated the mode of keeping accounts, corrected abuses and introduced greater simplicity in the collection of taxes, and established several facilities beneficial to the merchants. By means of his great influence at Madrid, he was enabled to supersede the Captain-General in the Presidency of the Consulado, and directing the labors of that body, he made them subserve the development and improvement of the country. Availing himself of the general wealth, and of the increasing agriculture of the island, he daringly

taxed its products; and it is generally believed that it was during his administration, duties of various kinds were imposed without the consent of those to be affected by them. He represented 'de facto' the people of Cuba; was the chief fiscal agent; the friend and adviser of the Captain-General; the favorite of Ferdinand's government. A skilful and mighty authority like his could, at such a period, draw abundant resources from the country to the metropolis, and promote at the same time the interests of the former by reforming abuses. To both these objects were his exertions successfully directed. To his discriminating judgment it was very evident that a vast territory, capable of great agricultural production, could not maintain its position, much less make progress, should its commerce be again limited to the mother country. He was aware of the probable results of such limitation.

First, the total annihilation of the surplus revenue, of which they were so desirous at court;

Secondly, the immediate paralysis of agriculture, the fountain of the island's wealth; and

Thirdly, a very extensive contraband trade.

Villanueva had the waters of the Husille brought into the city by a well-devised though costly plan; the roads near Havana Macadamized, and a mud-machine erected to clear the anchorage and preserve the wharves. He established the more modern and rational system of selling at auction to the lowest bidder the performance of various services, particularly for the government or the public. He enlarged the Spanish navy from the navy-yard of Havana; the regular intercourse between the two countries by mail packets was his suggestion, and the Guines rail-road is a crowning, ever-memorable and enduring monument of his enterprise and genius. Amidst these improvements, beneficial to Spain and the island, the Count was enabled to make frequent and heavy remittances to the general treasury in Spain, which was so relieved by them that the demands were gradually augmented without any regard to the means of meeting them, and the inevitable consequence was, the sacrifice of the necessities of the island to the urgency of their payment. Thus it happened that the Bank of St. Ferdinand, the establishment of which was one of the acts which do honor to Villanueva, had no opportunity of doing any service to the public, as its capital was specially sent for from Madrid. In brief, Count Villanueva's administration can in no way be better appreciated than by bearing in mind that whatever liberal and enlightened views he carried into practical effect, he had nothing similar to guide him or excite his emulation, in all the Spanish territory. His power in Cuba was great, his influence in Madrid had no equal, and his credit abroad was such that his promise and acceptance was a source of revenue at court. The authority of the captain-general himself being eclipsed by his, it is certainly no matter of surprise that public bodies and individuals should have sunk into insignificance.

It was in such a state of political weakness and general prosperity, that the Estatuto Real, which was the first liberal act of Christina's regency, found Cuba. Under it the inhabitants of the island observed, as they always had done, the laws promulgated in the mother country. A

number of members were added to the municipalities, equal to the number of hereditary members, and the former were by express proviso to be individuals who were highest on the tax list. Thus formed, these corporations elected the deputies who represented the interests of the island at the Spanish congress. This slight political change, which enabled the corporations of Havana, Santiago de Cuba, and Puerto Principe, to name three deputies in the 'Estamentos' without other free institutions, was certainly not calculated to alarm the royal authority, however jealous it might be supposed. Three votes, more or less, could not of course cause any uneasiness; but it is ever the consequence of free institutions, in just proportion to their worth, to diminish the importance of individuals. We see then one of the causes of that strenuous opposition so successfully exerted to deprive the island of deputies to Madrid. Such a refusal, where there is an immense amount of productive capital to be benefited or injured, or destroyed by the enactments of government, and where the colony is not allowed delegates to represent its interests at court, has no parallel in any civilized country professing to approve of liberal institutions. The island was at that time governed by General Tacon, whose short-sighted, narrow views and jealous and weak mind were joined to an uncommon stubbornness of character. Never satiated with power, it was through his influence that the wealthy portion of the community was divested of the privileges conferred on them by the Estatuto. He even deprived the old municipalities of Havana of the faculty of naming the under commissaries of police. In his own immodest report of his reign, as it was justly termed, he enumerated the very extensive and costly buildings and public works he had constructed, and from the singular manner in which he accounts for procuring the ordinary means, we must suppose he had the power of working miracles. To sustain his absolute government by trampling on every institution, was the necessary consequence of his first violent and unjustifiable act. It was consequential upon his own and his followers' efforts. Any power, any institution, not dependent on the palace of the captain-general, might be the means of denouncing abuses, of exposing the real deformity of his and their pretended patriotism; and the numberless parasites whose interest ever was to blind the royal eyes, magnified the virtues of their hero, while they were rapidly accumulating fortunes at his side. In order to obtain credit in the management of the police, he displayed a despotic and even brutal activity in the mode of exacting from the under officers, distributed in the several wards of the city, under personal responsibility, the apprehension and summary prosecution of criminals. They soon found that there would be no complaint, provided they acted vigorously and brought up prisoners. So far from presuming their innocence, or requiring proof of their crimes, those who were once arrested were put to the negative and difficult task of proving their innocence. The more unwarrantable the acts of his subalterns the more acceptable to him, since they, in his opinion, exhibited the energy of his authority. They trembled in his presence, and left it to persecute, to invent accusations, to imprison, and spread terror and desolation among the families of the land! It is but just to add, that the banditti and thieves and professed gamblers were terrified by

his sweeping scythe, and became much more modest than they had been during the brief government of the weak and infirm General Ricafort, the predecessor of Tacon. The timid and short-sighted merchant who projected this reform, did not comprehend or appreciate the illegality of the system, nor its pernicious effects on the future destinies of the country, and was the first to justify the man who dared interpose himself between the Spanish monarchs and their subjects, to silence every complaint of the latter, and to say to the former, 'You shall never hear the petitions of your American vassals contrary to my pleasure.' The political servitude at that moment implanted in the country, was new, and must of course excite discontent, which was not unfrequently vented in the random conversation of young men.

The consequence of all this was, a regular system of espionage. The prisoners were distributed in the castles, because the jails were insufficient to contain them. In the dungeons were lodged nearly six hundred persons, the cause of whose detention nobody knew; a fact authentically proved by a casual circumstance. In the streets, in the highways and fortresses, under a scorching sun, and during the unhealthy season, the poor Carlist prisoners, having surrendered themselves, trusting to the faith of liberals, were suffered to sicken and sink miserably into a premature grave. Let it not be supposed, however, that his political persecution was confined to the enemies of the liberal institutions then existing in Madrid. The contrary may be adduced from the inconsiderate protection extended by him to the famous friar Cerito Almeda, of whose machinations he appeared to approve, and from the fact that events favorable to the queen were at a certain period not permitted to appear in the distorted press of Havana. His creed was soon ascertained. He considered those whom he thought likely to tear the veil from his tyranny, the veritable traitors, the enemies of his throne, and the advocates of independence in Cuba. He destroyed all freedom of discussion in the municipal body, usurped its powers, and frightened away such members as he thought would not bend sufficiently to his will. He constructed an enormously high, massive, level road through the widest avenue of the city, which is at this moment in process of removal, at the expense of the same suffering community who had to pay for its erection, and had to suffer its unhealthy effects while it remained. General Tacon moreover established a privileged market for selling meat and fish, to the detriment of the public and the public revenue, and for the profit of himself and his nearest friends. Those who doubt this statement, may find a clue to the facts in the '*Expression de Agrarios, ante el Tribunal Supremo de Justicia, por el Ayuntamiento de la Habana sobre cargos en residencia al General Tacon,*' printed in New-York by Desueur and Company, in 1839. Among other things it will there be seen how a man living at his table and board, was subsequently found to be interested in the contract for the meat and fish market, without its being absolutely binding on him to perform the condition of paying in his amount of stock in order to be entitled to his share of the profits, which he did nevertheless receive.

It will likewise be found that the party to that contract was illegally preferred to the more regular bidders. It may farther be ascertained

from that work that when the contractors obtained the grant and commenced exacting unauthorized fees, to the great injury of the public, a suit was instituted to investigate and reform the abuse at the tribunal of one of the alcades, and that the record was claimed and taken possession of by Tacon, who still lies under the charge of having caused it to disappear, as it is stated in his successor General Espeleta's official answer, that it is not to be found in the archives of the captain-generalship.

Notwithstanding General Tacon's efforts at the first election under the Estatuto, the voice of his Excellency Don Juan Montalva y Castillo was raised in Madrid at the Cortes, and the misconduct of the former partially exposed. As it continued, Messrs. Armas and Saco were named for the second congress during his government, both very enlightened and able men, well acquainted with the circumstances, and friendly to the welfare of the island, and therefore as opposed to the ultra-liberal or revolutionary ideas, as desirous of removing from the Spanish peninsular government the shame and discredit of such lawless proceedings on the part of the chief metropolitan authority. To discover imagined conspiracies, to commence suits blindly approved by his assessor, to expatriate, to vex, to imprison the citizens, these were Tacon's noble exploits. His artful reports found credit at court. He was therefore continued in his government, and the Spanish Cortes in 1836, by a majority of thirteen votes, shut their doors, which had always been open to American representatives, against the deputies of the island, then elected and at Madrid. They were obliged to return without being allowed the privilege of uttering their grievances. This was the single but serious act of usurpation which robbed the descendants of the island's conquerors of all interference in their administration and tributary system. Some time after the oath to the constitution had been taken at Madrid in 1812, the Spanish General Lorenzo, commanding in St. Jago, encouraged by the encomiums and rewards conferred in former times and similar instances, on such authorities as first followed the impulse given at the court of a political change, thought it his duty to conform to the plan most approved by all parties, royalist or liberal, viz: to prolong the cry raised at the seat of government.

He therefore proclaimed the constitution. The wily old general who had so successfully snatched from the country all representative or delegate system, would not of course very quietly allow his fabric to be levelled to the ground. He made an ostentatious display of his authority, and though well satisfied of the pacific views of the eastern part of the island, insisted upon fitting out an expensive expedition, which cost the inhabitants more than \$500,000, and would have it proceed, notwithstanding the commissioners sent by Lorenzo made a formal promise that the eastern part of the island should preserve their system until the queen decided, or would obey at once Tacon's order to annul the constitution, provided an amnesty were granted for the single act of proclaiming the same, their sole offence. General Tacon began to make use of his favorite weapon (that of attacking the islanders) against General Lorenzo and the Intendant of Havana, by perfidious suggestions calculated to impair their well-proven loyalty to their sovereign. Such

improbable stories, the ill-disguised animosity of his passionate language, the cognizance by some impartial peninsular tribunals of some of his grossly-imagined plans of conspiracy, all had an influence to force the Spanish court to acknowledge, without, for reasons of policy, publicly avowing it, the irregular and disorderly course of Tacon's administration, and he was removed from office. But nothing was more efficient in drawing the mask from his face than the unskillfulness of Joaquin Valdez, his standing conspiracy-witness and confidential agent, who in framing one of his plans got into a strange quandary by compromising the Intendant of Cadiz, and other respectable old Spaniards, supposed to be concerned in the plot.

Let me add, to the honor of the Spanish name, that at the subsequent sittings of the Cortes, as if the injuries which had just been inflicted on Cuba called for immediate redress, it was generally admitted as a matter of course, what has since been artfully withdrawn from the sight of the deputies, that the political condition of that distant colony should be attended to and ameliorated without delay. A generous and high-minded Spaniard, Don Antonio Benavide, equally loyal to his country and desirous of the welfare of its inhabitants, clearly and ably insisted upon the adoption of any system in lieu of the omnipotence of the Captain-General. But the zeal and high sense of justice entertained by the congress could give no relief, where the agents of the local government were active, and the oppressed country had no advocates to maintain her rights. The only result was a royal order authorizing Tacon to call a Junta, which he took care should be formed to his liking generally, composed of authorities named by government, in its pay, with three or four private individuals among the general's pliant tools. This Junta was to propose special laws for the government of the island. The consequence was exactly what might have been expected. The chief soon perceived that, however yielding the members might be, they must draw up some rules ostensibly to restrain his untamed will, or excite the ridicule of even the Spanish Court. After calling together and dispersing them instantly, under a show of separating them into committees, he rendered the whole attempt inefficient, and feigning fear of danger from the plots of the white population, caused every feeling of justice to Cuba to be forgotten in Spain. The only proposition which seems to have transpired from the sitting of that strange, transitory and expensive Junta, was to make the island a vice-royalty and Tacon vice-king. But it appears too ludicrous to deserve any credit.

Notwithstanding it was under free institutions that Spain acceded to the establishment of the mixed Anglo-Spanish Tribunal at Havana, it was when the public bodies of the island were without sufficient energy to raise their spontaneous protest on political questions, that the Castilian name was humbled by the floating fortress which the English had anchored in the port of Havana, as a rallying signal of abolitionism, openly and malignantly avowed, as is sufficiently evident from the fact that it was manned by black men in British uniform. These soldiers, distributed in the heart of the city, the great number liberated from slave-ships by the tribunal, who both during and subsequent to their apprenticeship were left in the country in direct communication with

their bond-brethren, were the first instruments of spreading discontent among the slave population. Very far from independent and from representing the wealthy planters' interest must have been the public bodies of the island, who thus patiently saw the germs of violent insurrection sown broad-cast over the land, without most earnestly assailing the Spanish ministry with their complaints. It was not however until about the year 1835, that the disproportion of the races became alarming. In 1837, General Tacon received an official communication from Madrid, enclosing a copy of a note from the Spanish minister at Washington, containing a vivid picture of the dangers to Cuba from the abolitionary efforts making in the United States and generally all over the world. He who had heedlessly given new life and development to the policy which Vives had only partially unfolded, and which consisted in separating the old Spaniards from the natives, was now made to feel that the coöperation of the country's *bourgeoisie*, in all their united effort, was requisite to oppose the encroachments of the abolitionists.

The exposition of the Minister at Washington, though abounding with contradictory opinions, was in the main exact. It predicted immediate danger. No public bodies existing which could be considered as emanating even indirectly from the people, rich or poor, and having discredited and crushed such institutions as once existed in the island, what could he do? He contrived to call a general meeting of the planters in the city of Matanzas, whose very judicious report provided for domestic and rural government, material defence and funds to carry their plans into effect. The colonization of the island by white inhabitants, which had been unlawfully terminated, was demanded by this meeting of planters, who also insisted upon the establishment of a rural militia. In consequence of these requisitions, their resolutions on the first were not carried into execution. The immigration of whites has been materially obstructed by an influential party, who consider it hostile to the introduction of laborers more consonant to their taste and interest. General Valdez was latterly named Captain-General, an honest and generous soldier, whose memory is still dear to the liberal party in Spain, wearing many honorable marks of worth, gray in the service of his country, but his capacity undoubtedly impaired by age, joined to a general ignorance of the colonies and of political affairs, common to all the military as a class. A person observing the progress of English pretensions respecting Cuba, would certainly conclude that Lord Palmerston had himself chosen such a man, who though beyond the reach of bribery, and incapable of wilful wrong to his country, was from his weakness a suitable and manageable instrument. Let it however be said in his praise, that he had occasion to show that when the Captain-General chooses to put an end to the slave-trade it is in his power to do so.

Soon after his arrival, a series of by-laws made for the government of the slaves was published, wherein, instead of providing for the real circumstances of the occasion, the dominical rights of the master were suddenly attacked, yet not so much perhaps by their positive provisos, as the appearance of interference at a period when the restlessness and uneasiness of the blacks required measures of an entirely contrary

nature. The management of a slave country is ever a difficult matter. To avoid the commission of great errors, in the condition of Cuba, would have been scarcely less than miraculous. The actual feelings of the blacks could not, with certainty, be ascertained by individuals who had either recently arrived from Spain, or never attended on their estates but for a few moments, or during excursions of pleasure. Thus it happened, that many judicious planters, judging from the small and gradual changes in the domestic life of the blacks, foresaw the coming storm for years, while the government agent could not comprehend, and resolutely refuted, such opinions as they thought unnecessarily alarming.

Mr. Turnbull, the English consul, who from his European reputation would never have been allowed to occupy the post of consul at Cuba, had the Cuban proprietors had an organ of complaint, other than the government agents, concerted incendiary plots, and boldly prosecuted them, notwithstanding the timely and honorable interference of Garcia, one of the governors of the city of Matanzas.

I might name several little incidents, evident precursors of an insurrection, which for many years before the late repeated attempts, demanded a change in the system of the whole island; a change which would have taken place under a government having the means and disposition to ascertain the true state of things. But as I am not writing the history of Cuba, I must rest here for a time, reserving for another opportunity, the relation of late events, as they were communicated to me, and which you could not well understand, without this preliminary exposition, which to my great joy is now concluded.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY E. GALLAUDET.

High in the air, instinct their guide,
Speeding, until their home is won;
By no temptation drawn aside,
The feathered travellers move on.

From cold and storms they wing their flight
To southern lands with cloudless skies,
Where Nature smiles, forever bright,
And wintry tempests never rise.

I too like them would take my way
To warmer regions, 'till the blast
And withering frost, of winter's day,
With all its gloomy hours, were past.

And when old age comes stealing on,
And being's sun must coldly shine,
To some fair clime I would be gone,
Where Life's spring could again be mine.

THE DESERT OF THE WORLD.

AN ALLEGORY.

DEEP in the deserts wild of burning sand,
 Far from my mountain home,
 Far from the vales and streams of Fatherland,
 Alone I roam.

I see, at distance o'er the barren brown,
 A placid lake at rest;
 Shadowy hills and moving clouds float down
 Its glancing breast.

Alas! the waters vanish, thin as light,
 When thirsty feet draw near;
 Like Error, they at distance cheat the sight,
 Then disappear.

Over the hot and heavy soil I tread,
 How-wearily and slow!
 The pitiless sun beats down upon my head,
 Yet on I go.

I see the unburied bones of mighty hosts,
 In drifted sand-hills near;
 I hear the mutterings of their thirsty ghosts,
 'No water here!'

But now far off I see, cheered on once more,
 A half-hid palm-tree stand;
 Branch after branch, aloft it rises o'er
 The sea of sand.

So to the shipwrecked mariner, at last,
 Sinking in long death-strife,
 Over the main comes on, with growing mast,
 The ship of life.

The low acacia lifts its fragrant head,
 Planted beside the well;
 Its yellow flowers o'er sultry breezes spread
 A pleasant smell.

See the green bending boughs, how beautiful,
 Down o'er the fountain slanting;
 And birds among the leaves shady and cool,
 Are loudly chanting.

Hope nerves afresh each slowly-lagging limb,
 Onward I run, I fly;
 Down on my knees I fall beside its brim —
 The well is dry!

'Oh God! a death of thirst! and life all spent —
 Ended ere yet begun!
 FATHER it is Thy Hand, I am content,
 Thy will be done!'

I lay me down beneath the palm; the cup
 My hands still vainly keep;
 And deadly faintness wraps my senses up,
 Like sudden sleep.

The desert was not in my dreams, nor heat,
 Nor weariness, nor thirst;
 But sparkling from the rocks before my feet,
 The fountain burst.

I laughed to see the joyous streams all round
 Run purling through the plain;
 And rustled in my ears the plashy sound
 Of falling rain.

I woke. The cup was brimming in my hand,
 The drops of Heaven still fell;
 And by my side, ran over in the sand
 The bubbling well.

Savannah, October, 1843.

GOSSIP OF A PLAYER.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOT.

PRIMITIVE WELCH THEATRE: RIDICULOUS ADVENTURE.

THE building which we secured for our performances was a large empty house, in its arrangements very like the hotels of the Spanish noblesse. A large stable occupied the lower portion of it: this part was dedicated to the audience. A way was broken above into the house, where our stage was formed, not very extensive, as may be imagined, but still sufficiently large to answer the purpose. Behind the scenes it was almost impossible to pass, in consequence of the room being very limited in its dimensions. I had, like all young actors who have the means of procuring it, a splendid wardrobe. In the play of Pizarro my Rolla's dress was superb, and quite worthy the court of the Incas. My royal master, Ataliba, was contented with a simple shirt, and a little drapery formed of glazed calico. My ambition prompted me to lose no time in producing that gaudy and attractive play. The Welch looked upon me with primitive wonder. I died like a hero, amidst deafening shouts of applause, and the ill-concealed tears and sobs of many a Welch beauty. Those tears however were quickly changed, first to gentle titterings, and finally to obstreperous bursts of laughter. The company of actors was limited, and the principals were compelled to do the work of supernumeraries. Our gallant army was *in nubibus*, and I presume that the representative of Rolla was never treated with so much respect before. It was of course essential to remove my body previous to interment, and thus commenced the funeral procession: Alonzo and Ataliba had each a leg, Cora and the blind man, who by the way had played four or five parts, had an arm. In the first place, one leg

was put up ; down went that ; and then they tried the other ; one arm touched the floor, one leg was flying in the air, while strong expressions were hovering about my lips, longing to have vent, for I was full of indignation at my beautiful tragedy-acting being destroyed by their awkwardness. At length they succeeded in getting half my body off at one of the wings, and there I stuck fast, for there was literally no room to carry me farther ; but fortunately the delicate, tender Cora recollected that at the next entrance there was a fair chance of putting an end to my torture and the amusement of the audience. I was instantly removed, and every obstacle was vanquished. A fire-place was in that position, and they literally crammed me, finery and all, half-up the chimney ! The curtain was obliged to be lowered immediately, to relieve me from my agonizing situation ; and I came down amidst the convulsive laughter of the whole company, and afterward to my own great amusement, the picture of one of the celebrated Mrs. Montague's protégées on the first of May. The retrospect is infinitely more agreeable than was the fact itself ; although I very soon got over my chagrin. For a few days, in my walks, I produced nearly as much amusement as my friend Liston in his palmy days ; and many a black and blue eye was turned upon me with something more than a simper, as I reminded the gazer of the absurd situation in which I had been placed. My performance of the Stranger was considered very touching, but I am afraid it is a play that does not much improve the morals of any place, as there are many fair ones who may be tempted to commit the sin for the sake of the reconciliation.

EXCURSION TO CHEPSTOW AND TINTERN ABBEY.

To return to Bristol. I started on a pedestrian excursion with a friend, highly educated and accomplished, for the purpose of visiting Berkeley Castle, with all its historical recollections, Chepstow Castle, the prison of some of the regicides of CHARLES the Martyr, and that most magnificent of ruins, Tintern Abbey. Of Berkeley Castle, where I had the honor afterward of being a guest, I will speak hereafter. Chepstow is a ruin, of great beauty, and its position is most romantic. One of the towers is built on the edge of a rock, overhanging the lovely river of the Wye : the ivy clinging to and combining with both, conveys the idea that one is coeval with the other. The gate was nearly perfect, and a deep dry moat was on the land side : there were rooms in sufficient preservation to be let during the summer months ; and oh ! how I longed to be one of its occupants, and to be enabled to wander at night through its baronial halls and tenantless apartments ; to hear the whispers of the autumnal breeze, and to watch the fitful changes of the moon, throwing her silvery light upon the waters ; to hear the moanings of Martin and of his brother regicides, whose prison was in the keep, as if in deep repentance of their guilt ; for surely the errors and even the crimes of Charles were greatly obliterated by his gallant bearing from the moment he became a prisoner, and through the brutal treatment he experienced from his fanatical persecutors.

After having been delighted, not sated, with the interest attached to this castle, we bent our steps back to the town, of which we took a survey; a town which has by no means excited the great interest it is worthy to produce in the mind of a lover of the picturesque. For ages the truly ancient British chieftains of Chepstow preserved that region from the iron tyranny of the Northerns. Patriotic were their motives, glorious their deeds: to their bravery it was owing that the people of the ancient city of Caerleon to the west, and of many other opulent towns, dwelt in peace, security and independence. The walls of Chepstow extend full a mile and a half below the present town. They are of solid masonry, very thick, and at least from twelve to sixteen feet in height; proving that in the olden time the city must have been considerably larger and of great importance. The tide at Chepstow has been known to rise some sixty feet, and is only equalled in height by that of the Bay of Fundy, North-America.

We now started for Tintern Abbey, a distance of not more than five miles. The day was gloomy, with an occasional shower, but not sufficient to damp our ardor. On our arrival we took up our quarters at a little public house, where we found simple fare, with that extreme cleanliness and homely comfort so often to be met with by the road-side in England; but we were obliged to check our enthusiasm with respect to the object of our visit, for the landlord, who was the guardian of the Abbey, was not expected home till late in the evening; and, by way of preventing any encroachments upon his domain during his absence, he had taken the keys with him. We sat down however with very respectable appetites to an excellent chicken, together with eggs and bacon and some home-brewed ale, and did as much justice to our repast as the *abbots* of old (who were now sleeping in their cold monuments in our immediate vicinity) did to more sumptuous fare. Toward evening the weather assumed a more dreary character, and heavy gusts of wind broke upon our ears, conveying an indistinct but pleasurable feeling of solemnity, while it recalled all the deep and powerful interest of the past. At length, between nine and ten, our host returned, and we prevailed upon him, though not without considerable difficulty, and the gentle insinuation of an additional fee, to conduct us into the interior of the sacred edifice. The door of the great entrance was opened, and the lamp of our conductor sent forth a dim unearthly light that at every step seemed to lead us like a will-o'-the-wisp to some point of danger. It was a place and an hour when Superstition walked in all her terrors; and it required no exaggerated feeling to imagine that this was the place where

‘Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.’

The moaning blasts through the trees every moment checked our footsteps, with an undefined sensation of fear; the broken monuments impeded our path, and it was only by the uncertain and precarious light of the half-clouded moon, that we could occasionally trace the outline of this superb abbey; its massive broken arches, with here and there one entirely perfect, which had defied the hand of time somewhat

longer than those in its vicinity. In a momentary struggle, the moon would shake off the dark and mountainous clouds that fitfully enveloped her; and burst forth in all her glorious majesty, and for a few minutes literally bewilder the mind with the superb magnificence of days gone by. Here the imposing ceremonies of the Roman Church had weaned the mind from the cares and anxieties of the world; had brought the haughty feudal lord to humble prayer by the side of his humble vassal; and had sent up the song of praise, in adoration of the DEITY. The eastern window has so often excited the admiration of the painter, by its rich and varied tracery, that I should only weaken the force of its beauty by an attempt at its description here. If my memory however be not faithless, it is universally considered as one of the most gorgeous specimens of Gothic taste. The following morning we again visited this holy ground; and notwithstanding the glaring light of the sun which now shone forth in all its brilliancy, very little if any of its interest had diminished. The surrounding cells, and the minor details of the building, were more freely exposed to our view. The Abbey at the period of our visit belonged to the late Duke of Beaufort. The extreme care and watchfulness bestowed upon it, proved how sensible his Grace was of the value of this relic, and that he considered it as a bright jewel in his ducal coronet. The well known taste and elegance of mind which so fully belong to his noble successor have doubtless secured for it the same care and attention.

How pleasing is the contrast so frequently afforded between the conduct of these lords of the domain and that of corporate bodies who have become the possessors of some of the most valuable remains in the country, of relics where history loves to dwell; where ancient lore unfolds its pages, and with graceful step leads us to martial hall and to lady's bower! But modern 'Improvement,' with its accursed hand, willingly destroys what ought to be imperishable. Look at the daring and vulgar efforts which have so frequently been made to remove the ancient gates of York, and thus to deprive that Roman city of at least one of its most hallowed recollections. But, thank heaven! such barbarism has not yet entirely struck at the foundation of all that has hitherto been held most sacred; nor has the day yet arrived, on which the son can look back with cold and chilling indifference upon the noble deeds of his progenitors. But hold! I hear the prompter's bell give warning that I must exchange the reality for the fiction of life, and dress for a new part.

THEATRICAL ESPRIT-DE-CORPS: AN UNEXPECTED HONOR: SOWERBY.

A MOST absurd circumstance occurred to me on my return to Bristol from this excursion. It was in the month of September, at which time the annual fair is held. This fair is a great mart for the sale of horses, woollens, 'and other sweet-meats,' as my friend Caleb Quotem says. I accompanied Mr. Brunton, the father of Mrs. Yates of the Adelphi Theatre, to one of the celebrated shows exhibited there. And here I must offer an apology to the gentleman presiding over one of those in-

tellectual amusements, for not recollecting his name : as it is my interest however to cultivate the good will of my reader, in the hope that he will strongly recommend my writings to his ' numerous friends and acquaintances,' I will give him the choice of three names to select from ; and if he should fortunately hit upon the right one, I have no doubt it will be some satisfaction to the injured individual. If it were not Scowton, it might have been Richardson, and if wrong in both, we 'll confer the honors upon Gyngeell. We gazed with admiration upon the magnificently attired ladies and gentlemen, their faces covered with brick-dust, and their lips, those of the gentlemen I mean, with corked moustaches, while black raven hair hung in graceful profusion down their necks. Here we saw the chieftain of the Castle dance with one of his female vassals, without the slightest affectation of pride or distinction in any of his movements ; one moment exchanging the graceful bolero for an Irish jig, and the next elevating at arm's length the active Columbine, whose performances were of course reserved for the pantomime ; here stood a dwarf, under the wing of an Irish giantess, and dark lowering banditti arm-in-arm with the ladies of — Court ! There stood the Bleeding Nun, with a fond recollection of the world she had left, regaling herself with her favorite beverage of gin-and-water ; while the pot-boy looked on with admiration and wonder, to see how one spirit despatched the other in so brief a period.

The deep-sounding gong at length sent forth its funeral sounds, and called these *artists* to their vocation. This however was only a lure to induce the people to lose no time, but to be good-natured, and part with their little sixpences at once. This outward stage was no sooner cleared, than up we mounted and paid a shilling each for a front seat : but judge of our confusion, or rather that of Mr. Brunton, who had been so long a disciple of Thespis, that it was impossible for him to escape the lynx-eyed manager, proprietor and money-taker. No, said the multifarious functionary, with an evidently wounded spirit, and with a huskiness in his throat, which seemed the index of profound sensibility, (though justice compels me to say, I believe it arose less from the latter feeling, than from an early use of spirituous liquors) ' no, times *is* bad to be sure, but not so bad as to allow us to take money from *our own brethren* !' I immediately retreated, to give way to some other applicants for tickets, and should have been grateful if a trap-door had at that moment opened and engulfed me. I felt the force of '*saue qui peut*,' but did not dare to take advantage of it ; I therefore remained, a living monument of alabaster. My friend ' blushed this once, who never blushed before ;' Scowton, Richardson, or Gyngeell, called loudly for an aid-de-camp, who came quickly to the spot, received his orders, darted off in an instant, glancing obliquely at two such distinguished persons, as I presume from his orders he considered us, while we were requested to wait a moment.

Now be it known to those who are unacquainted with the fact, that on all occasions when Royalty honors the theatre with its presence, the manager is always in waiting ; in full court-suit, and with a silver candlestick in each hand, he precedes the royal personages to their box, backing the whole way, like a well-trained horse. Our conductor

appeared, not in a court-suit, it is true, nor with silver candlesticks, but observing all the proper forms and ceremonies, by preceding us in the same way, carrying a large sieve of saw-dust, which he sprinkled before our steps as we descended the platform leading to the most conspicuous and *distingue* seat that could be procured for us. The astonishment of the audience at this extraordinary parade is indescribable; and not even the *magnificence* of the appointments, the *splendor* of the scenery, and the *extraordinary* beauty of the poetry, could arrest their attention one moment. They undoubtedly looked upon us as foreign princes travelling *incog*.

I ought to have mentioned that the preceding summer, I had played a short engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, and thus laid the foundation for my speedy return to the metropolis at one of the larger houses. My debut was in the character of —, (the name is illegible,) in 'Lovers' Vows,' in which I had every reason to be satisfied with my reception; my second part was that of George Barnwell, and then I appeared with my friend Sowerby, in the 'Doubtful Season,' in which piece he sustained a very prominent character. I have already spoken of the extraordinary acting of Sowerby, and he certainly had the merit of puzzling the critics. There was a wildness and extravagance in his style, which frequently excited the risible muscles, and again there would be a burst of genius, that was hailed with rapture. The judgment of Colman as a critic, always ranked high, and he after witnessing his performance in the above play, left the theatre with a doubt he could ill express:

'In short,' said he, 'I was never so much at fault; for he is either the worst actor I ever saw, or decidedly one of the best.'

As Sowerby has once stumbled on my path, I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote of him, which occurred in Glasgow. He was on intimate terms with a Mr. Montgomery, a near relation of the Earl of Gosford, and whose assumed name was Barry. This gentleman had all the advantage and accomplishments appertaining to his position in life. He had 'finished' at Oxford and was afterward a short time in the army. His qualifications for the stage were by no means equal to his natural and acquired talents. He had a private income of some three hundred pounds a year; and without being parsimonious, had always funds sufficient to protect him against the petty accidents of life. Sowerby, who was the most careless of mortals, frequently borrowed money; and although there was not a particle of meanness in his composition, he almost as frequently neglected to return it. On one occasion, being pressed for twenty pounds, he called upon Montgomery to borrow that sum; but the latter gentleman decidedly refused him; arguing that the other, though sufficiently honest, was a careless fellow, who never heeded the consequences of breaking his promise to return the money, and that he, Montgomery, had in consequence on one or two occasions suffered serious annoyance. Sowerby pressed his suit with earnestness, but his friend was inflexible. At length he left the house in great dudgeon, but returned within half an hour, apparently indifferent to what had occurred, and said: 'Well, if you'll not advance me any money, I presume you'll not object to take a walk

with me.' Certainly not, was the reply. He was muffled up in a great-coat which did not at all accord with the season; but Montgomery knew it was idle to thwart him a second time, and quietly submitted to his eccentricity. They went to the salt-market, at an hour when the place was densely crowded with merchants and men of business; and when they had arrived in the heart of the vast throng, from which there was no possibility of retreat; with a daring fully equal to any of the exhibitions of Rob Roy on the same ground, Sowerby turned quietly round upon his victim, and said, in a calm tone: 'I must have that twenty pounds.' Montgomery, treating it half in jest, half in earnest, again refused. Sowerby then firmly grasped his arm, at the same time renewing his entreaties; but Montgomery, notwithstanding his extreme amiability of disposition, at length was roused into a strong feeling of annoyance, and rebuked him rather sharply. Perhaps there never was a man more sensitively nervous upon any point that could by possibility bring him before the public, more especially when composed of all classes as this was. Sowerby knew this, and played with and tickled his victim like a trout, till he arrived at his object. He then, with a cool determination, which the other knew it was in vain to trifle with, repeated:

'I must have the money, or I'll publicly expose you.'

'How!' said Montgomery; 'what do you mean?'

'Simply this!' He then partially unbuttoned his coat, and displayed beneath it a harlequin jacket, with all its gay parti-colors, and rich spangles. 'You will walk with me in this dress, or lend me the money.'

What was the result? The twenty pounds were immediately advanced. Poor fellows! Both have quitted this earthly scene, to be more justly dealt with! The one died from the effects of over-sensibility, arising from the failure of his hopes; the other in sheer insanity, calling out: 'Saddle white Surry for the field to-morrow!'

EDINBURGH: SPEECHIFYING: SCOTTISH HOSPITALITY.

I WAS engaged by Mr. HENRY SIDDONS, then manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, to sustain the leading characters on Miss O'NEIL's first visit to the Scottish metropolis. The night previous to her first performance, the portico in front of the theatre was crowded by porters, who established a regular bivouac, for the purpose of making a rush to secure places the moment the box-office was opened in the morning. We performed there three weeks, and every night the theatre was crowded to suffocation. The cautious Scott was mounted on the highest pinnacle of enthusiasm; and a more delightful time I never passed. My letters of introduction were of a very flattering character, and in all my travels I never met with more genuine hospitality than in Scotland. I established many friendships, which continued as long as circumstances permitted me to cultivate them; and I shall ever think with gratitude of the many acts of kindness I received there. I had previously the good fortune to be known intimately to Colonel BETHUNE of

Balfour, in Fifeshire, a gentleman of considerable fortune and most agreeable talents. He had retired from the army on succeeding to his patrimony, and now divided his time between Paris, London, Bath, Cheltenham, and his estate; and a most delightful life he had of it. The moment my engagement was concluded, he insisted upon my giving him a month at Balfour. He was a bachelor 'on the wrong side,' as it is termed, 'of fifty.' Two old maiden aunts, of the most primitive character, lived with him. Neither of them had ever visited Edinburgh more than once, and had never crossed the border. They were extremely formal and extremely kind. On my arrival at the mansion, about five o'clock, I found I had only time to prepare my toilet and be presented before dinner. I entered the drawing-room and was introduced to the ladies, who had, it appears, previously been made acquainted with my profession; when to my friend's horror, and my own great amusement, one of them, in a formal set manner, requested I would favor them with a speech! I immediately commenced, to their infinite satisfaction, with, 'Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,' etc. This became a regular joke, at least with the Colonel; and upon our dining at Wemys Castle, and other mansions in that most hospitable country, I was regularly asked, in the presence of the ladies, to make a speech.

I will not describe the effect produced upon me on this my first visit to Edinburgh by its singularly romantic appearance. The blending of the modern and the antique, the Grecian and the Gothic, gives to the first glance of the stranger an absorbing interest. I had a letter to WALTER SCOTT, the great magician, but he was absent, and of course I did not take the liberty of hunting the lion in his den. I had the honor, some time after, of passing three days with him at Abbotsford, through a letter of introduction from one of his earliest friends, WILLIAM ERSKINE, a man of most refined taste, and distinguished as one of the Scottish Judges. I shall have reason to refer to this visit, without needlessly dwelling upon it now.

THE STAR-SYSTEM; GUY MANNERING IN LONDON; &c.

OUR London season commenced with a great variety of attraction; and let me remark, that the Drama would never have been in so melancholy a position as it now is, had the same tone of management continued. The first severe blow was given by Elliston, who with all his talent and eccentricity was a great charlatan, and was very honestly entitled to the distinguished appellation of 'King Humbug,' which he appeared so desirous to obtain. Under his management commenced that ruinous and pernicious system of '*stars*,' which served to annihilate the ambition of each tyro in the profession, and place all hopes of his advancement in a dim and miserable perspective. A great effort was made to vitiate the public taste; and unhappily, to a certain extent it succeeded.

An audience is no longer induced to visit the theatre for the purpose of enjoying a dramatic festival; but flaming letters and exaggerated pretensions are thrust forward to usurp the undivided favor of the public. The reigning characteristic of taste is fickleness; and I regret to say

that managers, instead of opposing it by all the means in their power, have endeavored to encourage it. We have, for instance, Mr. W. Farren, an admirable actor doubtless, usurping the highest position in an establishment, and exacting from the management such terms as can only be met by placing the other branches of the profession in the humiliating situation of comparative penury and distress; while the unbounded vanity and pretensions of the one, operate to the ruin of all the rest. Will that excellent actor, Mr. FARREN, recollect that there was an artist of the name of Munden, whose talent was of the highest order, although bordering occasionally on caricature, and who was contented to mingle his versatile powers with those of the celebrated names which surrounded him? He never ventured to dictate to authors, that if such and such a part were written to show off the abilities of another performer, he would not perform in the play! What then becomes of the spirit of emulation, without which no artist can be truly great? The system is, in fact, to recommend one species of excellence, and destroy the sense of all other merit. The genius of the author is necessarily cramped, for he is compelled to write under stipulations and restrictions, that dam up the current of his natural feelings, in the fear that his hoped-for production may be thrown aside, if the leading actor declines the performance of a character, simply because it does not occupy the sole and undivided attraction of the play. Another objection may be very rationally urged, namely: that from the want of that stimulus which can only be excited by surrounding talent, the *exclusive* actor degenerates into mannerism, and loses all the force and beauty of variety. He of necessity becomes *toujours perdrix*; and Sir Peter Teazle and old Cockletope are to be distinguished by the difference of dress, but not by any marked definition of character.

The muse of the Great Unknown had taken at this period a deep root in England, France and Germany. His charming poetry had yielded to the powerful and daring genius of Byron, and he lost not a moment in striking out a new path, unapproachable to any other steps. The magic influence of his pen gave life and being to persons and events hitherto scarcely known by the intervening generations to exist; and all the beautiful fiction of romance interwoven as it was with great historical research, interested the public mind in a manner almost unprecedented. Scissors and paste were put in requisition by the half-dramatists of the day, and with the aid of those powerful auxiliaries, many a tolerable operatic and melo-dramatic play was dished up from the 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'Rob Roy,' etc. What would these dramas have been, if their success had depended upon the genius or great talent of an individual actor? They would not have been tolerated for a single night. A host of dramatic intellect then lent its support.

Let us take, for example, the play of 'Guy Mannering:' LISTON, too well known to require a comment: EMERY, one of the greatest actors the stage ever knew; with what delight I look back to the recollection of the latter, and of his wonderful powers! His Tyke, in the play of 'The School of Reform,' was a master-piece of high tragedy, and the broadest humor; a combination of excellence rarely to be met with.

His appearance and roughness of manner off the stage were almost clownish, and yet he had many of the accomplishments of a finished gentleman. He was an excellent marine artist, an admirable musician, and possessed a natural taste for poetry. One leading passion of his life was the turf, and this involved him in a round of society detrimental to his health and fatal to his career. He died in the very prime of life; and so great was his popularity among all classes, that a public subscription was made for his widow, amounting to upward of three thousand pounds. SINCLAIR was also at that time in full possession of public favor, and warbled most delightfully; BLANCHARD, who had the happy talent of rendering secondary characters most prominent without disturbing the harmony of the whole; and then came that round, fat, vulgar, humorous, rosy countenance of TOKELY; a man scarcely conscious of the talent he possessed; a fine portrait of Bacchus bestriding the wine barrel, the great error of whose life was in draining too freely the juice of the grape.

L' ENVOI: TO MISS E. R. N. . . .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

COULD'ST thou look forth amid the noise and smoke
 Of the great mart upon the aged woods,
 From whose steep bluffs of pine thou oft hast caught
 Full many a glimpse of misty meadow-land,
 And hollows filled with sunshine, thou would'st think
 Less of the world and its vain mockeries,
 And love that more from which thou hast received
 That blissful quietude and perfect peace
 Which taketh off from life the weary weight
 Of misery and bondage. Here thy ear
 Was never filled with tumult, nor thy thoughts
 Made wretched by a life of vanity:
 But in that purity and holiness
 Which seemed to sanctify each mossy nook
 And hollow of the forest, thou did'st see
 Some cause for joy, some reason why thy heart
 Should grow as peaceful as the quiet woods
 And glens around thee. Nor can I believe
 That these intelligible forms have grown
 Less worthy of thy love, although thine eye
 Hath long since lost them amid piles of brick,
 And crowded thoroughfares. That blessed mood
 Which steals upon us when we least expect
 Its holy influence, and so imbues
 The spirit with a sense of loveliness
 That we seem one with nature; that serene
 And perfect joy which dwells amid the deep
 Religious gloom of venerable woods,
 And wheresoe'er the sweet wind blows from coves
 Roofed o'er with emerald; these, if I err not,
 Have left upon thy life a blessedness
 And a diviner beauty which hath grown
 Inseparable from thy purest thoughts,
 And brightens o'er thy face whose rose-like bloom
 Foretells love's reddening morning.

If this be

The secret of thy happiness, how oft
Amid the city's tumult hast thou sighed
For these wide fields of bloomy mountain-land,
Amid whose sweet seclusion thy young heart
Drew forth from nature all ennobling aims,
All generous impulses, and whatsoe'er
Hath given thy life its merry moods of thought,
And happy romance. Nor when thou art come
Once more amid these aisles of evergreen,
Shalt thou be less the laughter-loving girl
That I knew long ago, when through these groves,
With rosy cheeks and bonnet backward thrown,
Thy small feet twinkled in the thick soft grass,
And sprouting wintergreen.

This nook of pine,

Beneath whose rustling screen the winter-drift
Lies white as ivory, still shows its banks
Of creeping myrtle, and the sapphire sky
Of changeful March that shines between this huge
Gray ceiling overhead, is still as pure
And prodigal of sunshine. Yellow leaves
Are here amid the knolls, and here are tracks
Of little snow-birds 'neath the leafless beech,
And prints of squirrels leading amid bark
And scattered pine cones, o'er yon long white logs
That bridge the silent hollow. From the clefts
Of yonder hemlock, whose huge body lies
Capp'd with a ridge of silver, glossy tufts
Of brightening wood-moss twinkle, and his aides
Wet with the melting snow that drips aloof,
Gleam in the blaze of noontide. How the wind
Moans in this sturdy cedar, through whose roof
Of venerable boughs the golden light
Is scarce let in! Now from its deep rich gloom
Of sea-green foliage the broad-winged crow
Floats through the sunshine upward, to his perch
Upon the crooked pine-top, o'er whose cone
Of dark red limbs and plumes of emerald
The wood-hawk, whiter than the drifting cloud,
Sails like a spot of silver. Noiselessly
The brook wells in the loose black earth below,
Upon whose barky mould, 'mid withered tufts
Of forest-grass and prints of cattle, springs
The blue-eyed violet.

All is happiness

And perfect quietude, yet all shall change
Into a softer mood of loveliness
Ere summer shades the silver of the brook
With fern and leaning roses, or thy feet,
Peeping from under thy loose dress, are seen
Bounding like spots of snow across the soft
Thick moss of these cool hollows. Then beneath
These daisy-covered coves, thy hand once more
Shall part the rustling boughs that sweep the grass,
And from their lifted screen of twinkling leaves,
Thy face made ruddy by the heat, shall smile
Amid the rich green twilight. Nor shalt thou
Come back with withered feelings, or as if
Thou had'st found something holier than the love
Which thou hast borne for nature! She, amid
This venerable pomp of waving wood
And hilly forest-land, shall fill thy cheek
With rose-tints born of the sweet summer wind
And blessed sunshine, nor shall she be less
The giver of all sweet and happy thoughts,
All peaceful influences, and whatsoe'er
Can add a beauty to thy moral being.

MY GRAND-FATHER'S PORT-FOLIO.

NUMBER SEVEN.

THE DAWN: THE NIGHT: THE NEW MORNING.

MY DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: At your request I have reopened my Grand-father's Port-folio, and submit another of his yellow mss. to your inspection. Perhaps you will consider that the piece I have selected is of too serious a cast for your lively Magazine; or it may be you will find other objections to it. If so, you will have the kindness to return me the sheets, with your usual care, as the paper is somewhat decayed and worn, and like every relic of the good old gentleman, is very precious to myself and his other dutiful descendants.

You will hardly need, I think, a key to interpret his allegorical representation of what I suppose to be three important stages of his own experience and that of many others. The lives of most persons have their spiritual dawn and night. Would that all might find the new, the everlasting morning! The contrast he has drawn between the singleness of heart and innocence of the little boy at home, and the darker thoughts and embittered feelings of the young man who has been contaminated and injured by mingling with the world, is not, I imagine, much stronger than the latter sometimes feels it to be.

I remain, yours, with constant friendship,

C. R.

Boston, Dec. 5, 1844.

I. THE DAWN.

IN the smooth paths of a pleasant garden, a little boy is at play alone; yet no — for all Nature is with him; companioning; intimate; making sweet music for him to dance to; strewing out before him its inexhaustible museum of play-things and curiosities; kissing him; painting his cheeks; infusing ethereal and lively essence into his whole frame; talking with him and listening; and through her regal minister, the golden sceptered sun, bestowing her warm maternal blessing on his beautiful head. Glossy and elastic ringlets hang in thick natural clusters from his crown, shining in the sunlight like spiral threads of finest spun glass; fit coronet for the brow of innocence.

The low shrubbery that hedges his way on either side is higher than his head; and the tall tiger-lilies stoop to dispense to him their sweet odors, while his face is painted with their yellow dust. Now he gives chase to the butterfly; not that he would destroy, but because it is on the move and seems to beckon him to a race. Anon he flings his little cap at the humming-bird, swift and gay of wing, and glistening with all beautiful hues, as his own impulsive fancies. And again, with eager curiosity, he throws himself down upon the sandy path, and digs up the subterraneous cities and granaries of the ants with his tiny wooden sword.

All the while, involuntarily, his impulses sing out in a low and fitful song, that with all its music has no meaning to human ear; for it is not

a song of words, but only the spontaneous out-pouring of a pure and rapturous life. Perhaps angels have a key to it; for surely none less pure than they, might hope to interpret all the mysteries of the infant's heart. But however this may be, one thing is not matter of conjecture; we *know* that this soft buzzing of childhood soliloquizing in its play is most distinctly audible there, where the shouts and clamors of striving multitudes and warring hosts never reach; and that it mingles much of sweetness in the swelling symphony that rises up perpetually from nature's choir, and from holy and happy beings throughout the illimitable clusters of rejoicing and adoring spheres.

Delight and wonder shine in his roving eye and on his glowing cheek; and a smile of confidence and reality, that has never yet been shadowed by the black wing of one ill-omened doubt, plays on his peaceful brow. All is new and charming to him, as he comes forward through the gateway of life. This is the first summer that he has noticed the beauty of the flowers, and even the pebble that sparkles at his feet is more to him than the sun to many an older mind. The summer-house at the bottom of the garden seems to him a great way off; and the wall that encloses the paternal acres, to his satisfied soul, embraces all fulness, and seems like the boundaries of being.

Occasionally he pauses, as if the Spirit of God were gently whispering some message of love to his soul, or some celestial vision were flashing across his unruffled mind, like the sudden gleam of a meteor on the mirror of the placid lake.

I almost weep as I trace his tiny foot-prints on the soft ground; for the thought comes over me, that even as I am watching him, some elder brother once took reverent note of me, when *my* angel beheld the face of my Father who is in Heaven, and when my every pulse kept time and tune with the Perfect Will.

But now his father and mother, soon missing him when he is absent from their sight, come out arm-in-arm to meet him; leading along his younger sister, just learning to walk; and he, clapping his little hands, and uttering a shout of joy as he sees them approaching, darts forward to meet them, and is soon folded in their loving embrace. So, thought I, should my soul rush toward the open bosom of its heavenly Parent. And so, doubtless, do fly to his embrace the myriads of little children, who speed away from our lovely tabernacles, with a haste that seems so cruel to us who are left behind. Have they not caught a glimpse of His smile, and said in spirit, 'Let me leave this lower world untried, for be it as beautiful and good as it may, my Father, I had rather dwell with Thee;' till God has heard their cry and taken them home? Then, their being knows no *night*. But it is otherwise with those who stay. And yet I know not which is to be preferred; to live on through the Night to a New Morn, or to have our first Dawn sealed to immortality.

II. THE NIGHT.

At the close of one of the golden days of autumn, a Sister and Brother, clad in deep mourning for both their parents, who had died within the year, ascended, hand-in-hand, an irregular and rocky eminence, that rising abruptly from the road-side directly opposite to a neat white cot-

tage, which they called home, commanded an extensive and enchanting view. Having gained the summit, they stood in affectionate embrace, leaning against the bars of a rude old fence covered with lichens, which had formerly been the boundary of their twilight ramble, intently watching the splendid pageant that was preparing in the western sky.

To say that the former was beautiful, would be leaving the greater part untold. Hers was all the rich bloom of perfect health; yet as delicate and pure as that which flushes the sweet-briar rose, which feeds upon the dew and assimilates by sacred processes the purest nutriment from the bosom of nature. As to her countenance, no one marked whether the features were regular and finely turned, for they were all alive with soul; nay, the spirit seemed to come out and gleam and play upon the surface, like a transparent veil of auroral light; and this, rather than any lines of her face, gave one his impression of her beauty. She was evidently younger than the brother, upon whose shoulder her cheek rested, who could not have long passed the boundary between youth and manhood, but yet was pale and dejected; and trode the earth like a disappointed and weary traveller, who finds the way of his pilgrimage a desert of deep sand, whose springs are dry.

'Behold, dearest brother,' whispered a voice like the linnet's, 'how majestically the setting sun gathers about him the broad floating mantle of his glory, as he sinks, sinks, sinks behind those distant hills! And see how the host of clouds circle around his retiring chariot, to wave adieu with their fleecy banners, and gild their wings in his parting smile, as they crown him king of this splendid day! Come, beloved, and let us together taste, as we used to do, the luxury of silent adoration at eventide, on this mountain-altar of our youthful devotions. Let me feel, once more, that thy whole heart is flowing out with mine, to mingle in sweet sympathy with this peaceful glow of nature, and become absorbed for a blissful hour in the loving spirit of the Universe. Come, brother, give free wing again to that gay fancy that once kept equal pace with my own, and let our souls fly on and on, even to the Heaven of Heavens, through the celestial gate that the Lord of day has opened before us into the region of the Blessed. See! see! there are those same fairy islands, in that calm, yellow sea, to which you used to point my eye in those happy days, when father and mother were with us, and before you had left our humble roof for the mighty world. Come, and let us launch to-night our spirit-barks with the adventurous confidence of God's innocent children, and pay angel-like visits to their peaceful shores. That bold and towering headland be your place of pilgrimage: Yon little Archipelago I will explore. Away! away! before the illusion has vanished, and let us describe to each other what we see in our imaginary tour.'

'Nay, sweet sister, you must to fairy-land alone to-night. But go, and Heaven with all its bright visions attend you! Those Eden-like pictures which you describe, I have now no eye to see. In the press of the world my soul has lost its wings. Joy and peace, and a confiding faith — once mine, as always yours — are now but a dim memory in the past, in the future a dimmer hope; while gloom and doubt and a double-self are my realities. And yet, thank God! one reality that

has in itself much of heaven and of childhood, I press to my heart in thee !'

As he spoke, he kissed her forehead, and a tear dropped unnoticed upon her glossy ringlets.

'But I would not ruffle thy affectionate bosom with even the mention of my care. Suffice it, sister, for thee to know that my heart is not shut nor cold to thyself. But seek not to descend into the dark prison-house of my mind, to explore its gloomy secrets. They are not for such as thou art to read. Seek not to lighten my melancholy by sharing it, but rather to lead me out of myself by the continual sunshine of thine own joy. Be thyself still, and so do the kindest office thou canst do for me.'

'Indeed, brother, I know not the meaning of your strange words ; and yet I will try to do as you desire. Only I hope it is not REMORSE which makes you thus unhappy ; for that I have heard is terrible, terrible indeed to bear. But *that* it cannot be with thee. I know nothing of the world into which you have been for seven years so weary to me ; but I do not believe it has seductions strong and cunning enough to have drawn *your* feet aside from the narrow way. Remorse ? Oh no, it is not that ! But look abroad yet once more ; even if it *be* the consciousness of wrong that embitters thy spirit ; and see, see ! how insignia of *love*, and *forgiveness*, and *promise*, illuminate the whole sky, and gild the whole earth ; and even, my brother, are reflected from thine own anxious brow, as a sacred sign that thou too art sprinkled with the universal baptism of the Creator's mercy. Hail, the beautiful omen ! God smiles his evening smile on *thee*, on thee — as on me, as on all. Open thine eye to see and thy heart to feel, for if He indeed smiles upon thy soul, be its darkness what it may, it will speedily give place to the serene and fadeless Light of Life !'

'Sister, the tones of an Angel of Mercy are in thy voice ; and while thou hast been singing this psalm of Heaven in my ear, a dim vision of the Eternal Love has passed before me, for the first time these many months. But it is gone — already gone. Peace and this bosom are no longer as one. But pray for me, beloved ; and let this be the burden of thy prayer ; that the *faith of childhood* may come back to me — that my soul may be born again.'

But now the sun had set. Beautiful Night was calmly unfurling her spangled curtain before the splendid scenery of the west ; and slowly and silently the orphans went down to their home.

The Boy of the garden was the Man of the mount.

The story of his twenty-two years there is no need to tell. Alas ! that it should be a history so often read as to require no chronicler. Even while under the shelter of the vine and fig-tree of his birth-place, the serpent had beguiled him ; but a mother and a father watched over him prayerfully, and he did not fall. A few more summers shed their sunshine upon his heart, and strewed their blossoms beneath his feet, when the day arrived on which he must step forth from the influence of his early home, to be tried and buffeted by a cold and traitorous world. Then he heard a language which he understood not ; strange and wild desires and imaginations crept into his breast ; passions burned, lusts brooded, doubts haunted ; and in the excitement and confusion, the

crown of innocence dropped from his brow ; the seal of Heaven faded from his forehead, the light of his soul grew dim ; and behold it was NIGHT. The death of his parents, who bequeathed to him and his sister a sufficient estate, and the care of that sister, recalled and kept him from the scenes of his business and the influence of his thoughtless companions in the city. In retirement and sorrow, and in the pure society of that lovely being, who was now dearer than ever to his heart ; his thoughts naturally turned inward ; the injuries which his character had suffered were revealed to him ; the unworthiness of his recent career filled him with regret and shame ; and his spirit, as we have seen, dwelt in darkness.

THE NEW MORNING.

AUTUMN had given place to winter. The last day of the year 17 — was Saturday. It was marked by storm and excessive gloom, which, together with the sobering influence of the season, operated to produce a general feeling of depression, which very few possessed sufficient elasticity of spirits to resist. It seemed as if Nature had put on mourning, and taken up the bitter wail for the final flight of hours big with eternal consequences to the destiny of man : or, as if she were mourning over the dark record to which the Recording Angel was about to affix his irrevocable seal.

Night suddenly leading in her shadowy armies, easily overpowered the languid train of retreating Day, and too soon invaded his lawful dominion. At early evening total darkness would have reigned in the town of B —, but for the faint rays that gleamed from fifty humble fire-sides ; which, from a benevolent regard to the comfort of the way-farer, were allowed to stream unobstructed through every pane ; and so shining, seemed like a cluster of stars. A very little way from the village, one could have discerned only so many sparkling points ; and yet would have argued undoubtingly that there were minds to kindle and feed these lights ; and comfortable hearths and domestic groups. Who then shall forbid the soul of earth's weary traveller, as he looks up at the stars, to seek *there* also intelligent and loving beings, and to be assured of pleasant and peaceful homes ?

Of all these village fires, none shed its light upon a lovelier scene than that which angels, well-pleased, contemplated as they encamped round about the orphan's dwelling. The sister and the brother were kneeling side by side at their evening devotions. A large family Bible lay open upon the table. Two portraits, whose gilded frames touched each other, and of which, but for their more youthful expression, the two worshippers might have been taken for the originals, hung against the wall. The voice of the brother only was audible. His words were, from first to last, but the breathing forth of thankfulness, deep, heart-felt thankfulness for countless precious gifts ; but most of all, that the darkness of his soul had passed away, and the sweet beams of the heavenly Day-Star risen upon it.

'*When my spirit was overwhelmed within me,*' said he, with all the rich significance of Israel's Psalmist, whose experiences were not alto-

gether unlike his own, *'then Thou knewest my path. Thou hast brought me up out of an horrible pit and out of the miry clay. Thou hast visited me with Thy marvellous loving kindness; Thou hast blotted out all my transgressions; Thou hast restored unto me the joy of Thy salvation. We will sing of Thy Mercies forever. We will sing praises unto God, even our own God, so long as we have any being.'*

THE Sabbath sun arose upon a scene of surpassing splendor; which, by the ministry of yesterday's dark and tempestuous night, while human hearts had been oppressed with gloom, a kind Providence had been preparing to delight his children on the morning of the New Year. The trees and shrubs and stones shone as if they were of crystal. The ground was paved as it were with burnished steel. The whole earth was sparkling like a bride in diamonds. None could resist the exhilarating influence of the brisk air. The blind strove to imagine the glory they could not see. And even those who are habitually indifferent to the various beauties of the wonderful creation, in which, by a more wonderful mercy they are suffered to live, looked out and lingered, and looked out again, and involuntarily opened their cold lips to exclaim, *'How glorious!'*

Seldom has the altar in the small and neat village church of B — been encircled with a larger or more devout company of worshippers, than on the morning of that New-Year's Sabbath. And the venerable pastor, whose pure white locks, with their silvery lustre, harmonized well with the brilliancy of the winter landscape, and seemed to designate him as a proper priest to minister in such a scene, never uttered his gracious and solemn message with more impressive eloquence. And when, at the close of the sermon, he invited all who loved their REDEEMER to remain and partake together of the table which was spread before them, and extended his arms to embrace all his flock in his fervent benediction, his voice was tremulous with excess of love, and a tear fell on the record of the Saviour's death.

Few had the heart to turn away, and many staid that day who had never staid before. Among them were a youth and maiden, upon whom the eyes of the pastor rested with an expression of intense interest. He called them by name, and arm-in-arm they stood before the table. He raised his eyes to Heaven, and they meekly bowed their heads, whilst he prayed that the Dove of Peace would hover over them, and smile upon their sincere profession, and accept their living sacrifice. Then he sprinkled the pure water upon their foreheads, and laid his hands upon them, and twice, ay thrice, pronounced a blessing.

And now, behold, the crown of childhood's faith and love, that the world had stolen, CHRIST restores; but inwoven with new graces and joys that can no more be taken away: while all who look upon the countenance of the young man behold a radiance bright and holy as that which shone on the face of the Boy of the Garden; and his own heart, with deep gratitude, feels that it is gilded by the joyous beams of a NEW AND AN EVERLASTING MORNING.

Now the great mystery of life is made plain to him. He had lost *himself* in the wilderness, but CHRIST has sought after him and brought

him home. He had wandered from his Eden, but has arrived at Heaven. He tasted the bitterness of sin that he might know the luxury of forgiveness. He felt the weakness of his own strength that he might seek the support of an Almighty arm. He experienced the misery of transgression that he might know the price of righteousness, and be melted by redeeming love.

Now, eternal life has opened upon him ; the everlasting Rock is his foundation : the universe, with all its infinite height and depth, is to his spirit a home of love ; CHRIST is his tried friend, and the living God his FATHER.

T H E D R E A M O F A C H I L D .

BY JOHN KEENE.

WHEN I was but a little boy,
In long gone days of yore,
Two old contemporary trees
Grew close beside our door.

We named the locust 'Father,' for
High rose his towering head,
And his far-reaching branches wide
Their grateful shadow spread.

Close in his side a mulberry-tree,
(We children called it 'Mother,')
Seemed with her broad-leaf'd foliage
Embosomed in the other.

In Winter's storm, in summer's shine,
Still side by side they stood ;
'Father' and 'Mother' we loved best
Of all the good green wood.

And under their protecting shade
We played in sunny weather ;
While over us, like loving arms,
They twined their boughs together.

One night I laid me down to sleep,
And in my dreams I saw
A wondrous sight, that thrilled my soul
With fond religious awe.

Under those loved old trees methought,
And in their double shade,
I saw a lofty wall run round,
Of solid silver made.

High rose its purfled pinnacles
Of bright and burnished sheen,
Until they hid their shining heads
Among the mingled green.

Upon the eastern side, a gate
Of fretted gold was placed,

And studded thick with precious stones
That in the sunbeams blazed :

The diamond bright, the sapphire blue,
The emerald so green,
The ruby red, the onyx stone,
And topaz there were seen.

And when this sparkling splendor shone
Before my wondering eyes,
I thought 't was New Jerusalem
Descended from the skies.

Long time I gazed, then kneeling down
Upon the grass-grown floor,
As when I said my evening prayer,
I knocked upon the door.

Straightway it opened ; and I saw
A man before me stand,
Who spoke to me with kindly voice,
And took me by the hand.

His eyes were like my mother's eyes,
His voice like father's seemed ;
'T was JESUS ! for around his head
A radiant glory beamed.

He took me in his gracious arms,
And I sat on his knee ;
Sure never a soul in Paradise
Could be more blest than me !

And round the twelve Apostles stood,
A venerable band !
Four listening stood before their Lord,
And four on either hand.

He told me that the angels round
His FATHER's throne on high
Once lived upon our earth, and once
Were children such as I.

And when he blessed me, as I sat
Upon his sacred knees,
I heard sweet sounds above my head,
Among the broad green leaves.

'Twas not the little birds, I knew,
That in the branches sang;
But golden harps, with angel-tongues,
In joyous concert rang.

And 'Halleluiah' loud they sung,
As they sang long ago;
And 'Glory be to God on high,
'Good-will to men below!'

Brothers and sisters all, outside,
Invited me to play;
Father and mother called to me,
And chid my long delay.

I answered not. For God had touched
My heart with holy fire;
How could I leave my Jesus' arms,
Or that angelic choir?

And listening to the symphonies
Of their entrancing theme,
I sank to sleep; and when I woke,
Behold! it was a dream.

A dream! Oh 'twas a blessed dream
I never can forget!
And though long years have o'er me roll'd
Its echoes haunt me yet.

When life's sad labors all are o'er,
And I lie down to rest;
Oh let me fall asleep at last,
Asleep on Jesus' breast!

There let me rest — to Jesus' breast
By guardian spirits borne;
Till loud the angel-trump shall wake
The Resurrection morn.

Then shall I join the marriage train,
With boughs of victor-palm,
And sing the everlasting song
Of Moses and the LAMB.

THE POLYGON PAPERS.

NUMBER TWELVE.

QUOTERS AND QUOTATIONS: PLAGIARISTS AND PLAGIARISMS.

READER: Do you love books?—love them not for glory, or for lucre, but for themselves, with a pure heart, fervently, and because the images they present are beautiful, or grand, or holy? And if you be this worshipper of literature, not from pedantry, or pride, or habit, or its convertibility into specie, but 'in spirit and in truth,' did you ever leave your quiet vale of Tempé for a time, and endeavor to congenialize with a segment of the fashionable world, convened at ball, or *jam*, *soirée*, or *conversazione*? While your genius was thus crystalizing in a new element, did you at first deem it both a pleasure and a duty, in assisting one Hébé to an additional lump of sugar for her coffee, to whisper with your most *killing* smile, 'Sweets to the sweet, fair Ophelia;' to present to a second her fallen *mouchoir* (young ladies *will* drop their handkerchiefs in defiance of Mama) saying with a gentle exhalation, 'Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand;' to proffer your dextral digits to a third, with an effort after the fancied manner of my Lord Chesterfield, and inform her during the 'poetry of motion' of the very singular and almost incredible fact, that her 'eye out-sparkles the diamond, and her cheek out-blooms the rose;' and to hint to a fourth, with broken words and skilful hesitation, that you long, with a voiceless yearning for the *exquisite felicitousness* (as they say, or *might* say, off toward 'sun-

down') of 'dividing her sorrows, and multiplying her joys?' After having fancied yourself particularly brilliant, did your rhetoric suddenly run dry, and did you become particularly weary of these aimless and fruitless colloquial coruscations, in which you had indulged perhaps because you had nothing else to say; perhaps because Fashion has established the reign of this glittering inanity; or perhaps because you wished to meet anticipated coquetry with actual flirtation, and some misogynist had told you this is the most melodious of all dialects to the female ear? Did you then sit for a while, reflecting with just regret on your own share in extending the empire of heartlessness—a realm already so wide, barren of all good, and fertile of all evil? Did Conscience reproach your generosity, saying: 'Gay Lothario, perhaps those poor girls thought you were in earnest!' and sceptical Vanity add whips to your remorse, by suggesting, 'Stupid Malvolio! probably they cared not whether you were in earnest or no?' Then, after attempting to attitudinize yourself into the envy of all the gentlemen, and admiration of all the ladies, just at the very moment when you thought you were regarded as a peach-cheeked Adonis, ripe, round and rosy, or better still, as a graceful Antinous, tall, pale, and splendid, did you suspect that a group of whisperers were 'taking your name in vain,' and, in a paroxysm of disgust, stalk off like another Lara, swearing that 'man delights not you, nor woman neither;' that 'you have not loved the world, nor the world you;' that 'you are *among* them, but not *of* them,' with various other bitter speeches of the Timonic or Byronic cast?

Did you next fall in with some grave gentleman, or rather some lady verging toward the 'uncertain age,' plain in face as in manners, and rich only in the jewels of the mind, and who therefore sat cold and neglected in a distant corner? Did some chance allusion to a cherished passage of your own favorite author break the 'spell wherewith you were darkly bound,' and launch your bark backward on the reflux stream of eager and delighted reminiscence? On discovering that your studies, your tastes, your sentiments, your very minds were the same; that you both had the breadth of intellect, the variety of cultivation, and the liberality of feeling to recognize and appreciate Genius under all his myriad forms; that, belonging to no literary sect, or school, or clique, or *coterie*, you both could admire and love at once the erratic Shakspeare, and the methodical Racine; the meditative Wordsworth and the fiery Byron: did you vie long and earnestly with each other in freshening the remembrance of your happier years, and retracing the half-obliterated letters of the golden tablet, by bringing forth to light, like precious palimpsests, the treasures then garnered in your hearts? Did you recite together the passages that touched you in days of old, and dwell with enthusiasm on the sweet or ennobling pictures hung up in the halls of Fancy—a long and glorious series, from Hector to the Brothers Cheeryble, from Antigone to Fleur de Marie? Forgetful of the youth, the wit, the beauty, and all the bright bewilderment around you, did you leave for a season the saloons of Fashion, garish with the glare of lamps, and wearisome with their scenes of mimicry, conceit and affec-

tation, to walk in spirit beneath the star-lit vault, and gaze with an earnest yet awful love on the moving figures of that everlasting temple,

‘Where more than echoes talk along the walls;’

the Walhalla of the world’s great history, and of man’s immortal mind? And did you thus discover, perhaps for the thousandth time, that that visionary world is, in itself, more real than the actual, and has a far stronger hold on the heart; and that however noble, brilliant and attractive any modern assemblage, or the entire modern age may be, yet, compared with the princely trains that march from the one hundred and eighty ages of the past through the chambers of the mind, they are as insignificant as are the grandeur and beauty of St. Peter’s dome, when paralleled with the breadth, the glow, and the glory of the firmament above?

If you were ever in this or a like predicament, and experienced these or similar emotions, you can realize my feelings when, in the pages of a trashy novel, or dull discussion, I have lighted on some jewel from the olden casket, or some golden sentiment from the modern mine. At one mutilated passage, one fragment of expression, one bare allusive word, as at the signal-call of Roderick Dhu, an army of dormant memories springs up into visible being, and the landscape of fancy is re-peopled with a shining host. Instantly the mind and heart revert to the old and well-thumbed *Delphin*, the smirched Homer, the dog’s-eared Virgil, and the tattered Ovid — which, through the medium of the dictionary, impressed upon them images, how lovely, how distinct, how ineffaceable! ‘*Omnium Marcellorum meum pectus memoria obfudit.*’ The boy again reclines under the old apple-tree, and amid the singing of birds, and sighing of the summer breeze, his merry laugh rings out at the misadventures of Quixote, and the humors of Falstaff, or his frame shivers at the weird sisters in Macbeth, his heart leaps at the deliverance of the good Antonio, and his eyes run over at the double tragedy of Romeo and his sweet young Juliet. In the impotence of vain regret he repeats the line he loved so much even in boyhood:

‘*O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!*’

and appreciates in all its comprehensiveness the exquisite sentiment of Shenstone: ‘*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam vestri meminisse!*’ Byron, by the way, has expanded this text into some very charming lines, but all their beauties united appear to me as nothing, when compared with the condensed and all-comprehensive eloquence of this appeal to the yearning spirit of a mourner. Observe the miraculous felicity of the language! Mark how many volumes are included in one short line!

Speaking of felicitous diction, there are some passages in the writings of Cicero, which seem by no means the language of the heart, but rather the ‘dialect of the schools made perfect.’ Yet, though not the impulsive eloquence of nature, they are wrought up to such an exquisite finish, that I can scarce refrain from tears in their perusal. I know not how it happens here, and almost here only — for assuredly there are many passages in other authors of more intense and touching

beauty — but in reading some portions of Cicero's eulogy on Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, I am affected with a species of painful envy at the inimitable melody of language and elegance of thought. It seems so infinitely superior to any combination of words that I could possibly produce, that I feel inclined to throw aside my ineffectual pen, and worship in silence the master-piece of art. Yet afterward, when the busy sprite in my brain has conjured up something which strikes my ear and heart as good in language or conception, I gaze upon it, like the whole vain tribe of authors, with a kind of paternal rapture, and exclaim with the Italian artist, 'Sono pittore anch'io!'

But to return to my subject, which is, 'quotations.' Early in my classical *neophycy* — that word won't do — say *apprenticeship*, I remember to have imagined the Roman authors the most amiable, if not the most honest of writers; for their favorite expression to signify the act of quoting was *laudare*, to praise which seemed to argue that they loved one another, and never cited from a book-wright without commending him. But a mere exoteric knowledge of the ancients soon convinced me that this amiable era must have been long anterior to the famous 'golden age,' since even then Virgil stole half his descriptive and metaphorical *matériel* from Homer, Hesiod, and Apollonius of Rhodes, without making a solitary acknowledgment, and Livy transplanted whole books of his warm-colored history from the impartial pages of Polybius, and never thanked him, nor even named him, except as 'quite a respectable author!' In *this*, I think, must have consisted that supposed un-Roman peculiarity of style, which some of the ancient critics called the 'Patavinity' of Livy, and which some modern lynxes have pretended that *they* too had detected.

In old times, however, citations were in general more prominently paraded, if not more extensively employed, than they now are. Among the Greeks, the most liberal quoter was Plutarch, whose treatises on morality and natural science are, at least in one half, directly and ostensibly borrowed. It is astonishing, the number of authors whom he cites, and with whom we are assured from internal proof that he was perfectly familiar. In his discussions of various physical phenomena, which would provoke the smile of a modern naturalist by their immense masses of groundless hypothesis and ignorantly ingenious reasoning, he often adduces writers, of whose very existence without his evidence we should now have no knowledge. A tolerably extensive collection of the ethical beauties of the epic, tragic and comic poets of Greece may be made from his preceptive essays.

The Greek and Roman fathers, together with the divines of the dark ages, were insatiable quoters. So, likewise, were some of the early English writers, particularly the polemical. Their method was to accumulate all the authorities extant in favor of their positions, to cite all the objections ever urged against them by Jew, infidel, or Christian; and then disprove those objections by other and equally extensive citations, occasionally furnishing an argument of their own. They resembled that famous luminary of Dutch jurisprudence, who settled all the civil cases brought before him, not by comparing the pounds, shillings and pence *in*, but by ascertaining the pounds, ounces, and drams *of* the

account books brought in evidence by the respective litigants. Like the Puseyite logomachists, they were great sticklers for the 'ipse dixit' of patristic evidence. They seemed to think that the dogmas of theology were to be established by the weight of precedent authority, and he was thought to have gained the victory, who had arrayed on his side the greatest number of decisions passed by former judges. A rather tedious, but very convenient mode of argument, to be sure, where erudition usurps the throne of reason, and authority asserts the vantage-ground of fact!

The great Jeremy Taylor, whose sermons are among the most elegantly-imaginative compositions in the world, was a lavish quoter, but on a different system. Those quaint and glorious discourses, rich with all the hues of fancy, and warm with all the fire of pathos, should then have been preached, and should now be read, only in some grand old cathedral, where the sun's 'westering beams' stream through stained windows on the paintings of Raphael or of Claude Lorraine. Every one of those opulent pages is replete with allusions to the incidents, the facts, the fables of the elder world; and each incident, each fact, each fable, touched by his magic finger, is ennobled, is beautified, is alchemized into his own mind's essence, and flows forth a stream of molten gold. And then, not satisfied with all this display of beautiful allusive learning, he quotes at the foot of the page all the more famous passages of the Greek tragedians, by way of illustrating his tenets and enforcing his admonitions. Doubtless all this erudition is absurdly out of place, even in sermons addressed to the courtiers of St. James', and to crowned heads, who rule by 'divine right,' and who, of course, understand Greek, as well as every thing else, by instinct: but is it not beautiful, beautiful beyond all comparison, and above all rivalry?

But of all quoters, commend me to old Burton, in the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' In this most singular of works, to which not even Southey's 'Doctor' can be compared in learning and quaintness, the author has accumulated enough rare erudition to establish the reputation of any twenty authors for extensive reading, and to make any *one* author *melancholy* to look at it. The eccentric character and immense number of its citations are the very things which constitute the character and value of the work, and therefore one is not here, as in some cases, tempted to cry out, 'Oh, monstrous! Three-penny 'orth of bread to this intolerable quantity of *sack*!' (Shakspeare meant 'pillage.')

If the writers of the present day appear to quote less largely than their predecessors, it is to be ascribed more to their dishonesty than to their self-dependence, or originality. They *borrow* less, and *steal* more. A diminution of their apparent capital would be an increase of their real credit, or, as I once dreamed an Irishman said to a wide-mouthed Scotchman, 'The larger the *subtraction* from his mouth the greater would be the *addition* to his face!' Tom Moore, not content with his natural stores of wit and elegant thought, has been shown by accurate research to be a perfect corsair. As, however, the Moors, ever since their expulsion from Spain, have been incorrigible pirates, the amorous Lalla Rookh, in privateering on the literary seas, pursued only his patronymical or rather his paternal vocation. A few years since commenced the contraband trade in German, Coleridge leading the van of

the lawless company; and there has already been introduced for home consumption a very large amount of that singular manufacture, a woof of beautiful contemplations, and a warp of unintelligible mysticism. Much of these unlawful importations was detected, and this secret commerce is now almost impossible for all but the pettiest of pedlars. Every school-boy studies German, and as all the scribbling mystagogues of the nation are becoming illicit dealers in the foreign article, equally in the cobwebs, and the cloth of gold, they will soon organize themselves into a body of custom-house officers, and each contrabandist will inform against his brother-in-trade as having entered, under a false invoice, goods which he himself had intended to smuggle.

Let us proceed. I do not like a shirt all ruffles, nor a book all citations; yet I am much in favor of quotations judiciously and sparingly introduced; not such, of course, as may be gathered from a 'Dictionary of Quotations,' and which have been worn so long that they may better be called hackneyed slang. However beautiful and striking originally, they have degenerated into cant, and should never be employed by writer or speaker, except when they are peculiarly forceful and appropriate. Some fellows employ these phrases *apropos* of every thing, thus destroying all their pith and significance. They interlard with them every dish, conversational or scriptural, and whatever else may be the meal, these are always a component part, like the indispensable bacon and cabbage of a Virginia housewife. Does some close-fisted *millionaire*, who has coined the tears of the widow into eagles, or some luxurious worldling, who has expended his yearly thousands on his own frail person, bequeath at his death to some asylum the hoarded treasures, in the possession or use of which he can no longer revel, but which may purchase for his name the posthumous renown of a lying monumental slab? He was 'open as day to melting charity,' and all those other golden inscriptions which Genius once consecrated to living or departed worth, and which Virtue would fain sanctify and appropriate to herself and her votaries forever. Out upon the profanation! The beautiful gems of poetry and fancy are soiled by the touch and sullied by the breath of the vulgar, till they lose all their lustre, and become every-day pebbles of the sea-shore, colloquialized, disenchanted; a talisman, that has lost its mystic charm. Even when seen again in their old connection, re-linked in the sparkling chain whence they were drawn, they seem less beautiful, less dear, less precious than they did in days of yore. It would not be thus, were they cited only by sensible minds, and on appropriate occasions.

After all, then, quoting is like every thing else. Its merit depends on the *who* and the *how*: that is, on *who* the quoter is, and *how* he quotes. The same good sense, whether natural or adscititious, which is requisite to all just thought or correct writing, is equally necessary to discern what is elegant or energetic in others, and to know when and how to introduce it with pertinency and effect. But he who thinks like a dolt will assuredly write like a blockhead, and he who writes like a blockhead must quote of course like an ass. And who, when he sees a stupid fellow run off with a splendid *expression* in his mouth, and the hang-dog *expression* of a detected sheep-stealer in his face, would not shout

lustily, 'Stop thief!' I hate the sight of a mere animal, with not a single idea of his own in all his leaden cranium, sporting a sparkling thought, which 'hangs upon the cheek of his intellectual night, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.' He reminds me of a ragged 'prentice boy stealing his master's best coat to wear of Sundays. I should be very much transported, if Mercury would transport all these word-thieves to some Botany-Bay, marked out and set apart for light-fingered and heavy-headed scribblers. There they might rob and vilify one another. But the vulgarly-selected and ill-assorted finery I spoke of a line or two above, differs widely from a gentleman's borrowing an occasional neck-cloth from some of his polished acquaintances, or exhibiting here and there a memento of his departed friends, such as a seal or a breast-pin. Writers with no capital of their own, are compelled to subsist by beggary or theft, while those of original and opulent resources have no necessity to filch, but can afford to borrow. Their reciprocal loans merely prove the presence of good feeling and the absence of envy, and do not involve a confession of poverty, or a renunciation of independence. But when I see one wretched author steadying his footsteps on the broken crutches of another, I reverse the stinging lines Englished by Dennis from Boileau :

'Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.'

Quoting is doubtless of great advantage to the poor writer, or at least to his book. He can hardly find any thing inferior to his own manufacture ; his quotations are all that can add dignity and value to the work ; and therefore the more he quotes, the better for him. I have seen books, of which the sole merit consisted in their 'clippings,' and which, without these, would resemble that leathery and fibrous beef-steak, of which the more a man eats, the leaner and weaker he becomes, because the exhausting labor expended in its mastication more than neutralizes the aliment it yields! Such authors are at once philanthropists and martyrs. While providing for the enjoyment of their readers, they inspire merely contempt for themselves ; and, self-sacrificed to the welfare of their works, every quotation, which adds lustre and dignity to *them*, only deepens their own insignificance. But they are of great prejudice to the superior members of the same 'irritable tribe,' the masters, and grand-masters of the goose-quill fraternity. For if the remark of Erasmus, '*Laudari a laudatis viris est vera laus*,' be true, the reverse is equally undeniable, that to be eulogized or quoted by a blockhead is a flagrant insult.

I have sometimes wished, therefore, that the Republic of Letters would pass an insolvent act of uniform and universal application, compelling every literary debtor to hand in his assets, liquidate all his just obligations, make four-fold restitution of all he stole, and indemnify his creditors to the extent in which he has damaged what he borrowed. All the improvements made should be adjudged his own, as being the fair earnings of his skill and industry. At all events, they might pass a banking-bill, and enact a sumptuary law, the former providing that no author should negotiate a literary loan except from capitalists of his own means

and standing in the commonwealth, the latter prohibiting any writer from coming forth on holidays, or other days, decorated in a style above his visible resources, or his fair and legitimate credit. Then it would no longer be with men's spiritual, as it is with their bodily clothing. The mental robes and jewelry of our intellectual princes would no longer become the livery of their footmen, and descend from the lackeys to set off the apish antics and coarse buffoonery of Jack Puddings in the circus, till, at their lowest point of degradation, soiled, patched, and tawdry, they envelop with their 'faded splendor' the smutched limbs of the chimney-sweeps and scavengers of Grub-street. Were the man of talents to be robbed of any of his elegant attire, he would not as now perspire with terror lest it should disgrace its former wearer by appearing on the person of a small-beer guzzler in a hedge-tavern. He would not shudder lest his blameless vest, his 'Ultima-Thule' of a hat, or his 'comme-il-faut' and perfect coat should grace some 'rum one' among the 'groundlings,' who, over a two-penny 'cold-cut,' and inspired by a glass of 'half-and-half,' woos his 'dozy' muse in the dialect of 'flash.' His gold-headed cane would not wave jauntily in the hand of a beggarly literary 'swell,' nor his diamond snuff-box, tapped by unpared finger-nails, awake the sternutations of a vulgar pedant. The scriblerian menials, the mobocrats among the *litterati*, would revert to their natural and proper level, and, associating among themselves, and living upon each other, would fear to grasp heartily by the hand, and slap familiarly on the shoulder, the autocracy of mind. Then quotations would resume their legitimate office, tallying in some degree with the context, and a worthless book would not so often resemble a linsey-woolsey coat embroidered with gold-lace. Could a poor goose of an author then peep into the future, and see how he would be plucked by the geese among posterity, he might be reasonably content; for his starveling plumage would grow on cacklers of the same silly feather. With a soothing foreknowledge of its fulfilment, he might put up the malicious prayer of the limping Demonides, (recorded by Plutarch in his tractate 'De Audiendis Poëtis,') who, on having his sandals stolen, hoped they might fit the feet of the thief: and so they did; for the thief was a club-foot too.

Under the prevalence of the law proposed above, if a good author should choose to quote, his citations would match well with his own thoughts, and appear like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' If the writer were one of surpassing brilliancy, and his own conceptions were superior to all he could borrow, he might still exert a magnanimous charity in adducing occasionally the sentiments and words of his inferiors, thus adding value to the valueless, and raising the lowly to the level of his own exaltation.

'What! Mr. Polygon! you would fence in the mind with harsh, illiberal restrictions? You would establish a monopoly of the flowers and the sunshine? You would forbid the free, sweet breezes to blow on all alike?' No, Mr. Caviller! and I will wager my life you are a thievish author. We will forge no fetters. Your spiritual wings are free to fan and flutter in whatever airs beneath the canopy they will. You are privileged to catch upon your canvass whatever beautiful or awful hues yet unobserved by your rivals, may be cast by the light of

genius on the landscape of human history, the clouds of human passion or the sky of human thought. You are welcome to go herbalizing over all the world, and find whatever little flower you can yet lurking unseen and lovely in the nooks and by-ways of our nature. Nor will I address you, in the words of Horace, with the chilling counsel — itself a perfect flower :

‘Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.’

For, doubtless, many such undiscovered flowers there are, of exquisite texture, and many such hues, of delicate or gorgeous tint. All these you are permitted to appropriate to yourself, and to preserve ‘cum privilegio.’ But the great Garden of the Hesperides, planted ages ago, and every year enlarged and beautified ‘with cost, and care, and warmth,’ till it is full of golden fruitage and flowers of every hue, is still open for the enjoyment of the whole human race, and over it and through it flow all the breezes of ‘Araby the blest.’ This garden is the property of universal man, and the visitors who linger enchanted in its walks, are warned ‘not to injure or purloin the flowers.’ You, Sir Author, are requested to tie up none of *that* breeze in your Æolian bags for the benefit of *your* little wind-mill ; to steal none of *those* flowers to adorn *your* little nursery ; and to turn none of *that* sun-glow through your refracting-glass to *focalize* on *your* little hot-bed. Because, unless you have the genius to embellish what almost superhuman genius could alone create, you will take the beauty from the blossom, the warmth from the sunshine, and the freshness from the breeze, and will in so far subtract from the loveliness of earth, and lessen the happiness of her children.

Ladies, particularly the single, should be very careful how they quote. Passages of great power and splendor are often found in juxtaposition with foulness, flanked on each side by profligate sentiments and immoral scenes. In quoting such paragraphs, the fair authoress will be thought to have ‘eaten of the fruit of the forbidden tree,’ and to have become familiar with knowledge inhibited by the conventional inquisition of society. She has peeped behind the Eleusinian curtain, and is of course too knowing to be perfectly innocent in thought. Does a lady cite those lines, so beautiful, so affecting, and I am afraid, so true :

‘Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart :
‘T is woman’s whole existence’ etc., etc.

Is she not straightway supposed to have read all the flagrantly immoral descriptions preceding and following that touchingly natural epistle, in a poem of manifold and most masterly genius, it is true, yet of sentiments highly incorrect throughout, and of course outlawed by the canons of feminine propriety ? It is true we have our ‘expurgated’ editions of the poets, and our ‘Anthologies,’ and ‘Beauties,’ where the sweet and modest sex may find passion winnowed from vice, and poetry apart from poison. The fair quoter may, in some cases, be supposed to have plucked her flowers from these purified boquets, and not to have inhaled the mingled fragrance of the whole garden ; a ‘wilderness of sweets,’ whose diversified blossoms send forth noxious and wholesome odors till,

in the language of Junius, 'their united virtue tortures the sense.' Many ladies read the productions of unprincipled genius, and deny it afterward; thus proving, by their readiness at falsehood, that those works have already had upon their native integrity their natural and dreadful operation. Why read them at all? They cannot be expurgated, except in 'purging them by fire.' My dear young lady, ask your father or your brother what you ought to read. They have knowledge of the world, they have strong clear sense, and they can tell you. And, by the way, it is a sad thought for one who desires the continued elevation of woman, by making her intellectual growth keep pace with and assist her moral development, that one half of the world's loveliest and most exalted literature is deformed by so many harsh passions, or debased by so much impure language and flagitious sentiment, that it is totally unfit for female perusal, since it either disgusts, embitters, or corrupts their pure and gentle natures.

Well, I have stretched my tether nearly to its end. There is, however, a species of conversational quotation, on which I am inclined to make a few remarks before I close. It is that wherein soulless boobies quote expressions of strong poetic feeling, and heartless villains parade their sentiments of honor and virtuous emotion. I know that Satan has always 'quoted Scripture,' and I know that his servants have always 'stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in.' I know that hypocrisy was always the first lesson in villany, and that fair and seemly words have always been the mask for evil deeds. But it seems to me that the morality of the tongue has now become more universal and more perfect than ever. The cause is, that the age being universally addicted to reading, and books being of course crowded with noble sentiments, fine expressions are as plenty as black-berries. Every one has them at his tongue's end. It costs nothing to give expression to generous feeling; and it is really astonishing to see with what flippancy the most shallow will now drop the apothegms of wisdom; the most unfeeling display the ebullitions of passionate emotion; and the most selfish utter the noble sentiments which have fallen on famous occasions from the lips of the magnanimous. This assumption of feeling, and this simulation of virtue, through stolen and sounding phrases, by those who have not a faint idea of either of them, is, in my view, a heinous crime; and if he who has forged the name of another in business transactions, merits the elevation of the scaffold, much more should he be promoted to the same 'bad eminence,' who counterfeits the riches of the mind and heart. Moral is far worse than pecuniary forgery; for the latter merely deranges the temporal interests and debases the monetary medium of the community, while the former depreciates the medium of feeling, and cheapens the currency of the soul. What a scandal, that a heavy, leaden-moulded mind, that has not one idea above matter, should pretend to be moved by poetry, and simulate a thrill of admiration at that which it has heard others admire! What a shame, that conscious selfishness and unadulterated meanness should assume sentiments of equity and bandy about emotions of generosity, which can now be obtained at every corner gratis! When I see a man noisily dashing down his money, I think he has but little; and I feel the same suspicion of one

who is lavish of his noble sentiments on all occasions. Miss Edgeworth has written a novel — I forget the title — expressly to show how dangerous and justly suspicious are such ‘sententious’ characters; and a very wide and a very fertile subject is it, and very well handled by her, if I remember rightly. A good man *may* talk very well — an accomplished villain certainly *will*. When you see one of these ‘sententious’ talkers, so smooth and oily, or so passionately sentimental, review his former conduct toward himself and others, and see whether it has been uniform, prudent, generous and just. If not, his eloquence is all lip-wisdom; all smoke, sound, trash. And take this as my parting admonition: He who breaks his engagements with himself, will violate his promises to others; and he whom self-interest cannot restrain from self-destruction, will hardly regard the welfare of his fellows. Receive it as an axiom, that he who is most prudent for himself, is most worthy of the confidence of his friends; and an enlarged self-thoughtfulness is the best security for integrity, and the surest criterion of worth. This doctrine may revolt the falsely liberal, and excite the indignation of the shallow sentimentalist; yet it is founded in reason and experience. In reason: for reason teaches us that every being must and ought to be thoughtful and toilsome for himself, and that if he be not so, ‘something is rotten in Denmark.’ In experience: for experience tells us that those who neglect their own visible and proper interest, are influenced by some false sentiment or unworthy passion; and this sentiment, or this passion, will also induce them to slight or trample on their duties in relation to the affairs of others. Deliver me from all business intercourse with those who are imbued with the finest and most delicate sentiments on trivial occasions; who are tremblingly alive in all the chords of feeling; and who shrink and shudder in all cases where shuddering and shrinking are proofs of super-sublimated generosity. Avoid them. They are hypocrites, and arch deceivers. Their tears flow fast for ideal wo, theatrical distress and painted sorrow. But bring *real* affliction before them; press upon their nobleness the claims of justice and humanity, their hearts are hard as a rock, and their eyes as dry as a desert. This sickly sentimentalism is a curse to our nature. It is at the farthest possible remove from that true and noble humanity which prompts to generous exertion. True feeling does not dissolve in a few unfertilizing tears, nor exhale in ineffectual sighs. It incites to speedy and efficient action. Sentiment looks around with a deep groan, or a gentle sigh on the miseries of humanity, and folds its arms and wishes it were otherwise. Feeling wastes no time in empty protestations, but arouses its best energies to avert calamity or mitigate distress. Sentiment *wishes* — Feeling *acts*. Sentiment *sympathizes* — Feeling *coöperates*. Sentiment becomes more and more enervate by indulgence, while Feeling grows hourly more vigorous by exercise. The one is the mimic virtue of a weak and selfish spirit, the other the highest excellence of a strong and noble nature. Were the one universally prevalent, society would soon languish, and sicken, and die: were the other as general as its own spirit is expansive, this community of the world would instantly rise from its long prostration, and the evils of our lot be diminished to the hundredth of their present violence and multitude.

STANZAS FOR TWO VOICES.

THE PARTING.

—
 INSCRIBED TO MRS. H.
 —

LADY'S VOICE.

LIKE Indian dart through azure sky,
 Like Swallow o'er the lea,
 As Dove on homeward wing doth fly,
 Return, return to me!

GENTLEMAN'S VOICE.

THE arrow's mark is known above,
 The Dart directed flies—
 Nor Sparrow falls, nor speeds the Dove
 Unwatch'd, that outward hies.

LADY'S VOICE.

As Dove on homeward wing doth fly,
 As Swallow o'er the lea;
 Like Indian Dart through azure sky,
 Return, return to me!

GENTLEMAN'S VOICE.

Fear not; doubt not; one brooding care
 Is not for me, for thee;
 HE CARETH! and with thee to share
 Even Grief, is Joy to me.

BOTH VOICES.

In absence, present; distance, near;
 In sorrow, joy; grief, Love;
 One hope, one joy, one sorrow here,
 One Life in realms above!

RECITATIVE.

THE pilot calls! the longing sail
 Yields to the fav'ring wind;
 The waves give voice! freshens the gale;
 One, one is left behind!

Now fades the bark from love's long sight;
 That one hath left the shore.
 Oh! sickly seems the bright day light,
 And home is—home no more!

There, memory shoots like Indian Dart;
 There thoughts, like wrecks, are driven
 Across the Sea of Woman's heart—
 There's but one place where souls ne'er part—
 God smiled, and nam'd it HEAVEN!

JOHN WATERS.

T H E D R E A M A N G E L .

AFTER JEAN PAUL.

'Ernst trat der liebende Genius der gefühlreichern
Menschen vor den Jupiter, und bat.' DIE AUSSPRACHE DES HERKULES.

ONCE the bright Angel whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of man, even the Guardian Angel of the World, drew near the throne of the Heavenly FATHER, and prayed: 'Give me, oh Father! a way by which I may teach man how to avoid a part at least of the many sins and temptations which the Fall hath entailed upon him! For man is not always bad; at times he feels my better influence; at times his heart is ready to receive the good which a light external aid might fix upon him!

Then the Father spoke to the Angel and said, 'Give him the Dream.'

The sweet Guardian flew over the world with his sister the Dream. Far and wide they spread the gentle influence, and the hearts of life-weary mortals were rejoiced. But the soft breathings of the Dream Angel fell not alike on all. To the good and gentle who had sunk to rest amid the blessings of their loved ones, and whose slumber was deepened by the toil of the good deeds which they had done, there came soft and silent glimpses of the far land of light. Forgetting the narrow prison of the world, their souls rose up and spread broad and wide over the land of vision, and gazed with eagle eyes upon its golden glories. But as the night waned, their dream grew dim, and the outer influences of the soul gently closed about them and drew them back to the world and the body, even as the corolla of the night-flower closes about it, and shuts from its gaze its best-loved starry heaven.

To the toil-worn, sun-burnt husbandman, who had fallen asleep in despair, and who ever feared lest some grim accident might destroy the fruit of his labor, the sweet Dream came like a soft summer shower upon the parched and dusty fields; and as he dreamed, he saw the green corn rising in goodly ranks, and gazed with joy upon the soft small ears, which at first no larger than flower-buds, seemed as he beheld them to expand to ripe maturity.

There are certain dream-fantasies and strange sleep-changes, that are to be found only in the deep unbroken slumber which results from extreme bodily fatigue, or in the light irregular rest of the fever; even as the grotesque blue dragon fly, and the strange water-flitter are found only on the surface of the deep silent pool, or the shallow brook; and as the husbandman slept on, the fantastic sprites who attend the Dream, flitted about him, and spread a gay confusion over the happy vision. For as he gazed upon the golden ears, a purple and scarlet cloud seemed to overshadow him, while round about he heard the pealing of bells, the merry ringing of familiar voices, and the lowing of cattle; and in the intervals there came shouts as of glad friends at the harvest home. Then the purple cloud gathered again about him, but the dream-spirits

with their long shadowy arms drew him through it, and he now stood before a well-filled granary; and as the tears of joy ran down his cheeks, his wife and loved ones gathered about him, and their blessings and praises sunk into his heart, and mingled with the hymn which rose like a golden cloud from the ocean of his soul. And he awoke from the sweet dream, and blessed it for the hope with which it had inspired him.

But the Dream flew on, and it came to a guilty prisoner who had fallen asleep cursing his judges, his doom, and the damp black fetters which clung like cold adders to his limbs. And as he dreamed, the prison was opened, the cold chains fell away, and remorse and rage no longer fixed their poison-fangs upon his heart. A bright light shone upon him, and blessed thoughts of mercy, repentance and reconciliation flitted through his mind like golden-winged butterflies through a summer garden; and he awoke, trusting in release, and with his heart filled with love and kindness. Did the cold damp fetters fall from his limbs? Were the prison-doors opened? The fetters fell not away; the prison-doors remained fast; and worn down by famine and sickness, he perished alone in the narrow dungeon. But the blessed hope which the gentle Dream had left in his heart, gladdened his last hour, and as he died, exclaiming 'Not my will, but thine, oh FATHER!' behold there was joy in Heaven.

It hath been said, that Hope alone is left with mortals; but with her abideth her sister, the Dream, who maketh her known to us. For by the Dream, men are led to Hope.

CARLOS.

Princeton, New-Jersey.

Y O U A N D I .

I.

FORTUNE smiled not on our sires,
And, Love, when we one became,
All thy dower was kind desires,
All my heritage the same.

II.

Slender stock of worldly wealth
For the firm of man and wife!
But we both brought hope and health
To our partnership for life.

III.

Add to this that wealth above
All that riches men miscall;
Mutual faith in wedded love,
Mutual sympathy in all.

IV.

Like that gem whose day-dim'd spark
Flames a rosy sun at night,
Ever as my soul grew dark,
Thine has shed diviner light.

V.

And whenever clouds have thrown
Shadows o'er those eyes of thine,
Has not then affection shone
With its tenderest beam from mine?

VI.

Thus we promised, Love, to live,
And in memory's page we read
Few short-comings to forgive
Mutually in word or deed.

VII.

Thou hast been my joy in grief,
Balm in anguish, praise in blame;
And, save moments few and brief,
I to thee have been the same.

VIII.

Let, then, single blessedness
Laud its raptures to the sky;
Hymen's bliss is double bliss,
And his sigh but half a sigh!

'REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN.'

Our readers will no doubt remember the account given by us some two years since of a mysterious correspondent, whom we saw but for a moment, yet whose presence produced upon us a remarkable effect. After publishing a succession of numbers of the 'REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN,' our strange visitor discontinued his favors. We waited with much anxiety for a whole year, and were often on the point of venturing upon a visit to him. Still, we were unwilling to intrude upon the privacy of one who evidently desired to remain in undisturbed retirement; and just as our desire to hear from the Reminiscent was getting the better of this delicacy, we received the subjoined communication, accompanying a large package.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

It is more than a year since I have communicated to you my sombre reminiscences. As you had a right to expect a continuation of them, you shall know why they have not been furnished. Events beyond my control, and entirely unexpected, sent me once more where I had declared my feet should never wander. Again I have beheld the old world. Again I have seen the foot of the tyrant upon the neck of his victim; have beheld the oppression of a whole race, and heard their cries go up to the MIGHTY GOD OF SABAOOTH!

'But the time is not yet fully come.'

Once more I have returned to the peaceful retirement of my quiet chamber. When resting in it before, I thought my lot was cast there for the remainder of my pilgrimage. But Providence willed otherwise. Now, I trust, I shall be permitted to spend the remainder of my days in solitary quiet. But God's will be done! And if in the fulfilment of His will I must again be disturbed, must again become a wanderer, so mote it be! And believe me, though the saddened heart may suffer in the lonely retreat, yet it is among the throng, in the midst of the busy multitude, that its sufferings press heaviest, because there it recognizes humanity, but finds, alas! no sympathy from his kind. Yet again I say, God's will be done!

'The experience of my whole life, my sojournings, my wanderings, the tumult and the calm, peace and war; *all* impress me with the solemn conclusion, that 'The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done.'

'Who dare add more to the record of man's experience?'

[The package accompanying this remarkable communication was marked 'The St. Leger Papers.' Upon the outside of it was written the following:]

'At the age of twenty-three years I find myself upon the threshold of two worlds. The PAST summons the thousand incidents which have operated to determine me as a responsible being, and presents them with fearful vividness in array before me. The PRESENT seems like nothing beneath my feet. And the FUTURE, no longer a shadowy dream, throws open its endless vista, and whispers that I must soon enter upon all its untried, unknown realities. Here I am permitted to pause a moment, ere I commence upon that new existence which ends only with the INFINITE!

'I have finished my life upon earth. The ties which connect me with the world have parted. I have to do now only with eternity. Yet something which I may not resist, impels me to retrospection. I look back over my short pilgrimage, and feel a yearning which I cannot restrain, to put down a narrative of my brief existence, and to mark the several changes which have come over my spirit, in the hope that the young, with whom I chiefly sympathize, may profit by the recital.

'But of what use will the record of my experience prove to youthful spirits, flushed with the glow of health, secure in their fancied strength, and determined on enjoyment? To them the world is every thing. Alas! they know not that the world will reward them with infamy, if they trust alone to it. Yet it is to such I would make my appeal. I would fain arrest them, before they shall cease to have sympathy with every saving influence, because of their habitual opposition to it.

'But I will not anticipate the moral of my life. Let this be gathered from the record of it.'

THE ST. LEGER PAPERS.

*'QUINQUE agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.'*

CHAPTER I.

THE St. Leger family have resided in Warwickshire for a very long period. My father, who was fond of tracing genealogies, affirmed that the estate upon which we lived was bestowed upon Bertold St. Leger by Richard the Lion-hearted, on his return from the Crusade, for the conspicuous services which he had rendered that monarch in his war with the Saracen. How such an uninterrupted possession had been maintained, for so long a time, and through every successive revolution, my father did not explain. The task might have proved difficult. At any rate, it was very well to rest satisfied with an account which appeared every way authentic. Be this as it may, our family was certainly an ancient one.

My grand-father, Hugh St. Leger, by his marriage with a lady of large fortune, became possessed of the valuable estate which joined Bertold-Castle, and was considered one of the wealthiest gentlemen in Warwickshire. This large patrimony fell to my father, who was an only child.

Bertold Castle, was a singular, grotesque-looking pile, half ancient, half modern in its appearance. Up to the time of my father's marriage, it remained as it had stood for generations. The castle was built upon the very brink of the Avon, and its foundations were deeper, it was said, than the bed of the river. The old moss, which covered its walls, extended down into the stream, so that the castle seemed to rise directly from the water. Many were the dismal stories which were told of the dungeons far under ground; secret passages, beneath the bed of the river, communicating with the other side, and of the cruelties practised upon the unhappy prisoners confined in them in days of yore, and espe-

cially in the time of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, of whom my ancestor was a firm adherent. It was said, too, that the spirits of these unfortunate persons still haunted the neighborhood, and made the green banks of the Avon their place of meeting. The low murmur of the stream, as it swept gently under the walls of the Castle, was said to be but the voices of these spirits, as they breathed their lamentations over the waters which had been the only witness of their sufferings. I speak of nursery-tales and neighborhood-gossip, not of course credited by the enlightened, but which served to fill my infant mind with terror and awe. And as this sketch is intended to give the history of my *mental* as well as of my external life, I dwell with the more minuteness on those things which first affected it most powerfully.

On my father's marriage with a daughter of one of the noble families in Warwickshire, the Castle was almost completely metamorphosed. His family pride would not permit him to throw down a single stone of the staunch pile which had stood so long and so firmly a defence for his ancestors; while the improvements of the age required a mansion more in accordance with its refined and peaceful spirit. It was consequently resolved to add to the pile a splendid modern structure, which was to become *par excellence* the residence of the family. The old dining-hall and the state-rooms were however allowed to remain in all their sombre grandeur. The library was not quite dismantled; although all of the handsomer books were removed into the new room, built for that purpose. Enough nevertheless remained to save the room from utter neglect, although the dusty cob-webs around its walls gave evidence of the slight attention it received.

The older servants saw with dismay the preparations for enlarging the establishment; looking upon it as a virtual abandonment of the 'Old Castle.' This was considered a bad omen, and to augur the downfall or termination of our house. A prophecy was quoted relative to the dreaded event, now about to take place, which was said to be of great antiquity:

'WHEN y^e St. Leger shal marrie a virgyn fair,
Shal build a new castel both wondrous and rare,
Lett him warnynge tak, for y^e last of his race
Shal hee meet in y^e castel, face to face.'

My grand-father held this prophecy in great veneration. He was wont to say, 'With so plain a warning in view, the St. Legers would stand an unbroken name for countless generations.' The consequence was, that nothing was done even to the old castle, except what came strictly under the denomination of repairs. Improvements were not thought of. At length, Hugh St. Leger was gathered to his fathers, and the great gong of the castle struck his last requiem amid the weeping and lamentation of relatives, servants and retainers; for he was a man of many virtues; both generous and kind, though stern in his manner, and possessing somewhat of the haughty bearing of the preceding age.

My father was educated at a more enlightened period, when improvements waxed rife; when distinctions began to soften, and changes to be thought necessary. He affected to disregard the prophecy which had been so religiously believed by his ancestors. He maintained that the

old castle was built mainly with a view to defence, in case of assault ; that it possessed great conveniences for a garrison, but comparatively few for a family residence ; and while he revered it as the home of his fathers, regarding with ancestral pride its staunch battlements, which had stood firm against every assault, still he maintained that there could exist no reason why improvements should not be made, which might accord with the present state of things. The '*addition*' was consequently resolved upon. My father was particular always to give it that name, secretly deciding, I have no doubt, that by keeping within the letter of the prophecy, he should not incur the threatened penalty. The new mansion was built. My father married. Years rolled happily away. He was blessed with three promising children ; and every thing went on joyously and well. My own recollections are of my home in the improved state I have described. From the old servants however I learned at an early age the existence of the prophecy, and the fearful construction which superstition had given it. Little was said openly ; but the deprecatory air, the sombre, melancholy look, which two or three of the old crones who had become superannuated in our service constantly wore, were always a sore interruption to our childish sports. Did we meet them while full of the elastic happy feeling which childhood so much enjoys, it was always : ' Poor children ! God preserve ye ! Who knows what ye may come to ! God send ye an easy death ! ' and the like.

My brother — I had but one, and he was my senior — seemed but little affected by these prophecies of evil, while upon my own mind they produced a chilling and lasting effect. Like the insect that flutters nearer and nearer the flame which is to prove its destruction, I used to steal away and hold daily conferences with these old creatures ; and hour after hour was wont to be entertained with stories of the bloody wars in which old Bertold St. Leger figured ; of the exploits of the famous Guy of Warwick ; and of my brave grand-father, Hugh St. Leger, the last worthy of the race, as they were pleased to style him ; always concluding however, by quoting the dreaded prophecy, and assuring me that I was doomed.

These lessons, so often inculcated, began to produce their impression. Somehow I took to myself the whole force of the prophecy, regarding my brother and sister as in some way exempt from its influence.

The result was, that in my very childhood I become serious and thoughtful. Life, even in its spring-time, was losing every charm. The world looked no longer gladsome and gay.

I had begun to suffer.

CHAPTER SECOND.

STRANGE season of childhood ! marked by cloud and sunshine ; full of light-hearted pleasures and fresh griefs ! Yet how fraught with consequences when the new-created being ushered into life commences upon immortality ! Precious season ! when every new object makes an impression, and every impression is indelible ! And what fearful issues hang upon each ! Issues which reach through time, and peradventure into eternity.

In order to present a proper narrative of my life, I should give some account of those who exercised most influence upon it. My father was in many respects a singular man. He possessed in a great degree the stern nature of my grandfather, which was nevertheless considerably modified by a natural urbanity of manner, which old Hugh St. Leger never manifested. He had a warm, generous heart, and was devotedly attached to his wife and children. Although a younger brother, I never could perceive any difference in the treatment of his sons. He was equally affectionate toward both, yet never familiar with either. His urbanity was manifested in social life with his friends and acquaintances; but when any one sought his intimacy, a repulse was certain. Yet he was neither haughty nor overbearing. Pride he certainly possessed; yet it seemed a just and honest pride, rather than the vain conceit of a weak mind. From his children he not only expected obedience, to the letter, but he never suffered his commands or wishes to be questioned. I well remember once unconsciously asking him *why* I must do some act which he had commanded, and the withering sternness of his response as he echoed the command, without deigning any explanation. In justice I should add, that his requirements were reasonable and proper, although to a wayward child they might seem otherwise. In his religion my father was strict and devoted. He hated Popery with a pious indignation, and early instilled into the minds of his children an abhorrence of the Romish Church. Frenchmen were his peculiar aversion, and it was with difficulty that he could bring himself to treat one with civility. Possessing in the main sound views, he entertained violent prejudices, which it was impossible to change. He was not ambitious, except for his children. He omitted nothing which might insure to them every advantage, as well in education as personal advancement. For them he labored and planned. No expense was too great, no sacrifice too large. But if my father was ready to do all this, much did he expect in return. What he thought we could accomplish, we were compelled to accomplish, no matter though the task were difficult, nay overwhelming. No excuse was accepted. In vain we sometimes pleaded that our companions were not tasked so heavily. With something very like a sneer, he would reply, 'If you ever wish to be any thing, do not talk about what others do, but set your mark away beyond them all, and when once the mark is fixed, let there be no drawing back, no whining. *Try*, and the thing will be done.' And try we did, until it seemed as if no labor was half so hard as ours. Yet after all, we generally fulfilled what was required, and had the satisfaction of making glad a parent's heart.

I do not think I could have borne so cheerfully all that my father imposed upon me, had it not been for my mother. Oh! what a world of feeling and tenderness is in that name! Though still living, let me pay her the tribute which I cannot withhold. I should think my duty but half accomplished, did I omit to record what I owe to her. In disposition she was angelic. I think I never saw her ruffled in temper, or discomposed. She was mild, yet dignified, and possessed a sweetness of manner which was perfectly fascinating. Above all, she was devotedly pious, and it was her first care to instil into the minds of her

children a love for sacred things. Morning and evening did I lisp my infantile prayers to her, and it seemed as if she sent them up for me to God.

‘Come, William, it is high time to be up, if you wish to go out with Roger to the Park, across the Avon, and see the new rookery. The sun is up long before you. Do n’t you hear the larks singing? It will soon be breakfast-time, and Roger can’t wait.’ ‘Dear mother, I am so sleepy!’ ‘You are! and how long has my son been in bed? Eight hours—and sleepy yet! You must not become a sluggard!’ ‘Mother, mother, I want to whisper to you; I forgot my prayers last night. You were away, and I fell asleep without saying them.’ ‘Oh, my son, you should be careful never to forget them. You should remember who keeps you alive, and makes you so happy; and you should always put yourself under His care before you sleep.’ ‘Mother, let me say my prayers now.’ All this comes upon me now with the freshness of first ideas. And it is just what my dear mother said to me—I remember it so distinctly! Day after day she would impress some religious truth upon my mind, and so kind, so tenderly, that it would have melted an older heart than mine. How she loved me! How she loves me still! Perhaps with a difference in the feeling too.

To my mother I came with all my troubles; to her I repeated all my grievances, *save one*. I never could name to her what sat the heaviest at my young heart—the belief that I was *doomed*. Often did she perceive that something afflicted me; and most soothingly did she attempt to discover the cause; but my tongue refused to do its office, if I desired to tell her; and my only relief was in tears. My mother sometimes thought that my fears were of a religious nature; and she would accordingly attempt to comfort me by the soothing promises of the Scriptures. But all in vain. The prophecy haunted me. And to the one of all others who might have afforded consolation I could not speak of it.

My brother Hugh was five years elder than myself, and of course was rather a protector than a play-fellow. He was a noble boy; kind in his nature, quick in his feelings, and forgiving and generous to a fault. We loved each other fondly. Evil betide the one who dared offer indignity to me when Hugh was present! He took a pride in defending me, and fancied himself a man, as he fought battles and achieved victories in my behalf. He was intelligent and apt in his studies, though not of a thoughtful turn. He had a fine voice, prepossessing manners, and a rapid flow of language, together with a commanding energy of character, which overcame every obstacle.

My little sister was a general favorite; and though in great danger of being spoiled in consequence, yet by the judicious government of both parents, was preserved from such an unhappy fate. She was very like her mother in disposition, and being educated at home, under her immediate direction, it was no wonder that the resemblance daily grew stronger. I will mention one more, and our family are all told. There resided with my father a maiden aunt, many years older than himself, who had always lived at the castle. She was an elder sister of Hugh

St. Leger, and had occupied one room in the old castle all her life. This was a small but neatly-finished chamber, on the river side, commanding a fine view of the Avon, and the country beyond.

This singular woman, at the time of my birth, was nearly seventy. In appearance she was tall and commanding. Her hair was perfectly white, and she wore it short over her head. She had gray eyes, which sparkled with the brightness of youth, and retained all their original quickness of vision. Her habits were very peculiar. She required but little service, although one of the old crones I spoke of was always in attendance upon her. With the family her intercourse was singular enough. She very rarely came to the table, and never sought the society of any one; yet when addressed, she would mingle freely in conversation, showing remarkable accuracy in matters of history, and especially in chronology. Yet she invariably added to the truth strange matters of fiction, which possessed such a *verisimilitude*, that none knew when to credit her. She spent most of her time either in her own apartment, musing and reading, or in wandering along the banks of the Avon, plucking a flower here and there, or picking up small pebbles on the shore; talking to herself the while, with great earnestness. The usual occupations of her sex she never engaged in for a moment. I know not if she knew the use of the needle. She rarely retired to rest until the night was far spent, and seldom rose before mid-day.

As may be supposed, such a person produced upon my mind a most lasting impression. When a child, she was a mystery to me; and as I became older, she was no less an enigma. She appeared to have no sympathies; yet she seemed, judging from her acts, to be attached to us all. If I deemed myself slighted by any of the servants, I had only to tell Aunt Alice, and without investigation or question, the offender was subjected to the severest reproof. If I was ill, I found my way to Aunt Alice's apartment, and received every attention which it was in her power to bestow. Nothing asked of her was refused, and she never tired of our importunities. Yet in all this, no feeling, no sympathy was manifested; all was cold — without heart, without life. Yet she was roused to anger by the slightest opposition. Seldom indeed did she meet with it, but when she *did*, the storm and whirlwind were fit emblems of her wrath. These paroxysms lasted but for a brief space; and in the exhibition of them there was the same want of feeling, of vital passion, as in her calm moments. Passionless; possessing nothing like affection in her heart, with no apparent ties on earth; she seemed to regard every thing around her like shadows on the wall: they came, they went — but they were shadows still, while she remained the same. Often have I crept close to her, as she wandered out on some of her long walks, and listened to the conversation she was holding with herself. This was sometimes in a foreign language, of which I knew nothing. When she spoke in our own tongue, her subject was generally of things long past, of which I could understand but little. I could perceive that she often kept up an imaginary conversation with two, and sometimes three persons, with great volubility; and I could in consequence very rarely make out a connected link of what was said.

Again I would steal unnoticed into her room, and listen as she recited strange events of history, which made my young blood run cold, and my heart beat so violently that I was glad to discover myself, and ask some favor at her hands. At last I came to spend a great deal of time in her apartment; and Aunt Alice would relate to me, in the same passionless style, long-forgotten stories of our house; marked passages of history relating to it; and a minute and almost tedious narrative of historical events, relative to any subject I chose to start. These were always entirely free from the ordinary gossip with which lovers of the marvellous are apt to lard their stories, and therefore produced the stronger impression. Of course Aunt Alice was familiar with the prophecy to which I have alluded; but she only spoke of it as a historical fact, and by no persuasion or artifice could she be induced to give an opinion of its application; neither would she listen to any from another person; so that my morbid fears found no relief from her. Treated with marked respect by my father and all the family; allowed to have her will in every thing; this very remarkable woman lived among us like a spirit of another world. She came and went unquestioned; continued year after year, pursuing the same round of strange employments; solitary and soulless; having no sympathy with her sex, no feeling with her kind.

T H E D Y I N G Y E A R .

BY MISS MARY GARDINER.

WITH dirge-like music, low
 Sounds forth again the solemn harp of Time;
 Mass for the buried hours, a funeral chime
 O'er human joy and wo.
 The sere leaves wail around thy passing bier;
 Speed to thy dreamless rest, departing year!

Yet ere thy wing has swept
 O'er the wide threshold of the shadowy past,
 Give back the treasures to thy bosom cast,
 The harvest earth has wept:
 Give back the lily's bloom and violet's breath,
 The summer leaves that bowed before the reaper Death.

Give back the dreams of fame,
 The aspirations strong for glory won;
 Hopes that went out perchance when set thy sun,
 Nor left nor trace nor name:
 Give back the wasted hours, half-uttered prayer,
 The high resolves forgot that stamp thy annals fair.

Give back the flow of thought
 That woke within the poet's yearning breast,
 Hushing its wild and passionate unrest:
 Love's rainbow visions wrought

Of youth's deep fearless trust, that light the scroll
With an intenser glow; records of heart and soul!

Give back — for thou hast more —
Give back the kindly words we loved so well;
Voices whose music on the spirit fell
But tenderness to pour:
The steps that never now around us tread,
Faces that haunt our sleep; give back, give back the dead!

Give back! — who shall explore
Creation's boundless realms to mark thy prey?
Who mount where man has never dreamed to sway
Or Science dared to soar?
Oh! who shall tell what suns have set for aye,
What worlds gone out, what systems passed away?

Not till the stars shall fall,
And earth and sky before God's presence flee,
Shall human vision look or spirit see
Beneath thy mystic pall:
But hark! with accent clear and flute-like swell
Floats up the New-Year's voice. Departed one, farewell!

As the bright flowers wake from their wintry tomb,
I've sprung from the depths of futurity's gloom;
With the glory of Hope on my unwritten brow,
But a fear at my heart, earth welcomes me now.
I come and bear with me the fetterless flow
Of infinite joy and of infinite woe:
The banquet's light jest and the penitent prayer,
The sweet laugh of gladness, the wail of despair;
The warm words of welcome, and broken farewell,
The strains of rich music and funeral knell;
The fair bridal wreath and the robe for the dead,
Oh! how will they meet in the path I shall tread!
Oh! how will they mingle where e'er I pass by,
As sunshine and storm in the rainbow on high!

Yet start not, nor shrink from the race I must run,
I've peace and repose for the heart-stricken one;
And strength for the weary who fail in the strife,
And falter before the great warfare of life.
I've love for the friendless; a morrow of light
For him who is wrapped in adversity's night;
With trust for the doubting; a field for the soul,
That has dared from its loftier purpose to stroll,
To haste to the conflict and blot out the shame
With the deeds of repentance and resolute aim;
To seek mid the struggle with tempters and sin,
The high meed of virtue triumphant to win.

Unstained and pure is the future's broad scroll,
And as leaf after leaf from its folds shall unroll:
The warp and the woof, they are woven by me,
But the shadows and coloring rest, mortal, with thee!
'Tis thine to cast over their brightness and bloom
The sunlight of morning or hues of the tomb.
The past will give back from its fathomless sea
The hues of thy spirit unaltered to thee;
As the clear lake reflects in its silvery breast
The dyes of the sun as he sinks to his rest.
Though darkness and sorrow to all must be given,
There's a vista of light that leads up to Heaven;
Nor utterly starless the path thou hast trod,
'Till thy heart prove a traitor to thee or to God.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF VERMONT.

ANECDOTES 'OF THE SAME.'

THERE are many excellent stories of the Bench and Bar of Vermont, very current among the good people of the State, which however I do not remember to have seen in print, and which I dare say are little known abroad. Some of these I shall here set down precisely as I heard them from the mouth of an old lawyer, who is well known as the Nestor of the gown and wig in Vermont. If it should turn out, as it often happens in matters of this sort, that any of the incidents here related shall be claimed to have occurred somewhere else, to the honor of some other of our sovereign States, I beg leave to declare, according to established usage, that any such pretension is wholly unfounded, and that any versions different from my own are altogether apocryphal.

It was formerly a custom in Vermont, although now little practised, for a lawyer, when promoted to the dignity of the bench, to 'follow up his old retainers;' and accordingly whenever a case came on in which 'his Honor' was concerned as counsel, he immediately doffed the ermine, resumed the gown, and battled away among the attornies, in the old style. *Apropos* of the metamorphose in question; a story is told of Judge Chase, now many years deceased. The judge was a man of very ardent temperament, and in debate was exceedingly vehement and vociferous. In an important cause he was making the closing argument to the jury, and with much warmth and earnestness of manner, insisting on a 'verdict for the plaintiff.' A friend of the defendant, who had been listening to the concluding part of the attorney's address, and who supposed that he was acting in his *judicial* capacity, ran out of the house, declaring that 'he never saw such abominable partiality in his life.' Meeting the defendant in the street, he told him he might as well go home at once, for '*the judge had charged his case to the devil*, and the plaintiff was sure to recover!'

Judge Chase was a man of excellent sense, and withal a great stickler for the dignity of courts. A case of very trifling importance, having well nigh run the gauntlet of legal adjudication, came up at length to the highest court in the state. The counsel for the plaintiff was opening with the usual apologies for a frivolous suit, when the subject-matter, 'to wit, *one turkey*, of great value,' etc., catching the ear of the judge, he called out: 'Mr. Clerk, strike that case from the docket; *the Supreme Court of the State of Vermont does not sit here to determine the ownership of a turkey!*'

There lives in the northern part of the State a lawyer and ex-judge, who is very famous for his wit. He has kept a respectable law school at his chambers, 'on and off,' for the last forty years; and is still teaching the elements of his profession to a 'knot of legal limbs,' having

survived several suits begun within his remembrance in the English chancery, and arrived, through an honorable career, to the advanced age of eighty-six. Many instances of repartee are related of 'the old judge,' which for genuine epigrammatism are scarcely inferior to some of the best of Piron and Talleyrand.

When a practising attorney, many years ago, he happened, while arguing a question of some difficulty, to illustrate a point in his case by a pretty free use of the vocabulary of the card-table. The presiding judge abruptly inquired what he 'meant by addressing such language to the court?'

'I meant, your Honor, to be *understood*,' was the reply.

On another occasion, a judge, vexed with the difficulty, or irritated by the insignificance, of a cause which T—— was conducting, cried out: 'Sir, why do you bring such a case as this into court? Why not leave it out to some of your honest neighbors?' 'Because, your Honor,' replied the barrister, 'we do n't choose that *honest* men should have any thing to do with it.'

In the early days of Vermont jurisprudence, the strict decorum which now very generally distinguishes the New-England bar was comparatively unknown. Nothing was more common than sharp altercations between the Bench and the Bar; such wranglings indeed as would now be deemed 'contempt of court,' were they to occur only between the lawyers themselves. On one occasion Judge T——, who was then plain 'Esquire,' had addressed a sound argument to the court, and sat down. The judge, who chose to argue the question rather than decide it at once, replied in a feeble argument, which the lawyer in his turn demolished. The judge rejoined by repeating, without any material variation, his first reply; and then 'closed the pleadings' by an adverse decision. 'Your Honor's two arguments,' said T——, addressing himself partly to the court and partly to the bar, 'remind me of a story. A foolish old woman in Connecticut, being one evening at a party, was greatly at a loss for something to say. At length she ventured to inquire of a gentleman who sat next her, 'whether his mother had any children?' The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry. 'I beg pardon,' exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake; 'you do n't understand me; I meant to inquire whether your *grand-mother* had any children?'

I remember an anecdote of Judge O——, father of the distinguished president of the Wesleyan University, which is very characteristic of the man, and is, I have no doubt, authentic. At a session of the court in Addison county, Judge O—— was violently attacked by a young and very impudent attorney. To the manifest surprise of every body present, the judge heard him quite through, as though unconscious of what was said, and made no reply. After the adjournment for the day, and when all had assembled at the inn where the judge and many of the court-folk had their lodgings, one of the company, referring to the scene at court, asked the judge 'why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow?' 'Permit me,' said the judge, loud enough to call the attention of all the company, among whom was 'the fellow' in question; 'per-

mit me to tell you a story. My father, when we lived down country, had a dog ; a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together.'

Here the Judge paused, as if he had done with the story.

'Well, well, what of it?' exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.

'O! nothing, nothing whatever; *the moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened!*'

St. Albans, Vermont.

J. O. S.

D E A T H : A D R E A M .

'T was the solemn hour, when the midnight bell
Tolls deep on the startled air;
And the bravest soul as it lists the knell,
Is moved with the pulse of prayer.

And a strange form swept with a hurrying flight
And a noiseless pinion by;
His wings were tipped with a gleaming light,
The rest was of midnight dye.

Then I sought my fluttering heart to still,
And my bloodless lips to part,
And to wake from the soul-benumbing chill,
Ere the vision should depart.

But my faint words died on the air away,
As the breath of the waving tree;
And the warm blood ceased in my heart to play,
As he answered, 'Come with me!'

Then we swept with the fleecy clouds on high,
And over the ocean foam;
For a span to him was the boundless sky,
And the wide earth was his home.

And we traversed the depths of the palace hall
To the room where the monarch lay;
And he left behind him a sable pall,
And he bore a king away.

We went where the shivering miser told
With palsied and trembling tongue
The shining heaps of his yellow gold,
That clanked as the death-shriek rung.

And he waved his wing where the dying light
Of the pallid student burned;
And the beaming eye grew more wildly bright,
And the flush to the cheek returned:

And as radiant visions of deathless fame
Waxed bright in the future's sky,
His scornful laugh on the still air came,
Like a fallen angel's sigh!

Then we entered the crowded festal room,
Where laughter and song were high ;
And he cast from his wings their fearful gloom,
And smiled in a rose-bud nigh.

But his breath went up on the fragrant air,
And he singled out his prey ;
And he watched the form that was fairest there,
And said, ' T will be mine to day !'

We rode on the glance of the morning ray,
To the home where Love had smiled ;
And a fair young mother knelt down to pray
By the couch of her first-born child.

And his chilling breath glazed the half-closed eye,
As he stilled the throbbing heart,
Nor paused for the mother's frantic cry,
As he hastened to depart.

Then we fled to the city's crowded street,
To the race and storm of life,
And he paused, the rich and the poor to greet,
As he mingled in the strife.

When the last faint light of departing day
Had with crimson touched the sea,
We swept o'er the billow's crest away,
On the tempest's pinion free.

And he paused where the gallant ship so gay
Sunk down, 'neath the foaming wave ;
Where wildly went up with the water's lay
The shriek of the seaman brave !

As I saw him shake from his silvery wing,
The ocean's glittering foam,
We fled to the spot where my heart-strings cling,
And I sought once more my home.

And again I heard that fearful laugh,
Like a fallen angel's sigh,
As he fled from my sight on the viewless path,
Where the summer breezes fly.

And my soul in that long and powerful flight
No longer sought to share :
But it rose through the mists and clouds of night,
With the snow-white bird of prayer.

For I knew I had been with the conqueror DEATH
On his strange and tireless way ;
And I felt the blast of his fitful breath
On the chords of my spirit play.

Day dawned, and I woke from the thrilling dream ;
The vision had passed away ;
But the shadows that fell from its fearful gleam
Fled not with the morning ray.

AN HOUR ON LAKE ST. PETER.

BY FRANCIS COFOUTT.

'For ye know not what a day or an hour may bring forth.'

'ARE all aboard?—quick! all ashore! Heave off the bo'line! Lively there! haul in the plank!' cried Captain A —, of the good steamer S —. The short, sharp ring of our engine-bell was heard as the last words were spoken; the ever-noisy sailors, with their strange Franco-Canadian *patois*, 'made the air vocal with sweet sounds,' mixed as it was with German, French, and Irish cries for lost wives, luggage and children. Amidst it all, like some huge wounded monster of the deep, the engine heaved and groaned; the wheels moved round, the mass of wood and iron seemed a thing of life and will; and a few minutes having passed, the wharf, the crowd which had come down to gaze or say farewell, and at last the town, were lost to view.

As the boat went on, the loud confusion gradually gave way to order; and the sailors, clustering in groups, told of 'hair-breadth 'scapes' by flood and' — town; while the immigrants, who had not realized their golden dreams of this hemisphere, were cursing it for their mishaps, and going to their native land again. The cabin passengers were chatting in small groups, or promenading in the balmy air of a June evening, while some few were smoking on the forward-deck, among the sailors, horses, immigrants and freight, with which that deck was nearly filled.

The night wore on; the moon had hid its modest face behind a cloud; star after star sparkled its last and disappeared, until there were none left in Heaven. The belles and beaux, and business-men from time to time slipped off to bed; and the 'Fat Gentleman,' who made each group he joined the evening through, a laughing-chorus, with his sunny, ruddy face, and the broad humor he had put in every motion, word and look — last though far from least — soon followed them. Being left alone with my own 'sweet and bitter fancies,' I listened for a time to the monotonous heaving of the steam-monster below, and feeling no fatigue, took a travelling companion from my pocket, and read. An hour passed on; the words grew less and less distinct; the book fell from my hands; and I was dreaming too.

CHAPTER II.

'And there was darkness and wo, and the cry thereof went up to heaven.'

'*Mon Dieu, nous sommes mort!*' was shrieked beside me, as I was awakened by a noise like loudest thunder; a crash, a crushing, which appeared to tear the boat apart; and for the instant, what was under me

sank rapidly. The first quick thoughts which flashed upon my brain were, that the boilers had burst, blown out the bottom of the boat, and we were going down ! With a deep sinking feeling at my heart, which stopped its beatings for the time, and a belief that all was over now, I looked about to see from whence destruction was to come ; but neither splinters, fire, nor steam appeared.

Among the passengers confusion at once reigned supreme ; for all the decks were crowded as by magic with all sorts of people ; dressed, half-dressed, and undressed too ; some screaming, some inquiring. The French-Canadians, whom danger always frightens, first embraced each other frantically, then uttered prayers, cries, shrieks, and made night hideous with their noisy fears. I hastened forward, asking by the way the cause of all this noise ; but '*Ah mon Dieu ! Je ne sais-pas, Monsieur,*' was all they answered me. I looked across the bulwarks, but the sky was dark, the water darker, and neither light nor shore was visible. Then passing to the other side, I pressed my way between the crew and passengers, whom fear had made half mad : the same 'blackness of darkness' met my bewildered gaze. From thence, proceeding aft, I glanced upon the boilers as I passed ; but they were whole, and the bright fire burned steadily within. Passing on through the dense crowd, to the steamer's side, the sad reality burst on my sight in all its horrors, like a night-mare dream of Hades. Chance, accident, or wilfulness, had brought the largest steamer on the lake in contact with us. There she lay within some fifty feet, her deck all dark with frantic people, and going down so rapidly that we could see her sink : the waves already touched her lower deck.

A large *batteau*, which would have held some fifty men, with *seven* in it, had already reached our steamer, from the sinking boat ; indeed they were all trying to reach it, 'as the sole ark of their salvation.' The excitement at our gangway was intense. How could it well be otherwise, with some two hundred human beings dying as it were within our grasp, whose outlines could be dimly seen, as they sprang into the other boats, or rushed from side to side in wild confusion.

Our engine-bell now rang ; the wheels went round, and we were leaving them behind. The thought flashed through the mind, 'We too are sinking, and are running for our lives ;' and such was the fact. For a moment they gazed upon each other's faces, and silence came upon them like a spell.

Not so with those upon the other boat. They heard, in the sharp ring of our engine-bell, the knell of all their hopes. Around them were the waves ; no shore was visible ; and 'darkness was upon the face of the deep.' Then there went up from that mass of sinking souls to Heaven — a cry ? a scream ? a shriek ? No, none of these ; they hardly make an echo to the sound. It was a death-wail ! — long, and loud, and deep, with echoes of an *infinite* despair in every varying note. I closed my ears against the sound, and tried to close my soul to all the awful thoughts which thronged upon it ; but they would not keep away ; and images of sinking hundreds filled the imagination. Babies clinging to their mothers struggling in the waves ; old men going down with the death-gurgle in their throats ; women shrill-shrieking in despair, as the

last wave went over them; the fierce encounter, between those whom danger had made fiends, for some frail hope; a bench, a chair; the death-grasp as they sunk and died together; all this, and all the mass of thoughts which flashes on and lights up the excited soul at such a time, and which none can conceive who has not lived through similar scenes, filled my distracted mind, as though it were a many-sided glass, and on the instant mirrored all things there.

I hastened to the other side of the saloon, to avoid both sight and hearing. The wail grew less and less distinct; a few moments more, and the last echo died upon the air.

Now came those fearful cries which tell of 'the imminent deadly breach.' 'The pumps! the pumps! throw overboard the freight!' — and with good will were they responded to. Bales, boxes, packages, and engine-wood were soon 'on their winding way' to the Atlantic. Thus passed some thirty minutes: the boat was gradually sinking, and the cabins were half-filled with water; when Captain A — again threw out the lead, and passed the welcome word that we were safe, the water being there but deep enough to come up to the upper deck. He lowered our only boat at once, and sent some trusty hands to seek the wretches we had left behind.

CHAPTER III.

'Joy beamed from heart to face, from friend to friend.'

ALL now were safe; and it was curious to look in the deserted cabin, half-filled up with water, and see the sofas, chairs, and tables, with lighted candles still upon them, floating quietly about, while on the upper deck the engineers and sailors, ladies, emigrants and gentlemen, sat side by side upon the single seat which ran all round the promenade.

Return we for a moment to the evening before. 'The Fat Gentleman,' of mirthful memory, affected by the mirth and beef and ale of previous hours, soon fell asleep; and feeling restless during the night, turned over on the other side; when, what was his surprise to feel cold water in his berth! Starting from his bed, he saw that the cabin was filled with water as high up as his berth; the furniture was floating round, with lighted candles upon the tables, and no human being near. He sprang up, puzzled and frightened; jumped from his narrow couch, and fast as his unwieldy limbs would carry him, waddled through the water to the cabin stairs, thence to the deck, and onward to the promenade stair-case.

The crew and passengers were conversing quietly over the past event, (for although the boat was gradually going down, it was in shallow water, and they knew that all was safe,) when lo! as if coming through the deck planks, a bald head was seen, like Gilpin's, without hat or wig, and with a face ludicrously distorted with fear and wonder, followed by a massive pair of shoulders, and a huge round body, with a single garment clinging to its sides; and lastly, a pair of naked feet were planted on the deck. It was the 'Fat Gentleman,' who running over the deck as fast as he could move, cried out, 'Oh! captain! captain! Where's

the captain? Captain! the boat's a-sinkin'! Having passed through the rows of ladies, sailors, gentlemen, and servants, he found the captain, who calmed his fears, and suggested that he had got up too hurriedly to pay a due attention to his toilet; but it was now too late to 'call spirits from the vasty deep,' for his boots, pantaloons and coat were in the cabin, where the expertest diver could not reach them. One however lent him a pair of stockings, another a pair of drawers, which reached some two-thirds round his fair proportions, and another lent him a shawl and handkerchief, of which he made an extempore coat and hat; and so remained upon the cold wet deck: but notwithstanding all this, his fun soon came again, and he succeeded in making some few forget that their fellows were drowning a few miles away.

Our steamer by this time was well down in the lake, the lower deck being even with it; the wheels went slowly round, as she dragged her slow length along; the engine heaved and groaned as if it were a dying thing. In a few moments more the water reached the boilers, putting out the fires; and we struck the bottom of the lake with two feet of water on the lower deck, the shore some two miles off, but still invisible in the darkness.

We had still considerable excitement, but of a different character, except with two old ladies and an Irish laborer, who could not divest themselves of their fears, but walked hurriedly about, exclaiming to each one they met: 'We're sinking! we shall be drowned! You are deceiving us; we're going down! Oh dear! oh dear!' As for the others, they sat or stood in groups, telling the story over again; but those who attracted most attention were *the five* who had left the other steamer and saved themselves in a large boat which would have held fifty persons. Seeing one of them with a thin face, a pair of light red whiskers, between which a pipe was hanging down, while frequent puffs of smoke rose from between his bloodless lips, I spoke to him:

'I believe you, Sir, are from the other steamer?'

'Yes.'

'You had a very large batteau; was it not possible to have saved more of those unfortunate people?'

'Necessity, Sir, necessity; they might have jumped in and sunk us all. The first law of nature, Sir, self-preservation.'

'*Might?* True; but were you conscious at the moment what you did, or had the excitement made you desperate?'

'No; we knew what we were at; but don't you think they will be saved? *I left four children and my wife behind!*'

I looked to see if he was serious; but the same dull stolidity was in his face. 'Four children and your wife! And you left them there to drown, while you were in an almost empty boat!'

'The others cut the ropes in two; but don't you think they will be saved?'

I hope so; yes, they had more boats, and many things to float on; they may be saved; all, possibly.

'Well, if they're lost, it can't be helped; but say — the boat, *that* will be raised? — the things on board will all be saved?' he asked, eagerly.

'There's little doubt of that; but why?'

'I had some admiralty papers on board ; some papers of importance, which *must* be saved, whatever happens,' cried he, with earnestness, striking the palm of his hand with his clenched fist.

A chill ran through me like that which follows the touch of ice : 'Four children and my wife — I *hope* they 'll not be drowned ; but the admiralty papers *must* be saved !'

How those two words come back upon the memory, even now, like some old startling dream, in the saloon or solitude, in the counting-house or town ! The merchant parts with peace, years, health, honor too perhaps, and gains — a fortune. The belle leaves hope and love, and all that makes the day-star of a woman's life, for an — old husband and an equipage. The politician breaks, link by link, the chain which bound him fast to truth, to honor, to heaven, for — fame and place ; and so on, *ad infinitum*. How often, as I watch their progress, step by step, a still small voice whispers my soul : 'Their admiralty papers *must* be saved !'

CHAPTER IV.

THE 'reign of terror' was of short duration. After we had left the cabin, it being full of water, down the steamer went like a sinking stone. A large batteau, which had been taken as freight, and lay upon the deck, was filled with human beings, who remained in it until the wreck sunk from under them, and then rowed safely ashore. The small boats belonging to the steamer were filled beyond their capacity, and sank immediately, leaving their freight of human bodies struggling in the waves. The crowd upon the deck were going down without a hope ; their boats all gone ; the sky above them dark ; the waters darker underneath ; and oh ! how *darkest* was that unknown eternity to which fate seemed hurrying them ! Despair was in every heart. This mental suffering is the 'bitterness of death,' compared with which the merely physical pain of dying is but light. Some rushed to the upper deck, and climbed up the chain and up the machinery to the walking-beam ; others threw themselves into the lake, and clung to such planks or boxes as they could secure. The boat went down, down ; and as that awful death-wail rose toward heaven, they gazed with fixed looks of despair upon their watery grave.

A sudden check ; 'oh, God ! she does not sink !' The joyful cry was true. She had sunk on a rock, or shallow place in the lake, and the promenade-deck was still some few inches above the water. The events of this chapter occupied but about ten minutes of time, and yet many souls had already winged their flight on high, and many persons were still struggling in the waves, or clinging to such drifting things as they could reach, and in the current were floating away, away — to death, some of them. Two gentle beings, who had gone abroad with an invalid father, and closely tended him until it pleased the Almighty to take him from their care, had his body placed in an air-tight casing, and were returning to their desolate home. At the first cry of danger,

they rushed to it as to a guardian-angel ; and so it proved to one of them, for it saved her life. The other clung to it until her strength gradually ebbed away ; her delicate fingers relaxed their hold ; and she fell gently back into her vast grave, with the dark clouds for a pall cover her water-coffin, and her soul ascended unto the mercy seat.

The cries of those upon the promenade-deck ceased, as the steamer struck the bottom. But hark ! deep stifled groans are heard below, as if from babes and women ; and once more the scene is one of wild excitement. The mate fortunately had a hatchet in the upper works, and blow soon followed blow over the places whence the anguished voices came ; a little opening was soon made, when ' Hold ! ' cried a looker-on, as he snatched the falling axe. A tiny arm was seen protruding through the aperture, and the next blow would probably have severed it. Gently and fast they cut ; and from the places whence voices came, rescued from death eight beings, whose necks were in the water while their heads were pressed against the ceiling.

One heroine, who had two children in her charge, and was attending them to their parents and distant home, held them up, at peril of her life, against the ceiling of the cabin, until they were cut out and saved. She was afterward upon the boat which took us from the wreck ; and it was pleasant to look upon her open brow, and dark and firm yet mild eyes. Nurse, or whatever they may call that woman, she bore the stamp of ' Nature's own nobility ; ' and the children too seemed to carry some of her own spirit in their clear, frank and open countenances. Never may their parents forget their preserver !

The boat from the other steamer now arrived, its crew having picked up several persons, who were clinging to planks, and nearly dead. They also recovered a lifeless body, which proved to be the eldest son of the owner of the ' admiralty papers.' Poor fellow ! the body lay before us soulless and cold. The Holy FATHER, HE who notices the sparrow's fall, had taken up the soul to himself, from one who knew not, cared not for, the highest trust we have on earth — the training of a child for heaven. And thus ended that Hour on Lake St. Peter.

Long and wearily the hours rolled on. Gradually a dull morning broke upon us, amid storm and rain, and the washing of cold waves over the disabled steamers, which were now visible, lying low upon the surface of the lake, some three miles apart. As the day wore away, boats came to our assistance ; and we were soon going our ways, with the day-star of hope still beckoning us on. But how changed the scene from the moon-lit one of the previous evening ! Some were parentless, some childless. Sorrow had come upon them as a thief in the night. Most of them were gloomy and silent, from the reaction of intense excitement ; and long hours passed in the open air, unprotected from the frowning clouds. A few recklessly joked of the past ; a lesser few, with joyful countenances thanked the High and Mighty ONE who had saved them in their hour of peril ; and from these the notes of a hymn of praise arose, dying away in the distance over the waves, as we left the huge grave of our friends behind us.

THE POOR, GOD HELP THEM.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

OLD Winter hath come with a stealthy tread,
 O'er the fallen Autumn leaves,
 And shrilly he whistleth overhead,
 And pipeth beneath the eaves.
 Let him come! We care not amid our mirth
 For the driving snow or rain;
 For little we reck of the cold, dull hearth,
 Or the broken window pane.

'Tis a stormy night, but our glee shall mock
 At the winds that loudly prate,
 As they echo the moan of the poor that knock
 With their cold hands at our gate.
 The poor! We give them the half-picked bone,
 And the dry and mildewed bread;
 Ah! they never, God help them! know the pain
 Of being over fed.

Fill round again with the cheering wine,
 While the fire grows warm and bright;
 And sing me a song, sweet heart of mine,
 Ere you whisper the words 'Good night!'
 You never will dream, 'neath the covering warm
 Of your soft and curtained bed,
 Of the scanty rug and the shivering form,
 And the yawning roof o'erhead.

The poor! God pity them in their need!
 We 've a prayer for their every groan;
 They ask us with outstretched hands for bread,
 And we give unto them a stone.
 God help them! God help us! for much we lack,
 Though lofty and rich we be,
 And open our hearts unto all that knock
 With the cry of CHARITY!

SONNET: REASON.

AWFUL the mysteries of Reason are,
 When all its powers, with high Religion crowned,
 Harmoniously, like solemn music, sound.
 Its loss more awful, more mysterious far:
 Then, in the glorious concert, grates the jar
 Of horrid discords. Fiends beleaguer round
 The citadels of thought and will. Then drowned,
 In billows of black cloud, is Faith's bright star;
 Weird phantoms throng round in the dire eclipse;
 Unreal deaths, fires, terrors haunt the air;
 Prayer bounds back blighted; e'en God's Word divine
 Lies, when reëchoed from the Devil's lips!
 Fool! boastest thou thy reason? Is it *thine*?
 Go to the mad-house cells; learn wisdom there?

J. M. R.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ATTACHE: OR, SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND. By the Author of 'The Clock-maker.' In one volume. pp. 122. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

It has been supposed, we may infer, by a good many scribblers, that it was only necessary, in order successfully to imitate the style of SAM SLICK, or the *veritable* JACK DOWNING, to indulge liberally in uncouth and incorrect orthography, and the frequent use of a number of cant terms and phrases; but the popularity of the *true* style has sufficiently proved, that it is the originality of thought, the peculiarity of ideas, which have given to the 'sayings and doings' of the clock-maker so marked a popularity. Judge HALIBURTON is an uncompromising Tory, who never disguises his predilections, nor declines an opportunity to enlist the powerful aid of Mr. SLICK, in extending the promulgation of his political views; yet being always fore-warned, the republican reader necessarily finds himself fore-armed, to meet a manly and unflinching opponent; while *all* classes of readers cannot fail to be entertained, amused and instructed by the quaint views, the odd illustrations, the piquant anecdotes, and the rude but most faithful sketches of character and scene which are the marked characteristics of the volume before us, as well as of each of its predecessors, 'after its kind.' We shall illustrate the justice of this praise by a few characteristic extracts. In the chapter on boarding-schools, we find the following passages. Mr. SLICK is speaking of the consequences of sending young girls away to female seminaries before they have been educated in the school of the affections:

'THEY do n't love their parents, 'cause they haint got that care, and that fondlin', and protection, and that habit that breeds love. Love won't grow in cold ground, I can tell you. It must be sheltered from the frost, and protected from the storm, and watered with tears, and warmed with the heat of the heart, and the soil be kept free from weeds; and it must have support to lean on, and be tended with care day and night, or it pines, grows yaller, fades away, and dies. It's a tender plant, is love, or else I do n't know human natur, that's all. Well, the parents do n't love them nother. *Mothers can get weaned as well as babies.* The same causes a'most makes folks love their children, that makes their children love them. Who ever liked another man's flower-garden as well as his own? Did you ever see one that did, for I never did? He haint tended it, he haint watched its growth, he haint seen the flowers bud, unfold, and bloom. *They haint growed up under his eye and hand, he haint attached to them, and do n't care who plucks 'em.* . . . Oh! its an unnatural thing to tear a poor little gal away from home, and from all she knows and loves, and shove her into a house of strangers, and race off and leave her. Oh! what a sight of little chords it must stretch, so that they are never no good afterward, or else snap 'em right short off. How it must harden the heart and tread down all the young sproutin' feelin's, so that they can never grow up and ripen.'

Mr. SLICK attributes the origin of these abuses, on the part of parents, to the omnipotence of fashion; upon which he makes the observations which ensue:

'LORD, what a world this is! We have to think in harness, as well as draw in harness. We talk of this government being free, and that government being free, but fashion makes slaves of us all. If we do n't obey we aint civilised. You must think with the world, or go out of the world. Now, in the high life I've been movin' in lately, we must swear by SHAKESPEARE whether we have a taste for plays or not; swallow it in a lump, like a bolus, obscene parts and all, or we have no soul. We must

go into fits if MILTON is spoke of, though we can't read it if we was to die for it, or we have no tastes; such is high life, and high life governs low life. Every Englishman and every American that goes to the Continent must admire Paris, its tawdry theatres, its nasty filthy parks, its rude people, its cheat-on' tradesmen; its horrid formal parties, its affected politicians, its bombastical braggin' officers and all. If they do n't they are vulgar wretches that do n't know nothin', and can't tell a fricassee cat from a stewed frog. Let 'em travel on and they darsen't say 'what they think of them horrid, stupid, on-comfortable gamblin' Garman waterin'-places nother. Oh, no! fashion says you can't. It's just so with these cursed boardin'-schools; you must swear by 'em, or folks will open their eyes and say, 'Where was you raised, young man? Does your mother know you are out?' Oh, dear! how many gals they have ruined, how many folks they have fooled, and how many families they have capsizeed, so they never was righted again!

What could be more forcibly set forth than the indifference of the English government to the merits of one of her greatest national poets during his life-time, than MR. SLICK's remarks concerning the pompous funeral of THOMAS CAMPBELL; a man suffered to live in poverty and fade away like a shadow, crowned at last with an unsubstantial abbey-show burial, while the most trifling ephemeral is covered with honors and wealth:

'I GUESS when CAMPBELL writ 'The Mariners of England,' that will live till the British sailors get whipped by us so they will be ashamed to sing it, he thought himself great shakes; heavens and airth! he warn't half so big as Tom Thumb; he was jist nothin'. But let some foreign hussey, whose skin aint clear, and whose character aint clear, and who hante nothin' clear about her but her voice, let her come and sing that splendid song that puts more ginger into sailors than grog or prize-money, or any thin', and Lord! all the old admirals, and flag-officers and yacht-men and others that do onderstand, and all the lords, and ladies, and princes, that do n't onderstand where the springs are in that song that touch the chords of the heart, all on 'em will come and worship a'most; and some young duke or another will fancy he is a young Jupiter, and come down in a shower of gold a'most for her, while the poet has 'The Pleasures of Hope' to feed on. Oh! I envy him, glorious man, I envy him his great reward; it was worth seventy years of 'hope,' that funeral'. . . Ah! poor CAMPBELL! he was a poet, a beautiful poet! He know'd about the world of imagination, and the realms of fancy; but he did n't know nothin' at all about this world of our'n, or of the realm of England, or he never would have talked about the 'Pleasures of Hope,' for an author. Lord bless you! let a dancin' gal come to the opera, jump six foot high, 'light on one toe, hold up the other so high you can see her stays a'most, and then spin round like a daddy-long-legs that's got one foot caught in a taller candle, and go spinnin' round arter that fashion for ten minits, it will touch PEEZ's heart in a giffy. Let some old general or admiral do something or another that only requires the courage of a bull, and no sense, and they give him a pension, and right off the reel make him a peer. Let some old field-officer's wife go follerin' the army away back in Indgy further than is safe or right for a woman to go, git taken pris'n'er, give a horrid sight of trouble to the army to git her back; and for this great service to the nation she gits a pension of five hundred pounds a year. But let some misfortunate devil of an author do — what only one man in a century can, to save his soul alive, write a book that will live — a thing that does show the perfection of human mind, and what do they do here? Let his body live on the 'Pleasures of Hope,' all the days of his life, and his name live afterward on a cold white marble in Westminster Abbey. They be hanged — the whole bilin' of 'em — them and their trumpety procession too, and their paltry patronage of standing by a grave, and sayin' 'Poor CAMPBELL!' Who the devil cares for a monument, that actilly deserves one? He has built one that will live when that are old abbey crumbles down, and when them that thought they was honorin' him are dead and forgotten; his monument was built by his own brains and his own hands, and the inscription aint writ in Latin nor Greek, nor any other dead language, nother, but in a livin' language; and one too that will never die out now, seein' our great nation uses it; and here it is:

'The Pleasures of Hope, by THOMAS CAMPBELL.'

This is trenchant irony, and well is it deserved. The following bit of satire is in a somewhat different vein, but not less effective. SAM is holding up to contempt one of those 'humbugeous' amateurs of pictures and ladies, of whom one sees more perhaps in this goodly metropolis of ours than in any other city in the United States:

'If it's a Rubens, or any o' them old boys, praise it, for its agin the law to doubt them; but if its a new man, and the company aint most special judges, criticise. 'A leetle out of keepin', says you; 'he do n't use his grays enough, nor glaze down well; that shadder wants depth; general effect is good, tho' parts aint; those eye brows are heavy enough for stucco,' says you, and other unmeanin' terms like them. It will pass, I tell you, your opinion will be thought great. But if there is a portrait of the lady of the house hangin' up, and its at all like enough to make it out, stop; gaze on it; walk back; close your fingers like a spy-glass, and look thro' 'em amazed like, enchanted — chained to the spot. Then utter, unconscious like, 'That's a'most a beautiful pictur'; by Heavens that's a speakin' portrait! Its well painted, too; but, whoever the artist is, he is an unprincipled man.' 'Good gracious!' she'll say, 'how so?' 'Because, Madam, he has not done you justice; he pretends to have a conscience, and says he wont flatter. The cantin' rascal knew he could not add a charm to that face if he was to try, and has, therefore, basely robbed your countenance to put it on to his character. Out on such a villain!' says you. 'Oh, Mr. SLICK, she'll say, blushin', but lookin' horrid pleased all the time, 'what a shame it is to be so severe; and, beside, you are not just, for I am afeerd to exhibit it, it is so flattered.' 'Flattered!' says you, turnin' round, and lookin' at her, with your whole soul

in your face, all admiration like: 'flattered! — impossible, Madam.' And then turn short off, and say to yourself aloud, 'Heavens! how unconscious she is of her own power!'

There is an illustration of the principle of 'compensation' in the grades of master and servant in England, in the following passage, which will not escape the attention of the reader:

'His master has to attend certain hours in the House of Lords; he has to attend certain hours in his master's house. There aint much difference, is there? His master loses his place if the Ministry goes out; but he holds on to his'n all the same. Which has the best of that? His master takes the tour to Europe, so does he. His master makes all the arrangements and pays all the expenses; he do n't do either. Which is master or servant here? His young master falls in love with an Italian opera gal, who expects enormous presents from him; he falls in love with the bar-maid, who expects a kiss from him. One is loved for his money, the other for his good looks. Who is the best off? When his master returns, he has learned where the Alps is, and which side of them Rome is; so has he. Who is the most improved? Whenever it rains his master sighs for the sunny sky of Italy, and quotes Rognas and Byron. He damns the climate of England in the vernacular tongue, relies on his own authority, and at all events is original. The only difference is, his master calls the castle my house, he calls it our castle; his master says my park, and he says our park. It is more dignified to use the plural; kings always do: it's a royal phrase, and he has the advantage here. He is the first commoner of England too. The servants' hall is the House of Commons. It has its rights and privileges, and is plaguy jealous of them too. Let his master give any of them an order out of his line, and see how soon he votes it a breach of privilege. Let him order the coachman, as the horses are seldom used, to put them to the roller and roll the lawn. 'I can't do it, Sir; I could n't stand it, I should never hear the last of it; I should be called the rollin'-coachman.' The master laughs; he knows prerogative is dangerous ground, that an Englishman values Magna Charta, and says, 'Very well, tell farmer Hodge to do it.' If a vine that hides part of the gable of a coach-house, bursts its bondage, and falls trillin' on the ground, he says, 'John, you have nothin' to do, it would n't hurt you, when you see such a thing as this loose, to nail it up. You see I often do such things myself; I am not above it.' 'Ah! it may do for you, Sir; you can do it if you like, but I can't; I should lose caste. I should be called the garriener's coachman.' 'Well, well! you are a blockhead; never mind.' Look at the lady's maid; she is twice as handsome as her mistress, because she worked when she was young, had plenty of exercise and simple diet, and kept early hours, and is full of health and spirits; she dresses twice as fine, has twice as many airs, uses twice as hard words, and is twice as proud too. And what has she to do? Her mistress is one of the maids in waitin' on the Queen; she is maid in waitin' on her mistress. Who has to mind her p's and q's most, I wonder? Her mistress don't often speak till she is spoken to the palace; she speaks when she pleases. Her mistress flatters delicately; she does the same if she chooses, if not she don't take the trouble.'

The sight of an imposing 'marriage of convenience' at St. James' Church in London awakens some rather sad thoughts in the mind of the Attaché: 'I like to look at beauty always; my heart yarns toward it; and I do love women, the dear critturs! that's a fact. There is no music to my ear like the rustlin' of petticoats: but then I pity one o' these high-bred gals, that's made a show of that way, and decked out in first-chop style, for all the world to stare at afore she is offered up as a sacrifice to gild some old coronet with her money, or enlarge some landed estate by addin' her'n on to it. Half the time it aint the joinin' of two hearts, but the joinin' of two pussies, and a wife is chose like a horse, not for her looks, but for what she will fetch.' The marriage display reminds Mr. SLICK how differently the thing is done by 'a magistrate to Slickville;' and this he illustrates by an amusing anecdote:

'One day, Slocum Outhouse, called there to the Squire's with Deliverance Cook. They was well acquainted with the Squire, for they was neighbors of his, but they was awful afeerd of him, he was such a crotchical, snappish, peevish, odd, old feller. So after they sot down in the room old Peleg sais, 'You must excuse my talkin' to-day, friend Outhouse, for,' sais he, 'I'm so almighty busy a-writin': but the women-folks will be in bime bye; the'r jist gone to meetin'.' 'Well,' sais Slocum, 'we won't detain you a minit, Squire; me and Deliverance come to make declaration of marriage, and have it registered.' 'Oh! goin' to be married,' sais he; 'eh? that's right; marry in haste and repent at leisure. Very fond of each other now; quarrel like the devil by and bye. Hom! what cussed fools some folks is;' and he never sais another word, but wrote and wrote on, and never looked up, and there they sot and sot, Slocum and poor Deliverance, a-lookin' like a pair of fools; they know'd they could n't move him to go one inch faster than he chose, and that he would have his own way at any rate; so they looked at each other and shook their heads, and then looked down and played with their thumbs, and then they scratched their pates and put one leg over t' other, and then shifted it back agin, and then they looked out o' the window, and counted all the poles in the fence, and all the hens in the yard, and watched a man a-ploughin' in a field, goin' first up and then down the ridge; then Slocum coughed, and then Deliverance coughed, so as to attract old Squire's attention, and make him 'tend to their business; but no, nothin' would do: he wrote, and he wrote, and he wrote, and he never stopped, nor looked up, nor looked round, nor said a word. Then Deliverance looked over at the Squire, made faces, and nodded and motioned to Outhouse to go to him, but he frowned and shook his head, as much as to say, I darsn't do it, dear, I wish you would.

'At last she got narrows, and began to cry out of clear sheer spite, for she was good stuff, real steel,

put an edge on a knife a'most; and then got Slocum's dander up; so he ups off of his seat, and spunks up to the old squire, and says he, 'Squire, tell you what, we came here to get married; if you are a-goin' to do the job well and good, if you aint say so, and we will go to some one else.' 'What job,' says old Peleg, a-lookin' up as innocent as you please. 'Why, marry us,' says Slocum. 'Marry you!' says he, 'why d—n you, you was married an hour and a-half ago, man. What are you a-talkin' about? I thought you was a-goin' to spend the night here, or else had repented of your bargain;' and then he sot back in his chair and laafed ready to kill himself. 'What the devil have you been waitin' for all this time?' says he; 'do n't you know that makin' declaration, as you did, is all that's required? but come, let's take a glass of grog. Here's to your good health, Mr. Slocum, or *Slow-go*, you ought to be called, and the same to you, Deliverance. What a nice name you've got, too, for a bride;' and he laafed agin till they both joined in it, and laafed, too, like anythin'; for laafin' is catchin'; you can't help it sometimes, even suppose you are vexed.'

The Attaché has a keen eye for the ludicrous. Nothing in the way of humor or drollery escapes him. Here is an instance of his 'keeping his eyes open' for matters in this kind; a novel method of 'taking an observation' by a captain of a Nantucket whaler:

'He was what he called a *practical* man: he left the science to his officers and only sailed her, and managed things and so on. He was a mighty droll man, and p'raps as great a pilot as you ever see a-moost; but navigation he did n't know at all; so when the officers had their glasses up at twelve o'clock to take the sun he'd say, 'Boy!' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Hand up my quadrant;' and the boy'd hand up a large square black bottle full of gin. 'Bear a-hand, you young rascal,' he'd say, 'or I shall lose the observation,' and he'd take the bottle with both hands, throw his head back, and turn it butt end up and tether send to his mouth, and pretend to be a-lookin' at the sun; and then, arter his breath give out, he'd take it down, and say to officer, 'Have you had a good observation to-day?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'So have I,' he'd say, a-smackin' of his lips—'a capital one, too.' 'Its twelve o'clock, Sir.' 'Very well, make it so.' Lord! no soul could help a-larfin', he did it all so grave and serious; he called it *practical philosophy*.'

Mr. SLICK argues forcibly, and cites many corroborative instances in favor of his position, that *the eye* is a sure criterion of the thoughts of the heart. He admits that he was once at fault, however:

'I know'd a woman once that was all caution, and a jinneral favorite with every one: every one said what a nice woman she was, how kind, how agreeable, how sweet, how friendly, and all that, and so she was. She looked so artless, and smiled so pretty, and listened so patient, and defended any one you abused, or held her tongue, as if she would 'nt jine you; and jist looked like a dear sweet love of a woman that was all goodness, good-will to man, charity to woman, and smiles for all. Well, I thought as every body did. I aint a suspicious man, at least I usn't to be, and at that time I did n't know all the secrets of the eye as I do now. One day I was there to a quilting frolic, and I was a-tellin' of her one of my good stories, and she was a lookin' strait at me, a-takin' aim with her smiles so as to hit me with every one on 'em, and a-laughin' like any thin'; and that happened to look round for a pair of scissors that was on t'other side of her, jist as I was at the funniest part of my story, and lo and behold! her smiles dropt right slap off like a petticoat when the string broke; her face looked vacant for a minute, and her eye waited till it caught some one else's, and then it found its focus, looked right straight for it, all true agin, but she never looked back for the rest of my capital story. *She had never heard a word of it.* 'Creation!' says I, 'is this all a humbug?—what a fool I be!' I was stumped, I tell you. Well, a few days arterward I found out the eye secret from t'other woman's behavior, and I applied the test to this one, and I hope I may never see day-light ag'in if there was n't 'the manœuvring eye' to perfection. If I had know'd the world then as I do now, I should have had some misgivings sooner. *No man, nor woman nother, can be a general favorite, and be true. It do 'nt stand to natur' and common sense. The world is divided into three classes: the good, the bad, and the indifferent. If a woman is a favorite of all, there is somethin' wrong. She ought to love the good, to hate the wicked, and let the indifferent be. If the indifferent like, she has been pretendin' to them; if the bad like, she must have assented to them; and if the good like, under these circumstances, they are duped. A general favorite don't deserve to be a favorite with no one.* And beside that, I ought to have know'd, and ought to have asked, does she weep with them that weep, because that is friendship, and no mistake. Any body can smile with you, for its pleasant to smile, or romp with you, for romping is fine fun; but will they lessen your trouble by takin' some of the load of grief off your shoulders for you and carryin' it? That's the question, for that aint a pleasant task; but it's the duty of a friend though, that's a fact. Oh! curse your universal favorites, I say! Give me the rael Jeremiah.'

The Attaché's 'views' while in London are slightly utilitarian, but very sensible, withal:

'THERE'S a great many lazy, idle, extravagant women here, that's a fact. The Park is chock full of 'em all the time, ridin' and gallavantin' about, tricked out in silks and satins, a-doin' of nothin'. Every day in the week can't be Thanksgivin'-day, nor Independence-day nother. 'All play and no work' will soon fetch a noble to ninpence, and make bread-timber short, I know. Some on 'em ought to be kept to home, or else their homes must be bad taken care of. Who the plague looks after their helps when they are off frolickin'? Who does the presarvin', or makes the pies and apple-sauce and dough-nuts? Who does the spinnin' and cardin' and bleachin', or mends their husband's shirts or darns their stockin's? Tell you what, old Eve fell into mischief when she had nothin' to do; and I guess some o' them flautin' birds, if they was follered and well watched, would be found a-scratchin' up other folks' gardens sometimes. If I had one on 'em I'd cut her wings and keep her inside her own palin', I know. Every hen ought to be kept within hearin' of her own rooster, for fear of the foxes,

that's a fact. Then look at the sarvants in gold lace, and broadcloth as fine as their master's; why they never do nothin', but help make a show. They do n't work, and they could n't if they would; it would sp'ile their clothes so. What on airth would be the vally of a thousand such critturs on a farm ?'

One extract more, and we take our leave of Judge HALIBURTON, now speaking *impro-pria personâ*, of the decadence of our national *variety*, in the strict sense of the term.

'It has prevailed more generally heretofore than at present, but it is now not much more obvious than in the people of any other country. *The necessity for it no longer exists.* That the Americans are proud of having won their independence at the point of the sword, from the most powerful nation in the world, under all the manifold disadvantages of poverty, dispersion, disunion, want of discipline in their soldiers, and experience in their officers, is not to be wondered at. They have reason to be proud of it. It is the greatest achievement of modern times. That they are proud of the consummate skill of their forefathers in framing a constitution the best suited to their position and their wants, and one withal the most difficult in the world to adjust, not only with proper checks and balances, but with any checks at all,—at a time too when there was no model for them, and all experience against them, is still less to be wondered at. Nor have we any reason to object to the honest pride they exhibit of their noble country, their enlightened and enterprising people, their beautiful cities, their magnificent rivers, their gigantic undertakings. The sudden rise of nations, like the sudden rise of individuals, begets under similar circumstances similar effects. While there was the freshness of novelty about all these things, there was national vanity. It is now an old story—their laurels sit easy on them. They are accustomed to them, and they occupy less of their thoughts, and of course less of their conversation, than formerly. At first, too, strange as it may seem, *there existed a necessity for it.* Good policy dictated the expediency of cultivating this self-complacency in the people, however much good taste might forbid it. As their constitution was based on self-government, it was indispensable to raise the people in their own estimation, and to make them feel the heavy responsibility that rested upon them, in order that they might qualify themselves for the part they were called upon to act. As they were weak, it was needful to confirm their courage by strengthening their self-reliance. As they were poor, it was proper to elevate their tone of mind, by constantly setting before them their high destiny; and as their Republic was viewed with jealousy and alarm by Europe, it was important to attach the nation to it, in the event of aggression, by extolling it above all others. The first generation, to whom all this was new, has now passed away; the second has nearly disappeared, and with the novelty, the excess of national vanity which it necessarily engendered will cease also.'

The author of 'The Attaché' is a man of strong prejudices; and it is easy to perceive that our amiable and accomplished Minister to England has had occasion in some manner to excite some one of them. 'But that's not much,' probably, in Mr. EVERETT's eyes.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST SIXTY-FIVE YEARS, COMMENSING WITH THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON. Also, Sketches of his own Life and Times. By E. S. THOMAS. In two volumes. pp. 600. Hartford: CASE, TIFFANY AND BURNHAM.

THE veteran author of these entertaining volumes was formerly editor of the 'Charleston (S. C.) City Gazette,' and at a later period, of the 'Cincinnati Daily Evening Post.' His work consists entirely of his personal recollections, except in a very few instances, the sources of which are pointed out, where they occur. The first published reminiscence was of JOHN HANCOCK, the second of SAMUEL ADAMS; and these having attracted much attention throughout the Union, Mr. THOMAS was induced to arrange and put forth the present volumes. He is a graphic *raconteur*. Without any pretence, or any thing like an effort at fine writing, he carries his readers with him; whether he converses of the familiar friends of his parents or of his boyhood, who were the great men in our country's earlier history, or whether he records the events of his travels abroad or his peregrinations at home. A man whose father was at the battle of Lexington, the very *alpha* of our revolutionary struggle, and who is himself familiar with public men and public events, from the time of WASHINGTON down to this era, not only in America but in Europe; such a man, holding the pen of a ready writer, could not be otherwise than an entertaining and instructive companion. We like exceedingly the pleasant way in which his anecdotes of remarkable persons are introduced and told in his agreeable narrative. In his sketch of Judge BURKE, of South Carolina, we find this pleasant story:

'THERE was a worthy old Dutch lady, by the name of Van Rhine, who, at one time, lived near the Court-house in Charleston, where it was convenient for the Judge to leave his robe, and call for it as he was going into court. One day he stepped in for it as usual, and taking down the first black gar-

ment that met his eye, he tucked it under his arm and walked into court, ascended the bench, and commenced putting it on, when, to the great amazement of all present, he discovered that he had got on a lady's petticoat. Ladies in those days wore pockets, and the Judge had slipped the petticoat over his head, and got his arms through the pocket holes, before he discovered his mistake; when, with that gravity which seldom forsook him, and with his usual asseveration, he exclaimed, 'Before God, I have got on Van Rhine's petticoat!'

Mr. THOMAS's description of the personal presence and manners of WASHINGTON accords with the unanimous verdict of all who ever had the good fortune to behold that great and good man. 'The calm dignity of his manner and the mild accents of his voice,' he writes, 'are engraven upon my heart, and will be as lasting as their tablet.' We take this passage from the chapter upon the Father of his Country:

'It is an extraordinary fact, that the life of no man, of any age or nation, who has risen to greatness, ever afforded so few anecdotes as his. One, however, I well remember to have heard frequently spoken of soon after it occurred; it was this: directly after the British were compelled to quit Boston, which was besieged by WASHINGTON, with General Ward second in command, General Ward resigned his commission, which circumstance was thus spoken of by WASHINGTON, in a letter to congress; 'no sooner is the seat of war removed from beyond the smoke of his own chimneys, than General Ward resigns his command.'

'About the time of the organization of the government under the constitution, General Ward was informed of this remark, and being elected to the second congress, soon after his arrival at the seat of government, (then New-York,) he took a friend with him and called upon WASHINGTON, and asked him if it was true, that he had made use of such language. The President replied that he did not know; but he kept copies of all his letters, and would take an opportunity of examining them, and give him an answer at the next session. Accordingly, at the next session General Ward called again with his friend, and received for answer, that he (WASHINGTON) had written to that effect. Ward then said, 'Sir, you are so gentlemen,' turned on his heel and left him, and here, of course, the matter ended.

'I have recently met the confirmation of an important fact I had heard mentioned nearly half a century ago; but I do not know that it has found its way into any biography of WASHINGTON. It is this: that Governor Johnson, of Maryland, requested Mr. John Adams to nominate WASHINGTON for commander-in-chief; that Adams seemed to decline, and Johnson made the nomination. At a previous meeting of the *New-England delegation*, to consult upon this subject, General Ward was agreed upon with the consent of every man present, but Mr. Adams, who dissented, and declared himself in favor of WASHINGTON. Great God! how often was the fate of this country suspended by a single hair! This was one of the numerous instances.'

Here is a graphic description of the great eclipse of the sun, which occurred in June, 1806. Mr. THOMAS is at Providence, Rhode-Island:

'The phenomenon commenced between eleven and twelve o'clock, and after the sun became totally obscured, it remained so for more than half an hour. Its operation upon animated nature was truly and awfully sublime. The birds flew about in every direction, in evident distress and terror; the domestic fowls ran about in all directions, cackling as in a fright. Horses galloped round their pastures neighing; while the horned cattle, which seemed more affrighted than the rest, tore up the earth with their horns and feet in madness; all this uproar was followed by the silence of midnight, when the eclipse was complete; the birds retired to their resting places, the fowls to their roosts, the horses to their stalls, and the cattle to their mangers, while the stars shone forth in their beauty, and all was still. When the sun began to re-appear, a large number of musicians, students of Brown University, assembled upon the terrace of the college, and struck up MILTON's Hymn to Light. The effect was altogether sublime and beautiful.'

We could pursue, with pleasure and profit, our second excursion through these pleasant pages; but our space permits us only to add, that the volumes are extremely well printed with large types upon paper firm and white; so that in manner as well as matter there is little left to be desired.

POEMS BY MRS. MARY NOEL McDONALD. In one volume. pp. 208. New-York: FUDNEY, HOOKER AND RUSSELL.

WITH many of the poems in this very handsome volume our readers are already familiar; they having been written, from time to time, for these pages, within the last two or three years. They are characterized by ease of versification, a peculiarly feminine refinement of thought and expression, great simplicity and feeling, and undoubted truthfulness. It is easy to perceive that with Mrs. McDONALD poetry is its 'own exceeding great reward;' it is the medium through which her 'utterances' of affection, love of nature and of human kind,

are poured forth. It is but simple truth to say, that her volume is not less creditable to her heart than to her talents. Those of our readers who may remember 'An Old Man's Reminiscence,' 'The Spirit's Whisper,' 'The Dying Boy,' etc., will not need our counsel to secure the work before us, whose externals are in admirable keeping with the purity of its contents.

YONNONDIO, OR WARRIORS OF THE GENESSEE: a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By WM. H. C. HOSEMER. In one volume. pp. 239. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM. Rochester, N. Y.: D. M. DEWEY.

OUR friend the late lamented Col. WILLIAM L. STONE was perhaps as familiar with Indian history, Indian manners, customs, virtues and vices, as any other American writer, COOPER and COLDEN excepted; yet, from our knowledge, both of Mr. HOSEMER and of the advantages which he has enjoyed, through direct tradition as well as personal observation, in the study of the aboriginal history and character, we are inclined to yield him a place second only to the historian of RED JACKET. Added to this, Mr. HOSEMER is a true lover of nature, and depicts with a faithful pencil all her scenes and phases; ample evidence of which, had we space to adduce it, might be presented from the volume under notice. The poem is descriptive of events that occurred (not 'transpired') in the valley of the Genessee, during the summer and autumn of 1687; of the memorable attempt of the Marquis de NOUVILLE, under pretext of preventing an interruption of the French trade, to plant the standard of LOUIS the Fourteenth in the beautiful country of the Senecas. This frame-work of fact has been invested by our author with a rich drapery of fancy, and a succession of vivid pictures of character and scene, various in kind but kindred in merit, are presented, which will command the admiration of the reader. The subjoined 'poem' will afford a fair example of the smoothness and melody of Mr. HOSEMER's verse:

'REALM of the Senecas! no more
In shadow lies the Pleasant Vale;
Gone are the Chiefs who ruled of yore,
Like chaff before the rushing gale,
Their rivers run with narrowed bounds,
Cleared are their broad, old hunting grounds,
And on their ancient battle fields
The green sward to the ploughman yields;
Like mocking echoes of the hill
Their fame resounded and grew still,
And on green ridge and level plain
Their hearths will never smoke again.
When fade away the summer flowers,
And come the bright autumnal hours,
The ripened grain above their graves
Nods to the wind in golden waves.
Fled are their pomp and power like dreams,
By scribe unmarked, by bard unsung;
But mountains, lakes and rolling streams
Recall their wild rich forest tongue,
And names of melody they bear,
Sweeter than flute-notes on the air.

'Oblivion swallows, one by one,
Old legends by the sire to son;
Around the crackling camp-fire told;
Their oaks have fallen, trunk and bough,
And hut and hall of council now
Are changed to ashes cold.
Toiled have I many a weary day
To gather their traditions grey,
And rescue from effacing time
A few brave deeds and traits sublime.
Now listen, for the tale I tell
Perchance may be remembered well,
Though coarsely framed my sylvan lyre,
Harsh its wild tone, untuned its wire!

To 'the tale he tells' we commend our readers; satisfied that in its perusal they will find cause to thank us, as well as the author.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MORE OF SANDS' LITERARY REMAINS: 'THE BLACK VAMPIRE.'—A friend, to whose courtesy in the same kind we have heretofore been indebted, has by good luck been enabled to furnish us with another of the quaint and curious productions of the late lamented ROBERT C. SANDS, which has never been included in any of his published writings. It was written some twenty-five years ago, and is called '*The Black Vampyre, a Legend of Saint Domingo.*' It was dedicated to the author of '*Wall-Street,*' an ambitious but very stupid performance, which through diligent puffery attained a temporary notoriety. It bore this motto, from BOMBASTES FURIOSO:

'So have I seen upon another shore,
Another Lion give a grievous roar;
And the last Lion thought the first a Boar!'

The 'dedication' made the application of the last line somewhat apparent. Omitting the very diplomatic and tender prefixes and affixes, it was in these words: 'Charmed with the success of your anomalous drama, which, without aspiring even to the character of nonsense, has already seen three editions, I have been myself induced to venture on publishing; with the sanguine hope of also scraping together a few shillings, in these hard times. Permit me to inscribe this tale to you, with a fellow-feeling for your lack of genius, and a fervent hope that our names may be encircled by the same evergreen in the temple of the Muses; and that we may long flourish together, on the same pedestal, embellishing and elevating the literature of the auction-room.' In the 'introduction' the author tells his readers that if they can discover his drift, it is more than he can do himself; 'if it be thought exquisite nonsense, it is more than he dares hope. He began to write without any fable, and before he had found any, had spun out the thread of his ideas.' His motive was to show 'of how much nonsense an individual might be delivered in the short space of two afternoons, without any excuse but idleness, or any object but amusement.' The prominent descriptions held up to ridicule, he added, were fresh in the memory of all who had read '*The White Vampyre*;' and to those who had not, the superstition was of course familiar. BYRON'S well-known lines were quoted:

'But first on earth, as Vampyre sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet, which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse.
Thy victims, ere they yet expire,
Shall know the demon for their sire;
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, best beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a father's name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!

Yet thou must end thy task and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hands shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which, in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony!
Yet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go, and with Ghouls and Afrits rave,
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they!"

The author seems (by parity of reasoning) to think that there need not be any great degree of incredulity concerning the existence of such a creature as the vampyre; for in a sort of 'moral' upon his performance, he says: 'In this happy land of liberty and equality, we are free from all traditional superstitions, whether political, religious, or otherwise. Fiction has no materials for machinery; romance no horrors for a tale of mystery. Yet in a figurative sense, and in the moral world, our climate is perhaps more prolific than any other in enchanters, vampyres, and the whole infernal brood of sorcery and witchcraft. The accomplished dandy, who in maintaining his horses, his tailor, etc., absorbs, in the forced and unnatural excitement of his senseless orgies, the life-blood of that wealth which his prudent sire had accumulated by a long devotion to the counter — what is he but a vampyre? The fraudulent trafficker in stock and merchandize, who, having sucked the whole substance of an hundred honest men, is consigned for a few weeks to the sepulchre of the jail; and then, by the potent magic of an insolvent law, stalks forth, triumphant with bloated villany, more elated in his shameless resurrection, to renew his career of iniquity and of disgrace — what is he but a vampyre? The corrupted and senseless clerk, who being placed near the vitals of a moneyed institution, himself exhausted to feed the appetite of sharpers, drains in his turn the coffers he was appointed to guard, is he not — I appeal to the stock-holders — is he not a vampyre? Brokers, country bank directors and their disciples; all whose hunger and thirst for money, unsatisfied with the tardy progression of honest industry, by creating fictitious and delusive credit, has prayed on the heart and liver of public confidence, and poisoned the currents of public morals — are they not all vampyres? The whole tribe of plagiarists, under every denomination; the critic, who, by eviscerating authors, and stuffing his own meagre show of learning with the pilfered entrails, ekes out his periodical fulmination against public taste; the forum orator, who, without compunction, barbarously exenterates BURKE, and CURRAN, and PHILLIPS; the second-handed lawyer, scholar, theologian, who quote from quotations, and steal stolen property; the divine, who preaches TILLITSON and TOPLADY — what are they all but Vampyres? The empiric, who fills his own stomach, while he empties his shop into the bowels of the hypochondriac; the bibliopolist, 'who guts the fobs' of the whole reading community, by ascribing to Lord BYRON works which that author never saw; the philanthropic contractor for the army, who charges more for lime and horse-beef, than his quantum-meruit for the best provisions; who sets up his carriage and his palace, by blistering the mouths and destroying the intestines of thousands — what are these but vampyres? The professors and disciples of Surgeon's Hall, who, when a fine fat corpse is rolled out of the resurrectionist's budget, set up a howl of horrible transport, like the anthropophagous Caribs in Robinson Crusoe; glut their gloating eyes with the pinguity and unctuousness of the subject; and whet their blades like Shylock, impatient to attack the ilia — what are they but vampyres? And I, who, as Johnson said of an hypochondriac lady, 'have spun this discourse out of my own bowels,' and made as free with those of others — I AM A VAMPIRE!'

But let us hasten to present an instalment of 'The Black Vampyre,' which is the kind treated of in the imaginative exertion before us: 'MR. ANTHONY GIBBONS was a gentleman of African extraction. His ancestors emigrated from the eastern coast of Guinea, in a French ship, and were sold in St. Domingo remarkably cheap, as they were reduced to mere skeletons by the yaws on the passage; and all died shortly after their arrival, except one small negro, of a very slender constitution, and fit for no work whatever. The gentleman who purchased him, charitably knocked out his brains; and the body was thrown into the ocean. The tide returning in the night, it was washed upon the sands; and the moon then shining bright, the gentleman was taking a walk to enjoy the coolness of the evening; judge of his surprise, when the little corpse got up, and complaining of a pain in its bowels, begged for some bread and butter!

'The planter, supposing his business to have been but half done, kicked him back in the water. The element seemed very familiar to him; and he swam back with much grace

and agility; parting the sparkling waves with his jet black members, polished like ebony, but reflecting no single beam of light. His complexion was a dead black; his eyes a pure white; the iris was flame color; and the pupils of a clear, moonshiny lustre; but so peculiarly constructed, that, though prominent, they seemed to look into his own head. His hair was neither curled nor straight; but feathery, like the plumage of a crow. Having paddled again on shore, he came crawling, crab-fashion, to the feet of Mr. PERSONNE. The latter gentleman, in considerable alarm, (not knowing whether it was Satan, Obi, or some other worthy, with whom he had to deal,) mustered up sufficient resolution to tie a large stone round the boy's middle: then, with a main exertion of strength, he hurled him into the sparkling ocean. He fell where the reflection of the moon was brightest, and sunk like lead; but immediately rose again like cork, perpendicularly, with the stone under his arm; while the radiant lustre of the planet retreated from his dark figure, exhibiting in its most striking contrast its utter blackness!

'In this predicament, he came buoyant to land; surrounded, as he seemed, by a sphere of magic lustre. He now walked up to the Frenchman, with his arms a-kimbo, and looking remarkably fierce. Mr. PERSONNE's particular hairs stood up on end,

——— *TWO* perculit horror
Membra ducia, rigure comæ, grossæque coerecens
Languor in extrema tenuit vestigia ripa;

but being ashamed that a little negro of ten years old should put him in bodily fear, he knocked him down. The Guineaman rose again, without bending a joint; as fast as Mr. PERSONNE could upset him, he recovered his altitude; just like one of those small toys, fabricated from pith tipped with lead, called witches and hobgoblins by the rising generation. The planter, in utter amazement and despair, took hold of the child by both his extremities, and pressing him to the earth, sat down upon him! Then, hallooing for his attendants, he ordered a tremendous fire to be kindled on the sand. This was accordingly done. The Gaul congratulated himself on his perseverance and sagacity; and as he had never heard of ignaqueous animals, was confident that though the water-fiend was so expert in his own element, he could not stand the fiery ordeal. The boy, meanwhile, lay perfectly passive, as if he had been a mere log; but presently, when the pile was all in a light blaze, with a sudden expansion, like that of a compressed India-rubber, he popped Mr. PERSONNE up into the air many yards, and he alighted head-foremost into the fire, where he had intended to have dedicated the sable brat, with his nine lives, to Moloch!

'Whatever the negro was, it is notorious that Mr. PERSONNE was no salamander. He was rescued from the pyre, which like HERCULES he had (though unwittingly) erected for himself; looking like a squizzed cat, and having apparently no life left in his body. The attention of the domestics was drawn entirely to their master; who soon betrayed signs of animation, though he exhibited a most awful spectacle, being one continual sore and blister. 'His whole body was one wound,' as VIRGIL or some other poet has hyperbolically expressed himself.

'Mr. PERSONNE, when he had perfectly recovered his senses, found himself in his own bed, wrapped in greasy sheets, and smarting as if in a Cayenne bath. He called for a glass of brandy, his dear wife EUPHEMIA, and his infant son, who had not yet been christened. His lady, with streaming eyes, presented herself before him; and after tenderly inquiring into the state of his health, told him, (with a voice interrupted with sobs and hiccups,) that when she went in the morning to see her baby, whom she had left in the cradle, there was nothing to be seen, but the skin, hair, and nails! She declared that there never was such another object; except, indeed, the exsiccation in SCUDDER'S Museum!

'On the receipt of this horrid intelligence, Mr. PERSONNE was seized with a violent spasmodic affection; and shortly after expired, muttering something about *sacre*, and the Guinea-negro.

'The amiable but unfortunate EUPHEMIA was thrown into several hysterical convul-

sions; as well she might be, poor woman, when her husband had been made a holocaust, and served up like a broiled and peppered chicken, to feed the grim maw of death; and her interesting infant, the first pledge of her pure and perfect love, had been precociously sucked, like an unripe orange, and nothing left but its beautiful and tender skin. The disconsolate widow caused her husband to be embalmed; and he was buried amid the lamentations and tears of all the funeral; much regretted by all who had the honor of his acquaintance, particularly by his negroes; who could not soon forget him; as he had left too many sincere marks of his regard upon their backs, to be ever obliterated from their recollections.

'Time, as all the Greek tragedians, SOLOMON, and others have remarked, is a benevolent deity. Mrs. PERSONNE's grief yielded to the soothing hand of the consoling power; and her bloom and spirits returned with more lustre and elasticity than they had before exhibited: as the rose, that had drooped in the fury of the passing storm, erects its blushing honors, and shows more beautiful and vivid tints when the squall is over!

'Many years after these occurrences took place, while EUPHEMIA was in second mourning for her third husband, she was indulging in the luxury of solitary grief; and reading BURTON's Anatomy of Melancholy, and The Melancholy Poems of Dr. FARMER, in an orangerie. The refreshing breezes from the ocean, which now tempered the sultry heats of the declining day; the soft perfume of the opening blossoms; and the mellow tints of the evening sky, shedding that holy light, so dear to sensitive hearts, diffused a calm over her soul, wrapped in the contemplation of departed days. While lost in this pensive reverie, she perceived two strangers approaching her, in the extremity of the long vista of the grove. One of them was a colored gentleman, of remarkable height, and deep jetty blackness; a perfect model of the Congo Apollo. He was dressed in the rich garb of a Moorish Prince; and led by the hand a pale European boy, in an Asiatic dress, whose languid countenance, slender form, and tristful gait were strongly contrasted with the portly appearance and majestic step of his conductor.

'They both saluted the lovely widow, and after an interchange of compliments, accepted her polite invitation to sit down, and take tea with her in the bower. She learned from the elder stranger that he had brought out a cargo of slaves, whom his subjects had lately taken prisoners in war; and whom he had resolved to dispose of himself; as he was desirous of seeing the world. His page, he said, was an orphan, left by a slave-merchant in Africa.

'The manners and conversation of the PRINCE had an irresistible charm. The regal port was manifest in his gigantic and well-proportioned frame; and majesty was conspicuous on his brow, without its diadem. The turban and crescent had never graced a nobler front; but the winning condescension of his tones and language, while they could not banish the feeling of the presence of royalty, removed every restraint incident to that consciousness. He criticised the works which EUPHEMIA had been perusing, with masterly precision, and displayed more knowledge than even the accomplished ideologist of Lady MORGAN; with infinitely more discretion and good sense.

'It is remarked by the Abbe REYNAL, that there is a peculiar elegance and beauty in the complexion of the Africans, (when the eyes and nose are accustomed to their hue and odor.) This truth was realized by EUPHEMIA, as she gazed on the open visage of her illustrious guest. She thought surely that in him Nature might stand up and say 'This was a man!' And certainly it is only the weakness and imperfection of our human senses, which, penetrating no farther than the surface, is forever deceived by superficial shadows. The empyrean is always blue, whatever vapors may float in our contracted atmosphere. And if we gaze on the rows of skulls which festoon and garnish Surgeon's Hall, we can apply no standard to determine their relative beauty. They are all equally ugly; and the block of Helen might be mistaken for that of Medusa. Shakespeare, true to nature, has also remarked, 'Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.'

'The beauty then, the royalty, gentility, and various accomplishments of the BAMBUCK

monarch, made captive the too sensible heart of the French widow. She forgot her ogles, graces, and even her loquacity; rooted to her seat, and fixed in immoveable contemplation of the AFRICAN's face. What peculiar feature or lineament attracted her attention, she knew not: his eyes, though bright, did not sparkle; and the iris, though of a more vivid red than the roseate line in the rainbow, emitted no scintillations. In fact, his whole countenance seemed to look, and to perambulate her own.

'The conversation gradually assumed a more empassioned and amorous complexion; and the little page, (who, though meagre and emaciated, evidently showed that he was no gump for his years,) taking certain broad hints, cast a mournful and intelligent look on the widow, said he would fetch a short walk in the plantation, and left the orangerie.

'The PRINCE then spreading his glittering sash upon the grass, went down on his knees upon it, and broke out into the most ardent exclamations of love and admiration, and professions of constant attachment. He said that the flat-nosed beauties of Zara; the scarred, squab figures of the golden coast; the well-proportioned Zilias, Calypsoe, and Zemas on the banks of the Niger; and even the great Hottentot Venus herself, had never for a moment made the least impression on his heart. His passion was a mystery to himself; its origin secret as the sources of the Nile; but full and impetuous as its ample channel, when replenished from the celestial fountains of Abyssinia; while if Mrs. DUBOIS would shine upon its waves, its enlivened currents would fertilize his vast dominions in the luxuriant realms of central Africa; making them to fructify yet more abundantly, with burning gold and radiant diamonds!

'What female heart could resist such pleadings, and the compliment implied in such a preference? When ZEMBO (the page) returned, the parties had agreed to be privately united on the same evening. The ceremony was accordingly performed, on the spot, by the family chaplain of Mrs. DUBOIS: not without many remonstrances on his part, as to the impropriety of marrying a negro. The PRINCE did not seem to resent the affront; which, by the by, he had no right to do, as the priest got nothing for the job. ZEMBO too was extremely restless, till Mrs. DUBOIS gave him some sweet-meats, which seemed to quiet his conscience; after which he took some stiff punch, and fell asleep!

'About midnight, the PRINCE came to him; and shaking him by the ears, bade him rise and follow him. His bride was hanging on his arm, in an enchanting deehabille; and did not seem to be in perfect possession of her right senses. ZEMBO mournfully followed the new married pair.

'They went silently out of the back door, with cautious steps, and proceeded through the orangerie. No breath of wind was stirring. The moon was in the zenith, surrounded by a pale halo of ghostly lustre. When they had crossed the plantation, they came to a place of sepulture; where the dark cypresses and lugubrious mahogany admitted but sparse and glimmering streaks of funereal light; which, falling on the rank foliage, the white monuments and broken ground beneath, presented a thousand dusky shapes, fitting in the dim uncertainty, dear to superstition.

'Vague terrors seized on the mind of the bride; and she began very naturally to inquire, what was the use of getting out of a comfortable bed, and trailing through the heavy dew, in her undress, to such an unusual spot for midnight recreation.

'They now stood near the spot where her three husbands, several children, and the *skin, hair and nails* of her first baby, were deposited in a row. At the foot of a tamarind lay her third son, whose christian name was SPOONER, and who died, according to the tomb-stone, in a fit of intoxication, aged seven years and six months. On him she had bestowed a greater share of tenderness than on any of her other offspring; and his loss had caused her most affliction. The African, making observations on the grave, began to strip himself very expeditiously, assisted by ZEMBO, who seemed to recover from his blues; and by his activity and eagerness, manifested his expectation of soon seeing some fine sport.'

Now, in order to ascertain what this 'fine sport' was, and the wonderful things which were encountered by Mrs. PERSONNE and Mr. ZEMBO, the reader will be compelled to wait until our next number.

'CONFORMITY OF RELIGION AND TASTE.'—We are indebted to a new and welcome contributor for some excellent observations upon this theme, which we regret to say were mislaid for a few days; a circumstance which must account for their compression into a space available to this department of our Magazine. The divine purity which the Supreme Law-giver commands us to seek, the writer conceives to consist, first of all, in goodness of heart, and then in the pursuit, in the knowledge, and in the enjoyment of eternal truth. 'This divine truth is embodied in a thousand forms; in nature, in art, and in literature. It is not entirely discoverable by our instincts, or our instructed senses. Individual mind is not sufficient for the attainment of it: it is aggregated and transmissive. We not only see it with our eyes, and hear it with our ears; we must toil for it and earn it; we must borrow it and inherit it. The poet, the philosopher, the historian, are its depositaries; nor is the kindred mind of the artist less its organ. 'It is wise,' says HENRY TAYLOR, 'to open the mind to the reception of pleasure from the productions of every species of talent.' It is not only wise to do so, it is a kind of self-abuse to refuse to do so; a self-privation, that inflicts upon us a famine of the soul; a stunting of its growth, a deterioration of its capabilities. This enlargement of the intellectual being must be sought from high motives; the very thought of self-distinction adulterates it. Being sought without prejudice, being pursued in the love of it, and in the desire of perfection, it will be attained. The mind so cultivated, so aspiring, will be filled with faith, hope and charity. As knowledge is increased, the wisdom of God in creation; the harmony and beneficence of the divine laws; the Providence of God turning seeming evil to good; will become apparent, and will dispose him who discerns the good and perfect will of the great Disposer to act upon His plan. When moral cause and consequence are understood; when self-knowledge is revealed to us; when the infirmity of our personal nature is felt, then shall we pity and forgive from the depths of the heart; then humility, compassion, and active benevolence will grow out of our wider views of God and man. Not only our sentiments will be purified, but the luxury of living will be exalted; the grief of the hour will not subdue us, for we belong to a system of discipline and of compensation; the imagination will pass beyond what we know or what we read, and innumerable associations will augment our perceptions of what is gracious and lovely. The flowers that spring up in our path will not only seem beautiful, because, as Mr. WILBERFORCE said, 'They are the smiles of God's goodness,' but because the poet is their interpreter; because BURNS recorded forever the 'modest, crimson-tipped daisy,' and WORDSWORTH the small Celandine, and BRYANT the Fringed Gentian, and the 'Death' of them all before the wintry blast.

'It was a most religious fable to suppose that the Muses were the offspring of the universal deity and the memory of man; for Mnemosyne can signify no other memory. The poet WITHERS says of the Muse:

'Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height,
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.'

WITHERS meant by the 'wiser man' one of those who are wiser in their generation than the 'children of light.' It was indeed a moral truth disguised under the myth of the Muses, that divinity and all grave science, pure poetry, and the gay arts, belong to their inspiration, to their united province, as in truth they belong to the wholeness of man's na-

ture, to the entireness of his self-culture. Because I believe this; because such conviction is the law of my moral life, of my preference, and self-discipline, I cannot be satisfied with those who 'dwell in decencies forever;' those who have taken root in the earth like the truffle, which swine may disinter, but which he of heavenly frame walks over and heeds not. I have sheltered myself in a covert that looks skyward, but I have carried thither the human heart. I would not dwell apart, but cherish the sympathies that blend all consciousness with other reason, other imagination, other love of God and humanity, other admiration of the creations of the one and the manifestations of the other. Happy is he whose religion encourages his tastes, and whose tastes do not deprave his religion!

THE DRAMA, ETC.—A correspondent, whose opportunities of studying and ability to appreciate the merits of the late operatic performances at the PARK-THEATRE were ample, has obligingly favored us with the following critique; which is the more acceptable, that our own pressing avocations have deprived us of the pleasure which himself, in common with the theatre-going public generally, must so heartily have enjoyed.

PARK-THEATRE: 'THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.'—We are rejoiced to witness the revival of 'Old Drury's' fortunes. Every thing has been auspicious to this end, from the first. The excellent reinforcement of his company by Mr. SIMPSON, gave token at the outset of the vigor with which the campaign would be carried on. First came MACREADY—a profitable engagement. Then, ANDERSON, a still more profitable one, and at the last, one equally pleasing and satisfactory to the town. Next came the Opera, which has proved as great 'a card' as either. The piece selected was 'The Bohemian Girl,' a composition of Mr. BALFE, which, on the twelfth of November, was performed at Drury Lane Theatre for the hundredth time, with complete success, the composer himself leading the orchestra. A series of full houses, for three weeks, also put the seal of approbation upon the opera at our Drury. The great liberality of the management in putting the piece upon the stage without regard to expense; the indefatigable labor of Mr. BARRY, as stage-manager, in directing the multifarious operations, necessary to give the piece, with all its variety of opera, ballet, spectacle and drama, fair play; the *esprit du corps* manifested by the entire company, including Mesdames SLOMAN, BARRY, SKERRETT, ARBOTT and HORN, and Messrs. CHIFFENDALE, FISKE, SKERRETT, CRISP and DYOTT, in coming on to give greater effect to the show-scenes; all deserve the approbation of those for whose pleasure this gorgeous pageant was so admirably got up. Nor should a meed of praise be withheld from MRS. MARTIN, who, in connection with Miss JULIA TURNBULL, and a well-trained corps, produced a ballet of great and varied merit. Mr. HILLIARD's scenes, too, painted expressly for the piece, were 'beautiful exceedingly;' especially the moonlight view of Presburg, on the Danube, the 'Grand Platz,' and the residence of Count ARNHEIM. The 'costuming' of the piece, under the charge of Mr. DEJONGH, was a great point, admirably managed. The gipsy dresses had all the picturesque wildness that should characterize them, and the military costumes were perfect. And thus the entire stage effect was in good keeping throughout, nothing having been omitted that was necessary to make it all it should be. The selection of the 'Bohemian Girl' for the opening of the opera season, and the *début* of the three excellent vocalists who were its chief attractions, were highly creditable to the judgment of those concerned in producing it. It combines all the attractions of the different branches of the drama; and independently of the music, would give satisfaction to a majority of play-goers. But when it is considered that as an opera, it is a work of genius, full of fine instrumental and vocal beauties, and that it gives opportunity to such singers as Mrs. SEGUIN, with her full rich *soprano*, and Mr. FRASER, with his sweet and admirably-cultivated *tenore*, and Mr. SEGUIN, with his inimitable *basso*, to display their rare abilities, the attraction was certainly immeasurably enhanced.

To Mr. CHUBB belongs the credit of producing the new opera in so short a space of time, and with such a degree of excellence. From the first he took a strong liking to it; and it has been a 'labor of love' as well as of severe toil with him. He immediately gathered around him a good, well-balanced orchestra, and selected and drilled a chorus, consisting of a large number of well-taught singers, all of whom could read music, instead of being compelled to learn their parts by rote. Under his admirable direction, every thing went off smoothly, as the piece advanced, and there were no lapses in time, or discords, or failures in this important department; a great point gained. Mr. FRAZER, the new

tenore, who sustained the rôle of the hero of the piece, has a voice of great richness, force and effectiveness; round, full and capacious, and capable of producing a strong impression, particularly in the *affettuoso* passages. How beautifully was this evinced in the duett, in the early part of the second act, with *ARLINE*:

'The wound upon thy arm,'

together with that delicious cantabile,

'The secret of her birth:'

and that before the grand finale:

'Pity for one, in childhood torn,' etc.

His songs were all admirably given too; all three were every night rapturously encored; and it did not require a longer ordeal than a single night to establish him a favorite with the *KNICKERBOCKERS*. His reputation will hereafter be their especial care.

Mr. *SEGUIN*, whose rôle in 'Don Giovanni,' 'La Gazza Ladra,' 'Amilie,' 'Fra Diavolo,' etc., had stamped him as the first of *prima basses* in America, had but little to do, that was worthy of his great powers, in 'The Bohemian Girl.' He had no single song; but had nevertheless, some opportunities to make his splendid voice tell, in the concerted music of the piece. Such was the exquisite trio,

'All the world hither fly.'

with *ARLINE* and *THADDEUS*. A gipsy-song might be introduced for him with great effect. His wild and characteristic action in the dance, after the betrothal of 'the gipsy-bride,' was very rich, and rendered that spirited scene doubly successful.

Mrs. *SEGUIN*, in this opera, was triumphant; more than satisfying her previous admirers, and converting many to an adequate admiration, who had before withheld their applause. Always a favorite she was found to have greatly improved in the mellowness and modulation of her voice; and had made so rapid and decided an advance in every branch of her profession, as to surprise even those who had ever been her warmest appreciators. She trode the stage with freedom, exhibiting no constraint in action, nor lack of confidence in illustrating what she undertook, in her dramatic as well as vocal exertions. Her voice is a pure, flexible, melodious *soprano*, of rare modulation and exceeding sweetness. All her embellishments are in good taste, and there is never any fear in the mind of an auditor that she will sing flat here, or sharp there, or that she will fail in a *roulade*, or make a false shake, or fail to take up her part, or in any other wise mar instead of making the pleasure of those who are listening. She is as true and reliable as a well-tuned instrument, and truer. A good musical education, strengthened by time and constant application, shines out in every thing she does. She has won, over and over again, the highest honors of the Academy, with which she (as well as her husband,) graduated, at one of the best musical institutions in Europe.

With what feeling and pathos did she win the nightly *encore* which burst from the hands and lips of the delighted audience, at the close of her performance of her leading aria:

'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,'

and of that sparkling allegretto:

'Come with the gipsy-bride!'

How deliciously she gave the cavatina, in the third act,

'See at your feet, a suppliant one!'

and in the grand finale, was there ever any thing heard on the American stage to surpass the brilliancy and effect with which she sang the rondo

'Oh! what full delight!'

We have undertaken to give no account of the plot of this opera, preferring to occupy the space allotted us in a more interesting manner. The book is 'extant' (as Hamlet says,) though not 'written in very choice' English, and is easily procurable. But the story tells itself clearly and satisfactorily upon the stage, in the development it receives from the combination of those fine powers upon which we have been decanting. Let those who are curious upon the point, learn the tale as it was taught to us. We found it a great improvement upon that vulgar art which *DOGBERRY* says 'comes by nature,' the art of reading. These vocalists return to us early in the spring, and will bring out several operas, never before performed in America.

J. F. O.

THE ITALIAN OPERA, at PALMO's Theatre, has proved a very prominent attraction during the month. It has been our good fortune to witness the frequent representation

of 'Lucrecia Borgia,' 'Belisario,' and 'La Cenerentola;' and without taking upon ourselves to reiterate in detail the commendations which have been justly awarded to these performances, we cannot forego the pleasure of joining our note of praise with those of our contemporaries, in behalf of BORGHESE, PICO, PEROZZI, TOMASI, SANQUIRICO, and ANTOGNINI, who have labored with so much ardor and success in their several rôles. We shall not soon forget the artistical style and admirable acting of BORGHESE, nor the rich contralto voice and earnest, natural manner of PICO; nor from the triumphs of these fine *artistes* can we separate the recollection of the gentlemen above-named, whose personations contributed in so marked a degree to the popularity of the operas in which they appeared. The scenery, costumes, etc., were in all respects perfect. We may hope yet to see the Italian *troupe* permanently supported among us, if we may judge from the large and fashionable audiences which graced the theatre on every evening when we visited it.

Gossip with READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have entered once more, dear reader, upon a new year. Time's gate, which swings outward into eternity, has closed upon another twelve-month. Such a season is one of sorrowful retrospection to many; of hope and gladness we trust to more. We would say nothing to awaken anew the painful remembrances of the first, nor to dim the bright anticipations of the second. Yet, as we enter upon our *Twenty-fifth Volume*, it will be pardoned, if we venture to offer a little advice to readers who have known us so long and so intimately. Let us beg leave, therefore, to ask each and all of them, in the terms of our excellent friend and correspondent, the accomplished 'Charcoal-Sketcher,' whether they do not *now* remember that it has often struck them, in moments of calmness and reflection, after disappointments, perhaps, or in grief; in those minutes when the flush of enjoyment had faded to a sombre hue; that there were changes in their characters and dispositions, which might be made to advantage? 'It would have been resented, if another had said as much; for you then thought and still think, it may be mistakenly, that these defects are only apparent in full to their owner. Still, the amelioration was resolved upon. At first, it was to begin 'now.' Then came cares and pleasures; a little postponement was granted; and the work lies in the dusty corners of your determination, quite unfinished. Is a more fitting time to take it up likely to present itself than the present? Somebody has promised — like Sir GILES OVERREACH, we 'name no parties' — has promised very distinctly to himself (and there is no one with whom it would be more to his advantage to keep good faith) that the New-Year shall find him in many respects a new man.' Do you know such a person, a friend, a brother, a lover or a husband, who has done this, in the view of evil habit, of indolence, of ill-temper, of any of the thousand temptations and faults which beset the human family? Strengthen his will; give encouragement to his weakness. He may chance to need it. It may not be too much to assume, that perfect as we are, there is no lack of certain pestilential imps who find places in our train, and are ever on the alert for mischief; saucy companions, of whom we would gladly be rid, but that they take us by surprise, and await not the chastisements of our regret; little petulances, which at times prompt us to wound those who love us best; small discontents, which seek expression in embittered words; unrecognized envies, which lacerate the heart and disturb repose, leading to uncharitable thoughts and unkindly judgments; petty jealousies, have we not, rendering us unreasonable, querulous, and ill at ease? Such restless spirits swarm the air, causing endless complications of annoyance. Let them, at the dawn of the year, be summoned to your footstool to meet discharge; and above all things, let us impress it upon your minds to scan their faces closely. They are adroit at a disguise, and often elude the most careful watch; so that we know them not save in their effects, and by the sorrows they are apt to leave behind. If such be our policy, as the substratum of our merriment, and the under-current to our mirth, and if we can find nerve enough to accomplish but a part of what is deemed desirable; if each New-

Year could find us so much wiser, and therefore happier — for wisdom is but happiness, after all — than any of its predecessors, we should 'better brook the loss of brittle youth,' and meet the onward tide of time with buoyant hearts and an unshrinking hope; satisfied with the present, and with no fears for the future.' Follow out these suggestions, kind reader and friend, and you will scarcely fail of enjoying, what we invoke for you in all sincerity of heart, a *Happy New-Year*. . . . BRYANT is remarkable for the 'word-pictures,' as the Germans term it, which he strews so profusely through his poetical writings; often, by the use of a single vernacular expression, bringing before the reader the most distinct and delightful images. LONGFELLOW possesses a kindred power. One hardly knows, sometimes, how his 'effects,' in artist-phrase, are produced; but a nice study of his language will generally reveal their source. Observe the picturesqueness, the variety, the reality of scene, condensed in these few stanzas:

'WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the Equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks.

'From Bermuda's Reefs, from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore,
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador.

'From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan Skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas.

'Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered caves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.'

Do you remark, reader, the wide grasp, the life, action, visible motion, that pervade these lines? They compose a succession of 'marine views' as palpable to sight as the colorings of the pencil. . . . Mr. GEORGE JONES, formerly well known in the United States, (not well known exactly!) as an indifferent player, and a still more indifferent theatrical manager, has lately favored the London public with a volume containing 'TECUMSEH, an Israel-Indian Tragedy;' 'Life and History of General HARRISON;' and his famous Stratford 'Oration in Honor of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the Celebrated Dramatist.' PUNCH, in a most sententious, ironical, and amusing critique, has 'done the business' for Mr. JONES' dull and ridiculous book. The first time we ever saw Mr. JONES, he introduced himself to our acquaintance on board a Staten-Island steamer; and in some ten minutes thereafter, he was reading to us, on the breezy deck, in a very audible voice, letters from his 'titled friends in England;' and we regret to state, that such was the violence of the wind, that it snatched from his hand an opened letter of 'My Lord DUDLEY STUART,' and wafted it upon the white foam in our wake; where it lay, the focus of Mr. JONES' 'longing eyes,' until at last it vanished in the distance. We were therefore quite prepared to learn that 'JONES is troubled with an itching palm for titled people,' and that in his late work, 'he is continually telling the reader of the 'hospitality' awarded to him by kings, dukes, and lords. One would think he was 'taken in' wherever he showed himself.' Mr. JONES has quoted in his preface an account 'From the Times newspaper' of his having dined with the King of Prussia, when at Berlin. To which PUNCH replies: 'We remember the paragraph well; the quackery was headed 'From a Correspondent,' which Mr. JONES has omitted.' Who the 'correspondent' was, may be easily guessed. JONES says that America claims him, 'and his honors accordingly,' but that this is done only in our usual boasting spirit; the truth being that he is English by birth. America yields the honor! No one claims Mr. JONES on this side of the Atlantic; not even his deserted wife. There are various 'claims' against him we believe; but they are of a nature which, from the 'cute profession of his paternal ancestor 'down east,' he will understand at once, and perhaps be as little desirous of having them 'pressed' as the one which, with instinctive reciprocity, he labors to repel. The man is a most transparent pretender, who has reduced *humbuggousness* to a science. . . . SOME of our metropolitan readers have asked us, with an ex-

pression of incredulity, whether the '*Memorial of the Ancient Shu*' was a legitimate production of a veritable Celestial. Certainly; and its translation was made and forwarded to London by Mr. GUTZLAFF, precisely as was stated in our last number. Let us follow the narrative a little farther:

'THE Ancient SHU did not bear himself in idleness. He called out the militia, fitted out a number of fire-ships, and ordered our brave mariners, each of them to swim off in leathern habits, and aided by bladders filled with air, attack the barbarians' vessels. The great eventful day dawned; our troops penetrated into Ningpo, but were mowed down by hundreds, under the balls of the red rebels. We could not get these miscreants to wait for our attack; our best soldiers marched away, and whole regiments followed the example. They had, alas! no opportunity to make use of their daggers; otherwise not one of the thieves would have remained alive. Our fire-ships too, exploded in the air without doing any damage to the enemy: we could no ways account for this misfortune. Another battle was afterwards fought near Tsekt, where the flower of our soldiery, who had been brought all the way from the Turkistan borders, completely routed the barbarians, according to the official reports. But the army then marched back to their old quarters at Pikkuan. This was the great victory obtained by YUXING, who refused from that time to take the field again, seeing that his fame was now established and consummated. Soon afterwards we drove the barbarians out of Ningpo, but we would not render them quite desperate, and therefore allowed them to leave a post at the entrance of the Hya river, near Tshinhal. Nevertheless, the vagabonds, instead of keeping quiet at Tshushan, as was their duty, marched direct on Tshopu, which they captured. LLIRU was now despatched to this point, and Old SHU with him, for the purpose of counselling them to a peaceful course. We found the barbarians in no sort of mood to retreat, which made LLIRU's wrath to kindle exceedingly. It was much to be deplored that LLIRU was no longer to be seen; for as to POCK (POTTINGER), the new man, nothing was to be done with him. The barbarians ventured on proceeding to Shanghai, where some splendid fortifications had been erected, which were nearly eight li in circuit, and were commanded by General NICU, (or Ox,) the governor, in person. He had ordered that his men should on no account whatever quit their posts, and that they should set all the barbarian ships on fire. But we were astounded both at the recklessness of the scoundrels, and the clouds of balls that descended; in spite of enormous guns, they effected a landing, carried off all the brass guns and destroyed the iron ones. This, however, did not content them; the English made their way to Tshiankiangfu on the Yangtschiang, with intent to make themselves masters of the Great Canal, and see whether this would not compel the Emperor to make peace. The great monarch now lost all his courage; so he sent his relative, KLYING, who was passing his time with LLIRU, at Hangtschen in Tshiekang, with a commission to bring matters to a friendly issue with the barbarians. In the meanwhile, these insatiable fellows moved on at a swift pace to Nanking, where every requisite step was adopted as rapidly as it was practicable to get rid of them; the end being, that they extorted six millions of dollars on the spot.'

This result changes the character of the remainder of SHU's memorial: 'I became acquainted at Nanking with some of the barbarians, who afforded me such an insight into the real state of things in the other quarters of the globe, that my opinions and views underwent a very considerable revolution.' He goes on to admit, that 'although the wisdom of the Celestial Empire is of a very exalted character,' yet the inhabitants of the flower-bespangled land' were wanting in right notions of the state of foreign countries. They had looked upon the proffered concessions of the 'red English thieves' with contempt. 'It pleased the great lords of the land to kindle the Emperor's wrath against them to a pitch of frenzy; indeed the monarch's mother herself urged her son vehemently to exterminate them.' It never came into their minds that 'cannon or any other powder-missiles were needful;' they thought their walls alone were invincible; and they left the cost entirely out of the calculation. But, through the rapacity of the mandarins, and the actual preparations, thirty millions of taels were soon drained from the empire. 'The militia-men were embodied, and a large bounty was paid them; but as soon as they smelt danger, to a man the wretches took to their heels, so that we got absolutely nothing at all from their services. The regiments which had been brought from a distance, dissolved into air after they had lost the battle; so all that had been expended upon them disappeared with them. The construction of the fortresses was no small item in the expenditure: alas! no sooner did the barbarians get them into their clutches than they blew them straight into the air; and our cannon shared no better fate, for they were either destroyed or carried off; our powder was hurled into the sea, or turned to account in annihilating the labors of years and months.' Mean time the internal condition of the flowery land was any thing but auspicious: 'On either bank of the Yangtse hosts of freebooters held themselves in readiness to fall upon every inhabitant who had property to lose. All the trading which supplied millions of our subjects with bread was utterly paralysed, and our starving mariners resorted by thousands to robbery on the high sea, so as to render the whole coast unfit for navi-

gation. Every branch of industry stagnated in the provinces along the coast, and being the most flourishing of all, general misery spread to the farthest borders of the West, from which the internal parts of the empire receive their chief supplies. The Great Canal, which plentifully supplied the court with the very necessities of life, and kept its coffers replenished, was in the hands of the barbarians. But the worst of all was, that the people who looked on and beheld the unhappy turn which matters took, began to regard the mandarins with scorn, and made friendly advances to our adversary. There was not one point where the delegates of the Son of Heaven met with support.' The final treaty with the 'outside barbarians' soon followed: 'Awful was the blow our national dignity had here to endure! I must candidly confess, that when the treaty was signed, and the roar of cannon proclaimed the event, it cut my heart to the quick like a sharp-edged razor. We had ceased to give law to the rest of mankind! We had recognized full freedom of intercourse: from this moment, we bade farewell to any total ban of foreigners for ever.' Old SHU counselled peace at an early day; and the inclination of the enemy to that end conciliated the good-will of the kind-hearted Celestial: 'Their deportment was exceedingly amiable and they had great modesty of tongue; their soldiers were quite unlike the warriors among ourselves, for they were very nicely clad; but what was most extraordinary, they, every man of them, carried arms on their shoulders. The lustre of gold resplended over the officers' uniforms, but there was no distinction of colors in the buttons they wore on their head-trappings; neither were the bravest and best among them adorned with peacock's feathers: and herein at least, it must be admitted, they have a lesson to read out of our own books.' The sacrifices of the Chinese to their deities seem to have been a decided failure. Most of the Celestials, one would think, would scarcely fail to arrive at the conclusions expressed in the close of the annexed paragraph, 'as easy as 'Old SHU:'

'At the outset of the war, all our generals offered up sacrifices to the gods of war, and their ensigns; IRKING, the terror-spreading commander, officiated in his own person, in order to make a sacrifice of the captured Englishmen to the ensigns; and struck off several heads with his own hands. LIX got up a host of processions for the purpose of propitiating the gods in our favor: and the Son of Heaven petitioned the Dalu Lama at Lhassa, to murmur up a series of prayers, so as to secure him victory; he proceeded repeatedly to the temple in person, and besought the in-dwellers to ordain days of fasting and penitence, for the purpose of bringing the heroes of ancient time to his aid. YU-KIEN, it is reported, forgot himself so far as to curse the God of the Christians; and soon afterwards fell a victim to his inhuman fury, dying under general maledictions. Whenever the English legions entered our towns, the soldiers made it a favorite sport to break our gods in pieces; these, however, never came to their own defence! Now, had they been really possessed of any inherent might, surely they would have avenged themselves for the ignominy perpetrated upon them!'

SHU thus chants the praises of his 'mighty land,' and evidently with justice: 'We are a great nation. Look at the millions upon millions that swarm within our borders like ants; slavery is known only by name among us; every laborer is a free man, and we owe obedience to no man living but the Emperor. Our existence numbers thousands of years.' He confesses however the great ignorance of geography that prevails in China: 'We are complete strangers to the western parts of Asia; all we have learned of Africa is, that it is the land of black men; and we have latterly been made aware that there is another part of the world altogether, called 'the New World.' We could not have believed this, had not the ships which bear a flowery flag, and come from one of its continents, been in the habit of visiting our coast, and brought over heaps of dollars from this new country. This must, I think, be the land of gold and silver, which is so often mentioned in our histories, and takes away settlers from us, not one individual of whom has ever found his way back again. The practice began two thousand years ago.' SHU looks, we think, with the eye of a seer upon the ultimate results of the war with China, and the establishment of foreign dominion there. He thinks many of the Celestials may hereafter settle on the western shores of our own 'Gold and Silver Land,' or on the 'great island called New-Holland, on the map which his barbarian acquaintance gave him;' and 'what great effects will there not flow therefrom!'

'WHEN we have disencumbered ourselves of the religion to which we are now subject, and breathe freer in the atmosphere and light of sound doctrines, will not China exercise an overwhelming influ-

once over the whole race of mankind! SHU is a man ancient in years, and will not see this new day dawn on his country, but he may yet be reserved for witnessing many and great events. He has quite forgotten himself in thus pouring forth what has now been stirring within his breast for months past. Did he dare to speak such things to his brethren in office, it is almost certain that his days would at once be brought to a close, as a traitor to his native land. Yet he is not the only man in China who holds these opinions; those of his nation, who have a heart that beats high for the well-being of their fellow subjects, hold them in common with old SHU, and can never return to their former errors and prejudices.'

There is something almost affecting in the following; coming as it does from a 'man of mark' (an 'old land-mark') among a people whose 'Great Emperor' only a comparatively short time ago ordered certain missionaries to 'go on board their ships, put up their big sails, and sail away at once over the top of the ocean, instead of staying round Canton, with lingering hopes, trying to make the people of the Middle Empire believe in the doctrines of their chief, J. CHRIST:'

'WHAT wrestling with old prejudices, what fierce struggling with himself has not Old SHU had to pass through, before he arrived at all these conclusions! But the more he dwells upon the subject under all its aspects, the more is he satisfied with their justness. A book has been given him to read, and he has read it through; it is entitled '*The New Testament*;' it is full of the most sacred treasures, and shows how a world, lost in sin, has been reconciled to God, the Emperor Supreme, by JESUS CHRIST, his son; but the strangers of the West are better informed on this topic than Old SHU. I beseech my friend, the reader of this treatise, to forgive its imperfectnesses. I have not set down a thousandth part of the emotions which agitate me. My mind is cast down beyond measure, exceedingly; but so soon as it is relieved from its burthen, I will sit down and write more entertaining matter; and the foreigner shall have the advantage of it. Our highly refined language, which is beyond the reach of most men to acquire, is, alas! a sad hindrance to our better acquaintance with one another. Fare thee well, indulgent reader; and store up Old SHU in the sanctuary of thy remembrance!'

There was a line in the Chinese character, at the end of 'the Ancient's memorial,' of which the following is a literal translation: 'SHU, the faithful servant, formerly holding an appointment in the first Court of Justice, lays this submissively before the Great Man of the Government, whom he prays to welcome it in a friendly spirit. He bows himself over and over again.' . . . If you will take a bank-note, reader, and while you are folding it up according to direction, peruse the following lines, you will arrive at their meaning, with no little admiration for the writer's cleverness:

'I WILL tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
Better than banking, trading or leases;
Take a bank-note and fold it up,
And then you will find your wealth in-crescens.

'This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
Keeps your cash in your hands, and with nothing to trouble it,
And every time that you fold it across,
'T is plain as the light of the day that you double it.'

Of all nuisances 'on the face of the globéd airth,' perhaps there is none that *quite* comes up to that of the professed public wrangler on religious topics. By this term, we mean the man who makes a business of going around the country and challenging every minister of eminence to a public discussion on some mooted point of theology, and sometimes even on the nature, designs, and attributes of DEITY. Not many divines of standing have escaped a challenge from some one or other of these religious lazaroni; but few, if any, to their honor be it written, have ever bestowed any notice on such challenges. Once in a while, however, some one of these over-zealous champions of a cause that needs not their aid, meets with a brother wrangler of a different faith, who is not unwilling to meet him in a public discussion, at a shilling a head. But such occasions almost invariably end in quarrels and personal abuse; and then the two combatants not unfrequently exhibit the effect of their own religious faith on their own tempers and practice in such wise as to call up the blush of shame on the countenance of the true Christian, confirm the old infidel in his unbelief, and make ten new scorners, while their labors convert not a solitary sinner from the error of his ways. The presumption of many of these itinerant disputants, is

hardly exceeded by their ignorance, great as that frequently is; but their vanity and self-complacency far outstrip either of those qualities. A friend the other day, in describing one of these religious gladiators, who by the by has been striving for the last twenty years to make a noise in the world, but without success, observed, that he belonged to that class of beings who are always chin deep in difficulties themselves, and yet fancy they are specially set apart by God to help *Him* out of dilemmas! . . . We hear from London that the artists and writers engaged on 'PUNCH' are in a 'state of strike'; that, finding the publishers penurious and mean, they have united in establishing a larger journal, of the same character, called '*The Great Gun*,' which is soon to usurp the place of the older favorite. The last numbers of 'PUNCH' however exhibit no falling off. Both pictorially and editorially, there is no lack of attraction. The fifteenth chapter of '*The Comic Blackstone*' treats of 'Title by Forfeiture,' of various kinds; and affords us some pleasant examples of 'forfeiture by waste':

'OPENING land to search for a mine is waste in general, and waste of time in particular; but if there was a mine commenced, the tenant may mine away with impunity. There is, however, an old case in 'the books,' of a plug-hole being on the estate of A, when B, the tenant for years, claimed the right of opening a mine by *virtue* of the plug-hole. The point was reserved for all the Judges; and HOLY, Chief Justice, said 'Pooh, pooh! the plug-hole is not large enough to let the tenant in.' Another of the Judges followed with the observation, that 'He thought at first there was something in the plug-hole, and he had probed it very patiently, but there was no soundness at the bottom. It seemed at first to savor of something, but if the Courts permitted tenants to wedge themselves into the fee through such apertures as these, there must be an end to every thing.' It went off on this point; and the case has never been opened since for argument. It is waste on the part of a tenant if he cuts his landlord's timber; but if the tenant cuts his own stick, it is sometimes waste on the part of the landlord to go after him. Another species of forfeiture is a breach of the customs of a copyhold; as, where the rent is a pepper-corn, the tenant must seek out the landlord and 'give him pepper' to the amount specified. The learned and facetious BLACKTON remarks, that 'Where the rent is pepper it is easily mustered,' a joke almost as venerable as the subject by which it is elicited.' Another method of forfeiture is by becoming a bankrupt, when every thing goes to the assignee, to enable him to declare dividends, sometimes to the tune of two-pence a pound, like black-heart cherries. A bankrupt seized in tail has it instantly cut off, or at least so much of the tail as belongs to him.'

There is a great deal of forcible satire in the report of a '*Meeting of Game*,' to adopt resolutions in favor of 'more vigorous measures' on the part of their protectors. A 'sedate, middle-aged hare,' in seconding the resolution, remarked, 'that new vigor was necessary, otherwise 'their order' would soon be confounded with that of rabbits and vulgar barn-door poultry. Though suffering under severe domestic affliction, he could not refrain from appearing among them. A week ago, he was a happy husband; the meeting now beheld a disconsolate widower. The wife of his bosom had been snared from him by a laborer; yes, one of themselves, for it was their common cause, had been caught and killed by a low unlicensed person, and devoured by a boor and his wretched family! Had his wife been killed by a gentleman, by one duly licensed to shoot, he trusted that he should have been the last of husbands to complain; but to be butchered by the starving vulgar; to be consumed for a mere dinner, not used as a dainty; it was too much to endure with resignation. He could have been content to lose his wife to the nobility or gentry, but that she should have been eaten without currant-jelly sauce was too much for his conjugal affection.' Mr. SILVERBOW, a cock-pheasant in high feather, in moving another resolution, took rather a different view from 'the hare last up': 'WAS it not a cause of gratification to all of them, that at that very moment the English laborer was made a slave to them; that even the English farmer was compelled to see them devour his grain, nor yet, but at his peril, to kill or wound them? Had they not the grand satisfaction of tempting the fingers of famine to break its fast and the law at the same time? Had they not the sweet consolation to know that at that moment there were scores and scores of men, husbands and fathers, locked up in gaol, and their bits of household furniture seized and sold, for indignities offered, ay, even to members of that meeting? Beside, if they had any wrong to complain of against men in general, were they not sweetly revenged for the injustice? For himself, he never thought of the men that he and his fellows caused to be locked up for felons, that in the exulting feeling of his high privilege he did not crow the louder for

it.' Mr. SHORTEILL, an elderly and highly-respectable partridge, read a paragraph from a provincial journal, to the effect that a lad had been sent to prison for *looking at seven wires*, which somebody had set to catch forbidden game. Such intelligence, the speaker observed, 'must be especially sweet to the feelings of the meeting, as it assured them of the more than paternal care exercised toward them by their enlightened landlord. 'Looking upon himself as of the aristocracy of birds, he could not but feel grateful for such protection. Seeing that the country had a superabundant population, nothing could be wiser than to continually sacrifice the peasant to the pheasant. Instead, however, of fining a laborer for *looking at wires* or at any game soever, he would stop the chance of such disrespect, by compelling every laborer, unless upon lawful work, to walk blindfolded. He hoped another session would not pass away ere this was done. It was an axiom that could not be too sternly preached, that the poor were made for game, and not game for the poor.' This may seem playful to you, reader; but be assured that in England it 'bit like a serpent and stung like an adder.' . . . THEY have a fine specimen of a Tigge, in Boston. Witness the following, from the hand of a pleasant correspondent: 'Few strangers of taste sojourn in the eastern emporium for any length of time, without finding their way to HANNIBAL RICE's fashionable hair-dressing and shampooing saloon, somewhere near the new court-house. HANNIBAL stands at the tip-top of his profession, and is a prince of shampooers. His saloon is a place of general resort, and many rare fellows may be found among his customers. One Sunday morning not long since, a slovenly-genteel stranger, wrapped in a magnificent cloak, seated himself in one of HANNIBAL's velvet cushions, and presenting a head of mossy black hair, requested the favor of a shampoo from the hands of the presiding genius himself. 'I've got a snapping head-ache, HANNIBAL,' said the stranger, in a familiar tone; 'but no matter. Do your best; for I've a notion that shampooing will relieve me.' The barber *did* his best; and, after arranging the hair in the most exquisite form, turned to another customer; while the stranger, rising from his seat, surveyed himself in the mirror with an air of entire satisfaction. 'I like your style of doing things, HANNIBAL,' said he, with a patronizing air; 'it's superb! And then my head-ache, too—*that's* clean gone. But bless me! my cranium feels as if it had been enlarged considerably. Does shampooing make the head grow, Mr. RICE?' The barber hesitated, and then looked at an old customer who sat on the sofa, as if at a loss for an answer, the gentleman, thus silently appealed to, nodded in the affirmative. 'Yes,' said HANNIBAL, turning to the stranger; 'I believe it does have that effect—a leetle.' 'I wonder if I can get my hat on!' continued the stranger, half to himself: 'Ah, yes! It's a tight fit, though. But no matter, Mr. HANNIBAL; I feel perfectly well again, and think I can safely recommended your shampooing as a sovereign remedy for the most inveterate head-ache. To-morrow, if you please, when you are more at leisure, I will call again, and give you an affidavit to that effect.' 'Thank you!' replied HANNIBAL, bowing thrice to his kind customer: 'very much obliged to you!' The stranger returned a bow, and then throwing his cloak around him, departed with a pompous strut. HANNIBAL turned to his assistant: 'CESAR!' said he: 'that's a fine gemmen. S'pose he paid you double price for that operation of mine; a quarter for his hair, and a quarter for curing his head-ache.' 'He! he!' replied CESAR, with a broad grin: he did n't pay me nuffin!' It is needless perhaps to mention that the gentleman did n't call again. . . . THERE is something so characteristic, so exceedingly 'well put,' in the following remarks upon a theme which we have more than once handled in these pages, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote them: They are from the 'Peter Ploddy Papers':

'The true conversationist requires as nice a balance of qualities as the adroit swordsman. He should have an eye, an ear and a tongue, equally on the alert, perfectly under control, and skilled to act together. It is his duty to be able to mark the moment when a slumbering idea is awakened in the mind of another, and to afford opportunity for its development. When the thought quivers in an almost inaudible murmur upon the lips of the timid, it is not to be suppressed in premature death by the rattling noise of practised confidence; not to be driven over, if we may so describe it, by each hackney cab that thunders up the street. It claims to be deferentially educed, not so much by a display of patronising encouragement, which is almost as fatal as harsh disregard, but by that respectful attention which creates no painful sense of inferiority. He cannot pretend to civilization, who, in his

wild dance of intellectual excitement, tramples under his massive foot all the little chickens of our imagination, and scares each half-fledged fancy back to its native shell. Be it rather your pleasure to chirp the tremblers forth to the corn of praise and the sunshine of approbation. Who has not found himself to be totally absorbed by the volubility of others; so that he could neither find subject nor words, even when an interval was left for their exercise? . . . 'Did it never occur to you, my game friend, as you strapped on your gaffe, and crowded defiance at a rooster of another feather, that the rest of the social circle do not derive your pleasure from the 'set-to,' and would gladly be excused from being annoyed by the argumentative combat? And, as for hobbies, they prance prettily enough on their proper ground; but do not let them caracole in the parlor. People would rather be kicked by any thing than by other people's hobbies; and, again, these hobbies, being merely composed of wood and leather, are never wearied, and cannot stop. They outstrip every body, and carry none with them. Hark, in your ear. Leave hobby at home; he will not be restive or break things, when you are not by. It is disagreeable to be ridden down by these unaccommodating quadrupeds. Folks do not like it.'

Speaking of the author of the above: we find the following in a late number of the 'New World' newspaper, under the head of '*Bad, both Ways.*' It confirms what we have heretofore suspected, as our readers will remember: Major NOAH's *Sunday Messenger* quotes a paragraph from the Philadelphia '*Saturday Museum*,' edited by JOSEPH C. NEAL, the accomplished author of the '*Charcoal Sketches*,' introducing it with '*JOHN NEAL*, has the following happy hit,' etc. We have seen this mistake made often; and it is one which, in justice to the editor of the '*Museum*,' ought to be corrected. Very likely many people think JOHN NEAL the author of the '*Charcoal Sketches*' themselves; while on the other hand—and that is the worst part of the matter—JOHN NEAL's wordy and unnatural trash may be attributed to the lively and piquant '*Sketcher*.' If you see a spirited, readable thing going the rounds of the press, with the name of '*Neal*' tacked to it, or quoted as *John NEAL's*, rely upon it, if you credit it, that you will be 'mistaken in the person.' . . . THE lines to the ancient and 'fish-like' town of Newport in our last '*Gossip*' have reminded a correspondent of an advertisement which he cut from a Newport journal some months since, offering for sale a dwelling-house 'opposite Trinity-church and its beautiful burying-ground.' The commendations of the *locale* are in rather an unusual vein: 'From the windows of the premises, the occupiers may gaze upon the grave-yard, and meditate upon the general resurrection of the human family, on that fearful day, when the trump will sound its last wild blast, and the mighty dead come forth to judgment. We are all naturally depraved, and from present appearances, some awful doom is awaiting us; in all human probability, the last knell will soon be sounded; and it becomes those who are wise, to prepare for the winding up of earth's drama, for we must finally go to that lone tomb, where there is neither counsel or *device*. This is a good opportunity for a family to locate themselves near the burying-ground, where the soul may be improved by melancholy reflections on its condition and final destiny.' Perhaps our advertiser's faith was that of '*MILLER*, and his men.' Apropos of Newport, fish, etc., our friend says: 'I remember an anecdote told me some years ago, which I do not recollect to have seen in print. My informant was himself a native of Newport, and not, I believe given to flights of fancy; and therefore I have not the least reason for suspecting he was making *game* of me. He told me, what every body knows, that Newport was once the richest and most flourishing town in New-England, but that within the last forty years it had sadly decayed, and was now but a mere shadow of its former self. In the days of its prosperity the inhabitants lived luxuriously, and the markets were consequently loaded with the richest viands; but with its fallen fortunes the rich food gradually disappeared, until finally nothing but fish was to be found in the stalls. Of piscatorials, however, there was an endless variety; and with bass on one day, halibut the next, tautog on the third, etc., varied now and then with clams, quahogs and other shell-fish, the inhabitants generally appeared contented with their fare. Some of the older natives, howbeit, did not like to be seen carrying home fish *every day*; and so, to keep up ancient appearances, they used sometimes to place their *scaly* dinners, carefully concealed, in the bottom of a covered basket, from the top of which protruded, at one time perhaps the stump-end of a leg of mutton, at another a brace of turkey-legs! My friend told me, he had known one pair of the latter to serve the above purpose for upward of five years.' . . . A LATE American traveller, writing of Miss JANE PORTER, says that

'she is now more than sixty years old, and is still in mourning for her first and only lover, who died when she was about twenty.' 'It is only in a strong imagination,' says SOUTHEY, that the deceased object of affection can retain so firm a hold, as never to be dispossessed from it by a living one; and when the imagination is thus possessed, unless the heart be strong, the heart itself, or the intellect, is likely to give way.' A most affecting instance of this kind is related by Dr. UWINS in his *Treatise on Disorders of the Brain*. A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage-coach to visit her, went one day to meet him, and found instead of him an old friend who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed, '*He is dead!*' But then all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. 'From that fatal moment,' says the author, 'has this unfortunate female daily for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach; and every day she utters in a plaintive tone, '*He is not come yet! I will return to-morrow!*' . . . We heard a voice at the Italian Opera the other evening, that in some of its tones was not unlike the tearing of a strong rag. It reminded a most fair lady of an anecdote derived from the lips of one of our prominent religious journalists, which we think is worth preserving and perpetuating. Being at a social party, when a young man, he was vehemently called upon by the members to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell them a story, and that then, if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy, well in his 'teens, he took lessons in singing; and one Sabbath morning he went up into his father's garret, as had been his custom, to practice all alone by himself. While 'in full cry' he was suddenly sent for by 'the old gentleman.' 'This is pretty conduct!' exclaimed his father; 'pretty employment, for the son of pious parents, to be *sawing boards in the garret on a Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors!*' Sit down, Sir, and take your book.' Our contemporary was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song. There was a species of strong 'presumptive evidence' against him. . . . HERE is one of your sort of men now (we have known him long and well) who knows 'how to observe' quite as well as Miss MARTINEAU; and who, as Sir WALTER SCOTT says of himself, never met the humblest individual in the corner of a stage-coach, from whom he did not gather something to assist him in the delineation of character, or that was otherwise worthy of remembrance: 'In the course of my travels, experience has taught me many things not to be found in the guide-books, and I doubt if the knowledge ever could have been acquired, but that I have made it a rule to hear all things, see all things, patiently talk with every body about every thing; mingle unreservedly with the masses, and melt into the common sympathies of the people; becoming one of them; participating in their hopes and fears; discoursing of crops, prices, floods, droughts, rail-roads, steam-engines, politics, religion — no, *not* religion; no good comes of talking to travellers on *that* theme. In short, I have discovered that your true philosophical traveller when he goes abroad unbuttons his pride, doffs his dignity, and quietly puts 'ego' to bed. In this spirit your true student studies character. Pride, arrogance, vanity, are uncomfortable '*compagnons du voyage*,' and should be left behind. Let your heart be 'filled wi' boundless love;' and let yourself down, or elevate yourself up, as the case may be, to the level of those whom you encounter. It was in this temper, and in this mood, that I stumbled on a character the other evening on board a steam-boat, which presented some traits that I thought rather original and unique. I daguerretyped him on the spot. I had just finished supper, and was quietly enjoying my cigar on the deck, when I heard an individual declaiming in a loud tone of voice to some two or three attentive listeners, (but evidently intended for the benefit of whomsoever it might concern,) on pathology. Being as it were thus invited, I also became a listener to something like the following: '*There it is now!* Well, some people talk about *seated* fevers. I do n't know any thing about *seated* fevers; there aint no such thing as *seated* fever. A musquitoe-bite is a fever; cure the bite, and the fever leaves you. So with a *bile* — just the same thing; their aint no *such thing*, I tell you, as *seated*

fever. The fact is, your regular doctor practizes according to books. I practice according to common sense. Now there was Dr. RUGG, of our village, the Sampson of the Materier-Medickier. Well, *he* treats fevers according to the books; consequence is I get all the patients: and he says to me one day, says he, 'why,' says he, 'how is it, you got all the fever-cases?' And I told him exactly how it was; and it is so.' 'Well, Doctor, interrupted one of the listeners, 'How do you treat fevers?' 'Well, *there it is*, you see; you ask me how I treat fevers! If you had asked me when I first commenced practicing I could ha' told you; cant tell you now. I treat cases just as I find 'em, according to common sense. And *there it is*: now there was Mrs. SCUTTLE; she was taken sick; all the folks said she had the consumption; had two doctors to her; did n't do her a single mossel o' good. They sent for me. Well, as I went into the house, I see a lot o' tanzy and a flock of chickens by the door: felt her pulse: says I, 'Mrs. SCUTTLE, you aint no more got the consumption than I've got it. Two weeks, an' I cured her!' 'Well, doctor, how did you cure her?' 'How did I cure her? *There it is*, ag'in! I told you I see a lot of tanzy and a flock of chickens growing at the door. I gi'n her some of the tanzy and a fresh-laid egg—brought her right up. It's *kill or cure* with me! In fact, I call myself an officer. My saddle-bags is my soldiers, and my disease my inimy. I rush at him; and 'ither he or me has got to conquer. I never give in!' My cigar was out; and while lighting another, the doctor vanished; possibly hastened by the influence of one of his own prescriptions.' . . . We don ot *quite* like the '*Reflections on the New-Year.*' The tone of monition, of warning, would have reached the heart with more effect, were it separated from a certain spirit of despondency, of foreboding, which would 'sadden but not soothe.' It is true, that various fortunes are the lot of men; true, that chance and change come to all; true, that our possessions may 'fleet like morning clouds away.' All earthly comforts, says the quaint and pensive GEORGE WITHER,

'ALL earthly comforts vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be:
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.'

THE annual festival of the patron-Saint of the KNICKERBOCKERS was held at the City-Hotel on the sixth ultimo. It was a glorious feast, and did honor to SAINT NICHOLAS and his noble devotees. We have looked, until a late hour, for the published proceedings, with the view of transferring to our pages some of the brief and felicitous speeches which we heard with so much delight. Of these hereafter. The dinner and all its accomories were such as reflected the highest credit upon the stewards and *their* stewards. . . . THE remarks which we have ventured on two or three occasions to make, touching *Law and Lawyers*, have brought us many pleasant communications, one of which will be found in preceding pages. We do not know that we have laughed more heartily, however, at any one of them, than at the one in which we find an anecdote to this effect: A young lawyer who had been making an elaborate plea in an important civil case, before a jury whom he had over and over again complimented for their excellent 'understanding' and remarkable 'intelligence,' was about leaving the case in their hands, when it occurred to him to ask whether there was any point of law, or any legal term, upon which they desired information. One of the jurors, who had apparently been the most attentive man of the entire twelve, replied, that 'he b'lieved he understood it all, except one thing: he'd like to know, since he'd been asked, what was the meanin' of them words, '*defendant*' and '*plaintiff*?' That was all that bothered him. Here was a hopeful chance for a verdict, was n't there? . . . SOME young person has sent us a long string of verses on an old cow, 'about to leave for the first time the paternal roof.' It strikes us that they may be intended as a burlesque upon the Hon. Mrs. NORFON's lines, 'The Arab's Adieu to his Horse:'

'My brindled one! my brindled one! thou standest silent by,
Looking intent upon the ground, while tears are in thine eye;

Look not so hard upon that hay, mind not the open door,
Nor seek to reach the Indian corn, that lies upon the floor;
Strike not the ground with unshod hoof, nor kick at vacancy;
Kick not so hard I pr'ithee now, perchance thou may'st hit me;
The stranger soon will hold the pail, to strip thee of thy milk!
Farewell! but oh! behave thyself, or thou may'st 'feel the silk.'

'Farewell! those free untired feet full many a mile may roam,
Before thou 'lt reach the stranger's barn, now destined for thy home;
Some other hand, less free than mine, will deal the hay to thee,
Thou 'lt be abused by many hands, by none caressed as me;
The morning sun will rise the same, and shed his light around,
But in thy old place at our barn no more wilt thou be found:
Night in her certain round will come, and darken all the earth,
But we is me! no more wilt thou be seen in thy old berth!'

We may not be considered as acting a kindly part by our young friend, in giving even this sample of his poetical genius; but we desired to record an instance of 'disinterested affection.' The young man *loves that cow*. . . . WHAT shall we say of the 'red thieves' who steal our thunder, and claim it as their own? Ned BUNTLINE's 'Running the Blockade' is still 'running,' to be glorified by the press, yet no mention is made of its paternity. From the distant west, we are informed by the journals, in *advance*, what a brilliant poem Mr. BIDDLE has written for the 'Mirror' weekly; the same 'brilliant poem' having been written by Mr. BIDDLE for the KNICKERBOCKER, years ago, and set up for its pages from his pen, now lying before us. The poem is also included in the 'Ollapodiana' Papers of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, recently published. The new 'Native American Magazine' makes up an entire article from certain ancient 'Gossip' of ours, but gives no intimation of its source. There are at least half a dozen other and kindred instances of 'modern conveyancing' which we might mention. 'Fair play!' fellow-laborers, monthly, weekly, and diurnal. . . . THERE can be little doubt, we think, that the following, although it appears under a new signature in the 'Sunday Mercury,' is from the pen of that edifying lay-preacher, Brother 'Dow, Jr.' We submit it: 'THANKSGIVING 'aint what it used to was,' when we were a little shaver, sprouting up out of our boots among the green hills of Vermont—not by a long chalk. Then we used to get up early, wash our face, eat our baked potatoes, mount a clean apron, bedeck our neck with a snow-white ruffle, cock the brim of our new felt hat up behind, encase our hands in a nice pair of speckled woollen mittens, take our skates and locomote away to a strong patch of smooth ice, and there amuse ourself till hunger drove us home; sure to do it always in time, and in first-rate condition; to partake largely of the old-fashioned dinner, that the very thought of *now* makes us wish that we could turn back and grow the other way; grow down, grow young, till we became a boy again in brown sattinets, with two rows of bright buttons over each shoulder and one down our back; seated, with our boots dangling round the chair-legs, at the same old table, stuffing our jacket with the good things that used to was; just what we can't now, and it is so long ago that we can hardly recollect what they were; but we *can* recollect that toward the last we used to let go the middle buttons on our jacket; delightful sensation to think of now, when we can't get a decent meal without forking over the equivalent in good hardware currency. Even after we had grown out of our boyish suits, and had shoved our spindle shanks into manly habiliments, far away from our 'boyhood's home,' we had kind friends that used to send us parcels of thanksgiving good things; but that has all passed. Well do we recollect the last present of holiday luxuries; a sugar-box packed full, by a fair hand too, and transmitted many scores of miles: the eatables were all spoiled, but we were not the less grateful: in the box, too, was a smooth sheet of foolscap covered with kind words and wishes; holiday greetings, such as we have not forgotten, and never can forget, so long as we have a thanksgiving dinner to eat, or a proclamation to read. How stands the account now? No dinner to eat at home—no home to eat a dinner at; no friends to send us a portion of their dinners; they've all stepped out, or forgotten us. Well, who cares? We get up a thanksgiving dinner on our own hook every year: if the governor fails to issue a proclamation, we do it ourself, and do it well; get an old copy, and putty it

up to suit the occasion, and then, true to the teachings of other days, we live up to it like old times.' There are numerous little touches of a true pencil in this rambling reminiscence. . . . 'THOMAS AQUINAS' should see the propriety, we think, of suppressing for the present his remarks upon '*Clerical Absolution*.' His allusions could not at this moment be mistaken, and he will himself admit that they would be far more applicable after a decision shall have been had upon important questions still pending. We cannot but agree with him, (assuming his grounds established,) that the specious exterior of such a prelate as he has either fancied or described, is 'a mockery on true virtue, an imposition on the good sense of the world, and an insult to the life of CHRIST and the morality of his gospel. No one will hesitate to admit that such a man may be aptly compared to a mountain remarkable for sterility and elevation, which encumbers the earth with its pressure, while it chills all around with its shade.' . . . Our contemporary of the Commercial Advertiser daily journal had some pertinent and pungent remarks the other day, touching the number and character of the pictures which are often exposed for sale to pseudo-amateurs in the metropolis—the *nouveau riche*, in most instances, who must affect a taste for *vertu*, though they have it not—as undoubted productions of the old masters. A writer in one of the English magazines lets us into the secret of old picture-making. It is called 'doctoring' by the renovators. To 'doctor' a picture is to 'do the ancient gaff'; to make the production of to-day wear the respectable and seductive garb of two centuries back. While the visitor is at the renovator's apartment, he transforms a picture of SAINT PETER into a 'Smuggler on the Lookout!' He paints out the halo of glory around the Saint's head and the wards of the key in his hand, then puts him on a red cap; 'and you have a bandit on the look-out, the key being converted by the alteration into a pistol; a decidedly more saleable article, and one upon which you may affix a more profitable name. It's a SALVATOR ROSA now!' Calling upon him on another occasion, he finds him engrossed in 'doing a CUYR.' An imitation or copy of that master was placed upon the easel, representing two or three cows in repose on the bank of a river; a distant village church on a low horizon; and a Dutch vessel nearing the foreground; with a due proportion of illumination from the glances of the departing sun. Having slightly oiled and wiped the young CUYR, the 'renovator' proceeds to rub the sky and distance over with a dingy mixture of myguelp, ivory-black and Naples yellow; avoiding the foreground, which he serves in the same way, save that his preparation is less muddy and opaque, for the transparency of near objects. 'Having done this he proceeded to rub the dirt into the interstices of the picture, producing a kind of granulated texture, the apparent effect of age.' The visitor is astounded at the sudden metamorphose, (in which by the way the old frame has been made to partake) which in ten minutes is apparent in a newly-painted work; a senile visage stamped as it were instantaneously upon an unfurrowed infant. 'I suppose you never once thought, says the renovator, of making a calculation as to how many accredited pictures by different masters there are in the various public and private collections? Now as to CUYR, for instance, he must have been harder worked than a West-India slave, to have produced one half that bear his name. And yet every purchaser bugs himself upon having one of the right sort. So soon as he gets it, it becomes his pet; he sees it all beautiful: peculiarities regarded by his neighbors as objectionable, his self-devotion glozes into symbols of excellence; and that's where it is; only half the cheat is perpetrated for him; the remainder he does for himself.' . . . Yez, friend 'C., the *fixed* objects in nature, once seen in fellowship with those who have gone before us to 'a better country,' are mementos which are 'pleasant though mournful to the soul.' But the *changeable* scenes of earth bring with them, we cannot tell how or why, more unmingled emotions:

* THE clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew:'

and equally fitting and evanescent are the memories which come up from the chambers of the past, of golden sunsets and the 'pomp of morning in the East.' . . . It is quite certain, we conceive, from whatever cause the fact may arise, that there is a better feeling springing up in Great-Britain toward the lower classes. The last London Quarterly, in a review of a book written by an imprisoned radical, speaking of the higher (we should rather say upper) ranks, observes: 'Let them see and consider in what aspects they are regarded by thousands upon thousands of their fellow-countrymen; and, granting that these aspects are distorted, ask deliberately whether there is no remedy within their own power for what they must feel to be about the worst mischief that could befall a nation; the habitual misunderstanding and misappreciation of certain comparatively fortunate orders of society by those less fortunate but infinitely more numerous, and including a great and rapidly increasing proportion of not merely vigorous natural talent, but talent cultivated and directed in a degree and a manner of which former generations could scarcely have anticipated the possibility.' This conviction will from time to time, and in a sort of geometrical progression, be forced upon the privileged classes in England; until at length it may come to pass (God speed the day!) when they will blush to

— 'link their pleasure or their pride
With suffering of the meanest thing that lives.'

'Modern Translations' is under advisement. Some of the errors exposed (the two especially from JEAN PAUL) do not strike us as so 'laughable' as they are *stupid*. In a late French translation of MILTON's 'Paradise Lost,' 'Hail! horrors, hail!' is rendered thus: '*Comment vous portez-vous, les horreurs? comment vous portez-vous?*' That is, 'How d'y'e do, horrors! how d'y'e do!' . . . HERE is a pleasant story from WALPOLE's correspondence. It seduced us into a hearty laugh when we were very dull and far from cheerful. Perhaps it may have a similar effect upon some temporarily lugubrious reader:

'I MUST add a curious story, which I believe will surprise your Italian surgeons as much as it has amazed the faculty here. A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how they should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense; but, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor. In a post-script to his last letter he added these words: 'I forgot to tell your honors that the leg was a wooden one.'

THE facts recorded in this passage from a notice of Judge HALIBURTON's last work, in a late English Review, are not less creditable to the several countries named, than to the distinguished functionaries who represent them: 'In Europe, even the talent evinced in able journalism is often the first step to the highest niche in the temple of power and fame. If we turn our eyes to France, we see GUIZOT, CHATEAUBRIAND, THIERS, ARAGO, BERANGER, ETIENNE, MAUGUIN, ODILLON BARROT, and many more; in Germany, HUMBOLDT, SCHLEGEL, GENTZ, SAVIGNY; in short, in every country the path to preferment opened by the cultivation of letters. Who is the ambassador from Russia? A man who has risen by his pen. Who from Sweden? The historian of British India. Who from Prussia? A professor. Who from Belgium? A man who has risen by literature. Who from France? An author and an historian. Who from America? An author and professor.' . . . WELL, reader, the first number of our *Twenty-fifth Volume* is before you. How does it strike you? Make your favorite contributors welcome; the admirable

'Grandfather,' the contemplative, thoughtful 'ST. LEGER,' 'and the lava.' We shall not promise too much for the future; but '*you shall see what you shall see.*'

'It is not the thing for us, we know it,
To crack our own trumpet up, and blow it,
But — *it's the best*, and time will show it.'

if it has n't already. . . . THE following, among other communications, are received. We regret that some of them arrived too late for insertion in the present number: 'Papers from the Russian of KARAMIN,' and from the German; 'The Stage, considered as a Moral Institution;' 'The Twinkle Papers;' 'Protection to American Authorship;' poetical articles by 'G. H. H.;' 'Necessity for a National Literature,' etc. . . . Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, to whose flourishing and enterprising establishment the public are indebted for numerous works, alike reasonable in price and valuable in kind, have commenced the publication of a fac-simile edition of the '*London Lancet*,' with all its engravings, wood-cuts, etc. This medical journal is known to be the very first of its class in England, and to contain a complete monthly compendium of the current medical experience and medical literature of the British metropolis, and indeed of Great-Britain at large. Its writers, in every department, are eminent practitioners in the particular branch to which each is devoted; and new departments are frequently made, and supplied, without regard to expense. The '*Lancet*' is deemed a '*Medical Vade Mecum*,' and its sale in this country will be enormous. The same publishers have expanded upon their ample counters all the English and American 'annuals,' 'keepsakes,' 'presents,' 'gift-books,' every thing 'presentable,' in short, for man, woman, or child, in this gay season. 'It is a sight to see!' . . . THE anecdote of JARVIS, the painter, recorded in our last number, has reminded a correspondent of another, which is equally felicitous, and somewhat kindred in character. He was one day engaged in painting the Bishop of Virginia; and during the progress of 'the sitting,' the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him upon the dissipated courses into which he had fallen. JARVIS made no reply; but dropping his pencil from the forehead of his portrait to the lower part of the face, he said, with a slight motion to his reverend sitter, '*Just shut your mouth, Bishop.*' By painting upon that feature, he averted the admonition of the divine, and presently 'changed the subject.' Apropos of JARVIS: is it generally known that he has a son in this city, an artist of great skill, a pupil of his pupil's, HENRY INMAN, who inherits his father's genius without its too common attendant? Mr. JARVIS, Jr. executes pictures of *children*, especially, that seem transferees of actual flesh and blood to the canvass. . . . '*Boyd's City Express*,' let us thankfully say, is one of the most complete accommodations of its class to be found in town. Its ramifications embrace the most distant parts of the metropolis, its deliveries are frequent and prompt, and every thing which enterprise and care can do to render the system perfect is cheerfully performed. Mr. BOYD deserves all the success which has attended his experiment. . . . Mr. S. N. DICKINSON, the eminent Boston printer, has issued the tenth volume of his '*Boston Almanac*' for the present year. It fully sustains the high reputation which it had previously acquired. The table of 'Local and General Events for the Year' is very full and well selected; there is a new and costly map of the city of Boston; a carefully-prepared Business Directory; and a complete list of the newspapers of New-England, of which, by the way, she may well be proud. The calendar is by Prof. PIERCE, of Cambridge, who supplies the same department in the well-known '*American Almanac*.' Altogether, the '*Boston Almanac*' leaves little to be desired, in a work of its kind. The two engraved business-cards of the worthy publisher, which line the insides of the cover, are beautifully designed and admirably executed. . . . NOTICES of Mr. LYMAN COBB's Reader, GREELEY's Address, DUNNIGAN's superb Douay Bible, SCHOOLCRAFT's '*Ontoto*,' American Works Abroad, Publications of Messrs. APPLETON, and of the Messrs. HARPERS, were in type for the present, and are in type for our next issue.

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CAMPBELL'S POEMS; NARRATIVE OF THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION; 'WILTON HAR-
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LEIBNITZ.



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A FEW CANDID OBSERVATIONS.

BY WILLIAM WHITE.

AN article from Blackwood, giving some statistics with regard to the increase of crime in different parts of the world, was lately republished in many of our papers. According to the views of the writer, there is much more crime in England than in France; there is more crime in Prussia, where there is 'education,' than in France; that in Hindostan, where there is a permanent armed force, there is a great diminution of crime; and the propositions laid down seem to be, that the want of proper police force is the leading cause of crime in England and America.

It is not the absence of force of any kind that causes crime. There is undoubtedly more crime in England than there is in France; and yet there is more police force to suppress what is termed crime in England than there is in France. There is in France great military power, under the immediate control of the government, which is used chiefly to awe those who are disposed to commit political offences; but what is termed the police system is more rigid in England than in France; and the punishments attendant upon conviction are much more severe in England than in France. In the former place it is a well-ascertained fact that there has been a great diminution of crime since the severity of the criminal code has been reduced, and capital punishments for lighter offences abolished.

With regard to Prussia it is no doubt true, that notwithstanding the extent to which education has been vouchsafed to the masses, there is more crime than there is in France. But why? Not because there is no force to prevent or to punish crime; for there is great military power at the command of the government, forming part of the police force, so called.

With regard to Hindostan, we do not know what is intended when it is said that there has been a great diminution of crime in consequence of the establishment of a permanent and armed force. What do you mean by crime? The people of Hindostan, in the proper acceptation

of the word, are all criminals, or nearly so. Under this armed force they are wretchedly degraded, without moral sense or uprightness of motive. A late writer speaks of an entire want of truth as the characteristic, and avers that perjury in Hindostan is scarcely considered a crime: the people are demoralized by force.

Then why is it that there is less crime in France, as is shown by accurate calculation, than in the other countries named? It is simply because the public mind and the public heart are properly cultivated; it is because those pharisaical influences, so deadly in their effect upon the tone of the people, are discarded: it is because public and innocent amusements are provided by the government, and sympathies are awakened which run through all classes of society, making France in all its component parts one body. Provide sound moral activity, and there is no need for trouble as to the extent of police force: begin by removing the causes for crime, and it will no longer be demanded that we should secure means for the punishment of offenders. Hold it to be true, for it is so, that where there is much crime, the nation, as a nation, must be *particeps criminis*; for crime is the consequence of an absence of adequate moral provision for the masses.

We would deprecate altogether the idea of force when any reformation is proposed; whether it is force of government, of law, of the bayonet, or of *diseased public opinion*. In this community, we suffer under the disastrous influences of diseased public opinion, and what may be properly called *Phariseeism*; counteract those influences, and there will be no more necessity for apprehension as to police organization. We pride ourselves upon our 'religion,' as they did of old whom our SAVIOUR came to rebuke; and at this moment there is more crime, public and private, and less *true* religion among us, than there is in *Paris*. We have certainly more of the *forms* of religion, as the Pharisees had, but less of the honest sentiment; we are especially distinguished for our Sunday manifestations, and for our long prayers in public places. Our religion is all term, form, definition. We have yet to learn that there is religion in joy and laughter; in the honest expression of a thousand sympathies and affections, vouchsafed to us by God, to make glad the heart of man. Our attention is not directed to the cultivation of a healthy public temperament; we are guided by dictionaries; this and that are defined as crimes; particular sects are the doors to salvation, others to damnation. A native American is shot, a Roman Catholic church is destroyed, and these are hailed as 'religious' triumphs by their respective partizans; and they are the inevitable consequences of the sad spirit of Phariseeism which pervades the community. Strangers have observed a peculiar tightness of expression and countenance in our community; and such is the case: there is a want of frankness and sincerity of manner—an appearance of constraint; all growing out of the causes before adverted to. We are a tight-laced people, with a great deal more arrogance and spiritual pride than religion; we have little or none of the beauty and loveliness of religion; in our observances there is an air of gloom and deformity.

It is a singular fact that our congregations when leaving their churches on Sunday, immediately after having been, in doctrine at least, in the

presence of God and in His house, wear the ugliest conceivable aspects; the countenances of the men, and especially perhaps those of the women, are wofully extended; indicating that something awful has been perpetrated. The sun, and every manifestation of God in His glorious works every where around them, may be laughing with joy, while those creatures who were made with souls to thrill harmoniously with heavenly inspirations, lock themselves up in a cold and gloomy Sunday encasement; much resembling, if such could be, tomb-stones walking out of grave-yards. The idea seems to be, that to twist the features into some sinfully ugly exhibition is to become solemn; and that to be religious or to appear religious, the image of God in man must be defaced, and something of the ape or asinine order must be substituted. We must look as if we thought: *'How wrong every thing is! What an ugly and wicked world!'* Hence Sunday wears a sad and sombre aspect; a funeral pall hangs over every thing; and even the laughter of childhood is checked; *'My child, 't is Sunday!'* The tradesman, the mechanic, the laboring man, all who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow during six days of the week, must not have on the seventh that *rest* of mind and heart which can only appertain to the indulgence of cheerful and social sympathies.

And are these the teachings of religion? Of that SAVIOUR, who for these things more than for any thing else, rebuked the Pharisees again and again?—of that religion which, born of love, sought to awaken the heart of man into communion with the beautiful ministries every where in his paths, and to lead his soul through gratitude and prayer into ecstatic sympathies with angels and their thoughts?—to open a spiritual vision which could look through the material boundary-line of earth and behold with rapture the glory and splendor of Heaven? What then should be done? We should direct our attention to the cultivation of a state of the public mind in which the true glory of man and the world can be appreciated: preach the doctrine that every day must not be a hard-working day, nor every amusement a sin: that there is gratitude to God in the gladness of a heart inspired by rational amusement; and that church is there, and prayer. Let us try to bring ourselves into harmony with the cheerful and beautiful creations around us, and help to reflect that love of God which smiles through all nature.

Let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that adequate moral provision is made for the people in what we term our various religious institutions; for the principles upon which these are conducted and their mode of advocacy are such as to preclude the accomplishment proposed. We have penalties, pains and terrors; appeals to the meaner part of our nature, to the neglect of the higher and holier tendencies implanted by God in the heart of man. Let the press disentangle itself from sectarian cobwebs, and address itself in truth to men as men; let it speak in the tone of the Sermon upon the Mount, and discard the lithe pliancy of language which debases it into a servitude to religious and political demagogues. Let us see in high places, and especially in the pulpit, the *naturalness* of man restored; and when he who speaks by authority addresses us, let us be able to feel that it is but one part of our nature, or of creation, addressing another, and kindling the feelings

which hold us in union ; another man uttering the sentiments as natural to our hearts as to his, however they may have been hitherto concealed by the overgrowth of the weeds of the world ; let us be brought into that happy companionship with our religious, moral, and political teachers, which will develop our common nature ; let us tear down the fences created between the teachers and the to-be-taught ; orthodoxy and heterodoxy, this sect and that sect ; let us see this glorious world by the light of Heaven, laugh and dance upon the green, each proclaiming his own joy as his own heart bids him. When we do so, the valleys and the hills and the stars will speak to us, and we shall answer them ; we shall become again as little children, and know in what consists the kingdom of Heaven.

What do we want exactly ? We want something which will break up our fixedness of mind, whether upon religion, business, or politics ; something which will teach us that all the world is not in that one idea which each of us possesses ; something which will teach us that there are fountains of happiness at which we may all drink together and be glad ; be glad ourselves, be glad because our neighbors are glad ; be glad altogether and always ; something, which for the dark and contracted brow may substitute the bright and open expression through which the heart can see the heart : we need something to change our character ; and as we have an almost superstitious reverence for those who proclaim themselves our religious teachers, we first need a change in them and in their character. It becomes especially necessary that they should divest themselves of this *oneness* of idea ; that they should be compelled to feel that rational beings will require to be preached the *rationality* of being ; the acknowledgment of existence as it is, and as a natural consequence from God : that they should no longer preach systems which propose that man shall separate himself from the general organization and become the mere professor of something instead of the man, with all the relations, physical, social and moral, of the man.

It is not to be doubted, that no matter how demure and solemn the acquiescence with which the masses of our church congregations appear to listen to the sermons of their pastors, their faith is unreal ; the taking for granted that it is all right and true, without any distinct conception of what it is that is supposed to be right and true ; and as long as this is the case, it cannot be expected that any sound and distinct tone of mind can be imparted. Some protestants complain that the service of the Roman Catholic church should be in Latin, while many of their own sermons verily are in Hebrew, or in something else even less understood ; and for the proof of this, we would remind our readers of some of the able and interesting discourses they may have heard upon the subject of the wrath of God, as viewed through the telescope of Calvinism. Take this last expression, so common in the pulpit, the *wrath of God* ! — add to it that other expression, just as common, the *vengeance of God* ! — and see farther how these words are written upon the tone and tendencies of our institutions in characters legible at least to the mind's eye. We once heard a 'religious' person remark, in speaking of the conduct of a neighbor, 'Never mind ; thank Heaven, he will catch it in the next world ;' and this seems to be the very poetry of much of the

'religious' thought of the day. Many seem to take delight in the idea that sin is universal; they seem to be happy in contemplating the supposed immense amount of wickedness upon which the Devil can exercise his amiable functions in the next world; they seem to be in such a state of mind that they would become miserable if they should be convinced that there was no sin; they make sin virtue. We once heard a violent 'religionist' say that a father could look down from Heaven upon his son in hell without pain; and though this is the purest decoction of brimstone we have heard, excepting only the case of a certain doctor of divinity, who is charged with having said that the way to hell is paved with the skulls of newly-born infants, still it is the spirit of the day; and it is a singular fact that those pastors who leave their people the least hope, and pour in the hottest fire, become decidedly the most popular. The hope for salvation seems to increase with the certainty of damnation.

We have suffered much lately by the melancholy delusion of Millerism; and orthodox gentlemen have mourned over it, and either censured or laughed at the author whose name it bears, without reflecting whether or not it might be one of the deformed bantlings of their own conduct. It was the creature of a diseased public mind, born of those ill-defined doctrines, fancies and glooms with which the moral atmosphere has been impregnated by our false prophets of every sect. The votaries of Millerism came from every denomination; they were men whose minds had been prepared for receiving panic; all calmness and serenity of thought had been swept away by repeated storms of fanaticism; and becoming too familiar with their ordinary thunder, they needed something yet beyond; even the loud roar of 'the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.' All society is more or less affected by this melancholy state of things; and men, women and children are obliged, in all that they say and do or *seem*, to recognize directly or collaterally this power of Phariseeism; when we meet, we do not speak to each other; that is to say, there is no honest communication; the great soul is not present; we meet as appurtenances, contingencies, accidents to something which we know not of, but vaguely dread. We stoop, squint, limp, dodge and duck; and if perchance a man, erect in the integrity of his likeness to God, treading firmly upon earth, yet beholding Heaven, moves through the crowd with a needle-like directness toward the objects which are legitimate to him, a man, there is quite a — a squeal; a squeal, just that! How much writing is done now! All write; men, women and children; yet how little thought is evolved! That which is thought is rarely said; and a truly great man has remarked that it is genius to recognize the truth of our own thought. In the present state of things, if we do take the liberty of thinking we must have our neighbor's opinion as to the accordance of our thought with orthodoxy. Thus, under the deadly influences to which we have adverted, the love of truth is extinguished in the public mind and heart, and a system of adaptation to circumstances and creeds is cultivated, which entirely destroys man's individuality: he can no longer dwell under his own vine and fig-tree. Now, when we should have all the freshness of youth, we have all the decrepitude of age; we are tottering upon crutches when we should be as a giant rejoicing in his strength. We

are rapidly losing our tone and dignity of character: *the heroes of the revolution are no more*; and where now is that sylvan strength which they and the men of their day every where put forth, as if in the consciousness of divine right? This must not be so — *must not*. We were born but yesterday: the foot-prints of the deer, the paths of the Indian, were here, there, every where, but yesterday! And shall our sturdiness and ruggedness of character so soon pass away? Let us think of that first tap of a rebel drum that was heard to break the death-like stillness which preceded the revolution; it was as the echo of the infant cry of liberty; the first loud thought of man's heart in its mightiest moment. It was not WASHINGTON, nor Hancock, nor Adams; it was the cry of the soul for the air of Heaven. The revolution as a fact is nothing; it is something only as a land-mark amid the ebbing and flowing of the mind and heart of the world. And shall all the grandeur and sublimity of thought born of that great crisis be swept away by the dark conjuring of fanatics and false prophets? This must not be. Let us stand, individually and privately, as well as politically, where our memorable declaration of independence placed us; as men, all in all as men, in the hands of the GREAT DISPOSER of all events.

All reflecting men have observed the disposition of the public mind to receive the marvellous; the great credulity which characterizes the American people. Many writers address them directly upon the presumption that any exaggeration or fiction will be believed. As illustrative of this, we will give a statement made seriously and solemnly by a Presbyterian clergyman in a controversy with a Roman Catholic Priest; and this statement formed part of the published argument. It seems, so says the story, that a priest announced to a few of the faithful that upon a certain day they should see the souls of some of the dead that were in purgatory. At the time appointed, and at the place, which was a church, they who had been permitted to hear of the solemn occasion assembled; the church was gently darkened; suddenly the souls of those who were in purgatory emerged from various openings in the floor! They were seen distinctly creeping through the aisles; they had not yet the wings of angels nor the character of spiritual existence; they resembled something round flat and dark coloured; nearly black, and about six inches in diameter. As they moved through the church, of course there was awe in the presence of these souls; but *a lady had the curiosity* to inquire more closely into the nature of these little specimens of immortality, and quietly secreted one of them under her garments: she discovered it to be a terrapin in an envelope of black crape!

This story has upon its face something of the absurd — more than something; yet we have no doubt that if not this very story, others of the same tenor, influenced the people of New-Hampshire when a few days since they declared by a majority of more than nine thousand votes, that no Roman Catholic should hold office in that State. Now we would ask whence come all these distorted views of religion, duty, and morality; these strifes and contentions in the shapes of anti-Catholicism, Mormonism, Millerism, if not from the abuse of that great power held by those who are received as our religious teachers?

We must make some great effort at redemption ; and how is that effort to be made ? Let us cultivate a system which will recognize all rational cheerfulness and amusement as part of the teaching of religion ; let us learn to hear psalms and hymns in laughter ; let us bless God, rejoice in His love, and let the Devil alone. We wish that the condition of our country would admit of a provision for public amusement by authority, and at the expense of the government ; making the government less a mere machine for the collection of revenue for officers and for the punishment of offenders. We still are of the opinion that our large cities and principal towns might do much in this matter. We propose no particular plan ; we are simply enforcing the idea that amusement ought to be provided ; that more is to be done by preserving a healthy and lively tone in the public mind than by police enactments ; and if we will all admit that, something is accomplished to begin with ; plans may be developed hereafter, for where there is a will there is a way. The aim of this article is chiefly to point out the cause of the diseased state of the public mind.

We feel all reverence for Sunday, and for proper religious observances ; but we do aver that extremes in these as in all other matters are productive of false sentiment, false fancies, false feelings. Sunday is the glory of America ; our fear is that the public mind may be badly affected by the erroneous views propagated with regard to it, and that the *too* rigid observance may ultimately lead to the opposite extreme. Our SAVIOUR left room for liberty of thought with regard to it, when he said that it was made for man and not man for it ; this must have been the view intended, as the remark was made in defence of himself against a charge of neglecting its observance. Still in the remark itself He recognized the day, as we all must, each according to his own conscience. Now, there is too much force of fanaticism and bigotry exercised in insisting upon particular modes of observance ; there is too much attendance at church by compulsion as the peculiar only and exclusive mode of reverencing the day. We think that the wants of man's nature are not properly consulted in the modes of Sunday worship, and that this is proved by the fact that the day is not and does not appear as a day of happiness and joy ; that in the way of going to church, of remaining there, of leaving there, there is evidence of a sense of some rather irksome necessity : that church is not made attractive — the masses do not go there. We know that all these are not the natural consequences of Sunday and religion, but directly the reverse ; to wit, of the canting pharisaical character with which all matters relating to religion are invested : hence the disastrous effects apparent in all the pursuits of life ; hence the formation of ' Protestant Associations ' to suppress such denominations as may not be approved by the especial saints ; hence the cry for police force and for penitentiaries. There is a disposition to substitute certain forms of what is termed ' religion ' for every thing else and for religion itself ; there is a requirement by our church authorities, that we should go out of our way to do something peculiar and which is entirely apart from ourselves, from our thoughts and ordinary relations in life ; and that this peculiar something, standing by itself, is to be recognized as true ' reli-

gion,' more or less as it may accord with the standards of particular sects ; that the consequence of this is a forfeiture of man's true dignity of character, elevation of sentiment and soul ; hence crime. We say that the 'religious' views of the day are dark, gloomy, and metaphysical ; that they cannot be incorporated with the familiar and household sentiments of the man in his relations with his fellow men ; that there is a tendency to the substitution of Phariseeism for the Christian Religion ; that the questions, 'Why do you do this?' 'why do you do that?' 'why do 'nt you do this?' 'and why do 'nt you do that?' so often rebuked by our SAVIOUR, constitute a great part of the 'religious' development of the day. We contend that the power of love is supreme over the hearts of men ; that the proper manifestation of that Divine Love which flowed into the world through our SAVIOUR, is all-sufficient to hold men to their legitimate functions ; that such was the great thought of God when HE appeared upon earth in HIS SON ; that Christianity is based upon love, and is all beauty — *that it is not so preached*. Hence the present acceptation of that word '*piety*;' now he is a 'pious' person who is especially distinguished for a certain exclusiveness of character ; who has made himself a mere part of some religious machinery, a kind of pivot, screw, or fly-wheel : one whose adaptation to the ordinary relations of life ceases because his 'religion' is not his life, but something apart from it. The 'pious' person is apt to be a very inconvenient intruder among cheerful people ; they must not dance in his presence ; that would be very wicked ; and to please him, they must be demure. The 'pious' man in fact considers himself something apart from *life* — so he is ; an incomprehensible definition — a unit. A man may be all goodness, but still not 'pious ;' may comply in all truth with the ordinations of the Christian religion ; wife, child, father, mother, brother, sister, fellow citizen, country, cat and dog, may all testify to the unimpeachableness of his fidelity ; still he is not the distinct definition. A lady somewhere in this country, no matter where, said to a labouring man, 'Now, John, I wish you to think seriously of giving up this world and looking to the next ; to think of the importance of setting an example to your neighbours.' John replied : 'Madam, I have to think only of trying to do right all the day long, myself, and have no time to be setting example for others.' This would not be considered '*piety*,' though the humble reply of John certainly indicated the spirit of the Christian religion : and yet clouded as his mind was by the mysterious dialect of 'religious' teachers, he was unable to recognize the truth which he professed.

HEAVEN.

OFTEN as I strive to wean
 From this earth my heart away,
 Soft as zephyr's breath between
 Leaves of flowers at close of day,
 Something murmurs in mine ear :
 Dost thou seek where heaven may lie ?
 Though thou deem not, it is here,
 In the blue of MARY's eye.'

THE DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE.

A burst of haughty triumph shook the vanquished city's wall,
And shouts of victory echoed far from hut to palace hall;
The rolling of the chariot-wheels as passed the conqueror by,
Was like the deep and distant peal of thunder in the sky.

Where hurrying feet were wont to tread a boding stillness reigned,
The fires were quenched on many a shrine by careless hand profaned;
And childhood's shriek and woman's wail rose on the troubled air,
In tones of frantic agony, or voice of fervent prayer.

Within a gloomy fortress' gates, oppressed by famine's wo,
A few brave spirits yet defied the fierce exultant foe;
There was no shrinking in their hearts, but purpose strong and high
Was marked upon the lip compressed and in the tearless eye.

There woman paled not in the dark and fiery tide of strife,
But nerved with energy sublime, by love more strong than life,
She stood where crimson'd spears were set and bright swords flashing by,
And taught her proud and wondering boy how valiant men should die.

In suppliance low each knee had bent without that castle's dome,
And those within had vowed to die for country and for home,
When far and wide a clarion peal of victory rent the sky;
What fearful sight without the wall dimmed each stern warrior's eye?

It was not Death; his form had grown familiar to their sight,
As a loved mother's gentle smile, or hues of morning light;
Before the conqueror's pageant throne their leader knelt a slave;
It was the loss of honesty — the birth-right of the brave.

They thronged the heights, and one was there with queenly step and form,
A soul that bowed not easily before the breaking storm;
Her full, rich lips and rounded cheek were beautiful though pale,
And a spirit flashed from her dark eye, that made each gazer quail.

Hence! craven! hence! nor dare to look where love is changed to ire,
Dost think our proud and gallant boy would own thee for a sire?
Thou hast but saved a worthless life, and scorned and spurned shalt die;
Ten thousand deaths in every hour that floats unheeded by.

For many a dark and bitter curse shall, traitor! cling to thee;
The curse of all the great and good, the curse of chained and free,
The curse of thine own native land, of her thou'st vowed to love,
The curse of this, thine infant boy — the curse of God above!

And thou, stern Roman! though thy heart with pride is beating warm,
Shalt learn how powerless is thy might, to woman's feeble arm;
And tell it not to future years that Carthage warred in vain,
Keep for thy bonds her traitor hearts — brave spirits know no chain.

She spoke, and swift the bright steel flashed, and from the height they sprang,
Mother and child, nor cry nor shriek upon the still air rung;
And when the trumpet's stirring blast went up with lordly peal,
Cold death upon their souls had set eternal Freedom's seal.

S O M E T H I N G T O D I E F O R .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

PRENT was sick, single, and singular.

It was of no use to do any thing for him ; he was going to die ; that is, he was coming to his end. Of what ? Will you have the answer of last month, or last year ? It's quite important to me which. Last week he was dying of consumption ; last month of apoplexy ; last year of cancer ; and it was as likely the year before to have been an aneurism as a palsy. But he thought of dying, and had thought of it off and on (generally on) for three years. Three years — till finally he reduced it to a certainty (he feared) and himself to a shadow ; a pretty distinct shadow, it's true.

He looked at his hand one day ; there was a little blue spot on it. Mortifying, no doubt — very. What would become of his penmanship ? Off-hand, at least. Four-and-twenty hours relieved him : all right ; only a stain. He walked in a perspiration of delight to the open window ; but where was his happiness, when two minutes after he put his hand upon his brow and felt cold drops standing there ! Oh ! where was it ? Going in a consumption ; last stage — hasty at that ; named in two words, cough and coffin.

Bed, blood-root and a blister.

Prent was a whig and a wag, and both together sometimes — unsteady.

'Not so much my feelings as my friends,' said Prent, feebly ; 'nor my pain as my principles, I grieve for. What'll become of the party ? not that which comes to t —' (tea he was about to say, but growing short of breath got out 'tut' instead, which was just as well,) but that which goes to the polls.' I'm going, and my friends know it : it's *expectoration* with me, but not with them.

'No, no,' said his friend Prattle, the lawyer ; 'do n't give way to such feelings. Cheer up.'

'Cheer up !' said Prent ; 'on what ? Spirits of nitre ? — poor cheer, I take it.' He did ; 'and as for giving way, there's no help for it nor from it. I tell you, my friend, I'm a gone coon !' He smiled feebly. 'I've felt like it ever since the last election.'

'Stuff !' said Prattle, 'stuff !'

'Which ?' asked Prent ; 'my medicine or my meals ? I have n't eaten any thing so large as a cracker since yesterday. I'm an unsound liver, though not bilious.'

'Well,' said Prattle, 'if you really think so, I'll send for the doctor ; and,' suggested he, 'perhaps I'd better make out your will.'

'The best thing you can do ; and give me my testament,' said Prent.

'Wo'n't you just sign this petition?' said Prattle; 'it dates a week back, and you can sign it at the head.'

'A weak back,' said Prent; 'contains a complaint does it? Well, yes; I'll sign the petition and say my prayers. But, look here; do n't send for the doctor; it's no use.'

'Yes,' said Prattle, imploringly.

'No,' said Prent, decidedly, and coughed. Coughing loudly, for a sick man, he frightened Prattle into making out his will immediately, for there was some danger of its shaking his intention.

The will was drawn up in due form, and without ceremony.

As Prattle sat by the bed, he thought during the intervals between Prent's remarks; and when Prent said, 'I feel easier now,' he thought 'so do I.' 'In my mind,' said Prent.

'In my pocket,' thought Prattle.

'It'll lengthen my life full twelve hours,' said Prent.

'And my purse full twelve shillings,' thought Prattle.

After half an hour Mr. Prattle went away, and after him went a week from that date.

Not so Prent; he got better. He got so he could 'sit up and take things'—so that he could stand. 'It leaves me with a rheumatism,' said Prent; 'I wish it had left me alone.' 'Ah!' continued he, 'I'm only twenty-five, but I've a presentiment that I shan't live long. I'm a single man, too; nothing to mar my happiness. Why should I die? I have n't done any thing very bad, save that last painting. 'Well,' thought Prent, 'if I've got to die, I'll get married and have something to die for; I will.'

And he would have done it directly, only that the rheumatism attacked him just then; but at the first opportunity, that is, as soon as he could, he took the preliminary steps. He took the steps to a three-story house.

'Mr. Prent?' said the waiter.

'That's me,' said Prent, walking into the parlor.

'How is Miss Bachelor?'

Miss Bachelor was a young lady of about thirty, with a very fresh countenance and a very red nose—exceedingly red; she bore the appearance of one having the influenza all her life, and never using any thing for it but her pocket-handkerchief.

Miss Bachelor was 'Pretty well as common, thankee,' and 'Miss Latelle,' said Prent to a very pretty niece of Miss Bachelor's, 'How are you?'

'Very well,' she warbled.

Prent was the only gentleman present. He sat himself down, and in five minutes thereafter was 'in town,' as the saying goes.

He felt happy and he looked happy. He thought perhaps he would have some difficulty in getting Miss Latelle, but even that produced a pleasurable excitement. The reasons for his belief were good, too. He was not handsome, and Miss Latelle had refused three already. But she was the first girl of his acquaintance, and he determined to commence at 'A No. 1,' and try down to 'etc.,' with no number.

To his surprise he advanced rapidly; from the weather to love in a

single leap; to matrimony in one more. 'How well I feel!' thought Prent.

He was about proposing, when Miss Bachelor said, in a voice to which a coffee-mill would have been music: 'I declare, I feel quite chilly!' There was no doubting her veracity, but it was, Prent thought, awkward to say so at that moment. Supposing she was? — it was n't his fault. He wished her in the south of France, or the kitchen-stove, rather than there.

'It *is* rather chilly,' said Prent.

Miss Bachelor was troubled with teeth. Prent knew it. 'I'm told,' said he, 'that a slight chill in the air is worse than really cold weather, for the teeth. Have you heard it?'

'Dear me! No,' said Miss B ——. 'I must n't stay here, then.'

She ascended the stairs with rapidity, and they heard no more of her for the evening.

Mr. Prent wasted no time, but proposed without delay. Miss Latelle accepted — all comfortably. Now it puzzled Prent to know how to act. It struck him rather forcibly that he ought to say something sentimental. But what? He was new to the business and felt awkwardly. He had heard that 'actions speak louder than words,' and he acted. Acted admirably: on the supposition that she must be love-sick, he kissed her, and repeated the dose at intervals; but it had no visible effect; and after the very last, she said: 'Oh!'

Ten o'clock Prent was almost ready to leave. Half-past — the same. Eleven, ditto; half-past — one more kiss. Well then — 'Oh! oh!' Twelve. A desperate effort, and two kisses. 'Oh! oh!' gone.

'My dear fellow,' said Prattle, 'You do n't mean to say you are to be married?'

'Of course I do,' said Prent.

'Married, eh?' Had n't Prattle eaten suppers with him, all for his pleasure, regularly, and as regularly told him, the next day, it was unhealthy, but humored him by helping him to eat another every evening; drank with him, smoked with him, and performed various like disinterested services? He had. Well then, there could be no doubt of his friendship, and he told Mr. Prent it was a foolish idea.

'And your object is to have some one to bother you while you live?' said Prattle, 'or grieve when you're dead?' Something to die for?'

'It is,' said Prent.

'If you believed you were destined to live twenty years, do n't you think you would be better off single?'

'I think I should,' said Prent. He answered this, as Prattle asked it, in view of late hours and champagne suppers.

'Hum!' said Prattle, and straightway went to a doctor friend of his. 'It lies in the stomach; it's disordered,' said Prattle: 'take this note and say I sent you. He's rich and his name's Bill; foot it.'

'It's of no use, doctor,' said Prent; 'it's destined.'

'What are the symptoms?' asked Physic.

'Various,' answered Prent.

'Instance,' said Physic.

'Rheumatism; palpitation; cold sweat; pain in the chest,' etc., etc., said Prent.

'Let me try to remove them,' said Physic; 'its's eating that does it.'

'No,' said Prent; 'I've experimented on that.'

'Drinking, perhaps?' suggested Physic.

'I thought it might be,' said Prent, 'and left off beer and drank nothing but brandy-and-water. No use; tried it for a week. Took to beer again, and dropped alcoholics. It would n't do. No, no; the fact is, it's constitutional. I wish it was n't. I'd have it before the judge in less than a week.'

'Do you think you have a standing complaint?' asked Physic.

'No; I rather think it's *seated*,' said Prent.

'Try me one month,' said Physic, 'and I'll cure you.'

'I've no objection to trying any thing,' said Prent.

'Well, one blue pill every night for a week; seidlitz-powder in the morning; diet, crackers and cold water.'

'Stop! stop! doctor; I could n't live so.'

'Only for a month,' said Physic.'

'Say one potatoe and half a glass of wine at dinner.'

'You'd better not,' said Physic; 'but you may alternate days, commencing to-morrow.'

'I'd rather commence every day,' said Prent.

'Wo' n't do!' said Physic.

It is strange, but Prent stood it 'like a man' for a month. It was much stranger, to him, that at the end of that time his arms, hands, legs, feet, all seemed to be sound. He breathed more freely, and did n't wake up o' nights and hear strange sounds, and his fingers were less inclined to travel 'round every article he endeavored to handle.

'What was the matter with me?' asked Prent of the doctor.

'You injured the coat of your stomach,' said Physic;

'And it could n't make a shift to use it's shirt-sleeves?' muttered Prent.

'You're not well yet,' said Physic.

'But the month's up,' said Prent.

'So it is,' said Physic; 'but live moderately, or you'll bring it on again; and by-and-by there will be no curing you. Air, exercise, and temperance, or hypochondria; those are the tickets.'

'And the last shan't receive my *suffrage*,' said Prent.

That night he drank a glass or two on the strength of it; then one or two more, temperately.

'I'm sorry,' said Prent, 'that I'll have to marry' — hiccup.

'You can break it,' said Prattle.

'Supposing she sues for breach,' said Prent.

'Supposing she does?' said Prattle; 'better try the *breeches* before marriage than after. She can't prove it.'

'Well, I'll —'

'Yes —'

'I'll see you (hiccup) to-morrow.'

To-morrow Mr. Prent felt the symptoms again.

'I guess I'll take a wife,' said Prent.

'Better take a blue pill,' said Prattle.

But this, and all he could say, did not turn Prent one hair's-breadth. He married. What was better, he got well: sacrificed his suppers, and was n't at all sorry. Instead of dying, he lived. Lived as a man, having *something to live for* — a *fire-side and a home*. D.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY JOHN KEETH.

I.

My life is like a freighted bark
Within a sluggish bay,
Over the smooth inviting main
Ready to launch away.

II.

But yet in vain, to fill my sails,
The favoring breezes blow;
In vain to the port of my earthly rest
I turn my sea-ward prow.

III.

In vain along the other shore
I see the loved ones stand,
And beckon me over the briny flood,
Home to my Fatherland:

IV.

For bedded deep in solid ground,
At the bottom of ocean hoar,
An anchor cast, still hugs me fast
To a flat and dreary shore.

V.

But my CAPTAIN* is on board with me,
He sees my longing state:
Patience, my soul! He knoweth best;
It is for thee to wait.

VI.

When at His command the anchor shall rise,
And I ride the boundless sea,
May His hand guide my little bark
To the haven where I would be.

VII.

And when, long tossed on the stormy waves,
My wanderings all are o'er,
Let me anchor at last in the River of Life,
For ever and ever more!

Savannah, Oct. 28, 1843.

* CAPTAIN of our Salvation.*

PASSAGES FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KARAMSHIN.

TRANSLATED BY A. C. BRIDGES.

M Y D A Y.

THOUGHTLESS man wastes in oblivion those glorious morning hours, when fleecy and gorgeous clouds bear forth in their midst the radiant bridegroom of nature, to be received with a chorus of welcome from a grateful earth and its rejoicing inhabitants! I prostrate myself in mute reverence!

Is it wonderful, that the untutored children of nature, the simple-minded nations of antiquity, paid adoration to this magnificent luminary as it poured forth its light and life on all things, itself the mantle and veil of the invisible godhead?

What freshness in the air! the fragrance from the dewy earth rising in grateful incense toward Heaven.

The flocks scatter themselves abroad upon the hills, the whetted scythes glisten on the green fields, the singing lark soars above the laboring peasant, and the gentle Lavinia prepares the morning repast for her Palemon.

I wander among the variegated meadows. Here glows the plant of Asia, there ripens the rich harvest of rye, and beyond waves the barley.

Painter! thy pencil can never portray the shades of this beautiful picture!

I return to my quiet dwelling. A glass of rich yellow cream awaits me; how delicious its flavor after a morning ramble! I search among my books; find *'Thomson's Seasons.'* I take them with me to the silent grove. I place the book by the side of a raspberry tree and read. I gaze upon the lofty trees, on the thick foliage of the branches, which in the brilliant sunlight is thrown into so fine relief. I listen to the rustling of the wind among the leaves so different from that in towns, and bury myself in thought; and then again resume my book.

Time flies unperceived, but my watch shows me that it is mid-day. I leave the grove, the sun pours down its rays upon me, the wind breathes not, the silvery leaves of the aspen grove are motionless, the light feather rests unstirred upon the young grass, the corn-flowers droop their heads, and the many-colored butterfly reposes on them.

All is silent save the water-nymph, who murmurs amid the long reeds; the bee even has retired with her sweet burthen to the hive; the peasant reposes upon the fragrant grass, which he has mown; the bubbling brook entices me to its side. I approach; its clear waters attract me, and yielding to the temptation, I plunge into the flowing crystal. Drooping willows interlace themselves above me, forming a verdant bower. Even the rays of the mid-day sun hardly penetrate it, to sparkle upon the shaded water. I am refreshed in body and mind. Ah! he

knows nothing of luxury, who never on such a day bathed in the living waters !

My mid-day meal awaits me : two simple dishes compose it. I sit in the shade of an elm, which grows before my window ; I read Lafontaine ; the book drops from my hand, and a slight slumber for a moment overshadows my eyes as with a veil ; a zephyr disperses it. I awaken, and the attentive gardener places before me a basket of fragrant raspberries. . . . How delicious and refreshing this juicy fruit, this gift of bountiful Nature ! O ! is it possible not to love her for all that she does for the delight and indulgence of man !

The heat vanishes : I go forth into the fields to botanize, to take delight in grapes and flowers. I examine their delicate construction and exquisite fibres, sometimes smooth as the finest silk and sometimes feathered and carefully protected, and wonder at their various perfumes and all the marvellously ingenious contrivances of nature, yet most of all at the principle of growth within them, and the beautiful mystery of vegetable life. I gather and carefully preserve them. Returning to my room, I unfold them, lay them in the sun, and not being a learned botanist, I write on an envelope for each their peculiar characteristics. For instance : ' These white flowers with a yellow shade on a smooth, dark-green, juicy stem, are pleasing to the eye, but still more so to the smell. At the close of day, at the sweet twilight hour, go to the grove ; there thy nerves will tremble with ecstasy at the fragrance, and in delicious satiety of feeling thou wilt exclaim : ' An angel has surely descended on the wings of night and dwells within these verdant bowers.' But no ; this fragrance proceeds from the slender bell-flowers, which glisten among the thick grass, and which are justly called the beauties of night.

I hear the shepherd's flute. The flocks are returning to the village ; and each one finds for itself its home, for the peasant has not yet returned from the field. How delightful the repast in the fresh air ! The evening aromas mingle with my cup. But I approach the end of this bright day ; I hasten to the high sandy shore of the winding river. There the wide smooth meadow spreads before me, while in the clear sky the evening sun rolls in silent magnificence, and in transient majesty. He already approaches the western horizon ; he is overshadowed for a moment behind the thin, golden, sparkling clouds ; they vanish before his rays ; he appears again in his full glory ; he showers upon the earth glory and radiance, and then disappears from our sight. The glow of evening tints the western sky.

Thus the wise and virtuous man, whose life has been a beneficent star to the moral life of his fellow-creatures, gently and gloriously takes his departure. Ardent imagination vanishes with youth, but reason departs not even with the evening of life : a quiet majesty rests upon the brow of the wise, even at the very time when the gloomy grave opens before him ; his last bright look is a last blessing for mankind. He disappears, but his memory shines in the world like the glow of evening. I bend my knees. Almighty ! my heart is open to Thee : fulfil those of its hopes which are worthy of mortal man ! The majesty of night is borne

forth on black eagle's wings ; its dark mantle droops over the Earth, and all nature sinks to rest.

I alone wander on the quiet plain, silent and in deep meditation. But suddenly my soul trembles at the unexpected splendor of fiery rays. I gaze upon the eastern sky. There, amidst dark and threatening clouds, the lightning flashes, and illuminates before me the ruins of an old church, with its thickly over-grown graves. From the other side the bright moon rises amidst a clear sky. Thus are darkness and light, vice and virtue, storm and calm, sorrow and joy, reigning together in our world !

T H E G R A V E .

FROM THE RUSSIAN: TRANSLATED BY S. B.

FIRST VOICE.

Cold, cold and dark is the dismal grave,
Where bleak winds howl and the cypress wave,
And bleached bones rattle a fearful stave.

SECOND VOICE.

There is peace in the grave, and gentle rest,
Fanned by soft winds from the balmy west,
The wild rose of summer its fragrant guest.

FIRST VOICE.

Hideous worms here their banquet find,
Toads nestle the yellow skulls behind,
And poisonous snakes through the nettles wind.

SECOND VOICE.

Sleep rests on the dead with its downy wing,
Life's storms on the grave no shadow fling,
But the nightingale here its song doth sing.

FIRST VOICE.

Black ravens scream with a dismal sound,
Carrion birds and wild wolves are found
Digging the newly-made grave around.

SECOND VOICE.

The playful squirrel his verdant home
Finds here with his loved companion :
The turtle-dove hither to rest hath flown.

FIRST VOICE.

Cold and damp gather darkly there,
And poisonous gases surcharge the air,
The trees above are withered and bare.

SECOND VOICE.

Violets blue and jessamines fair
Mingle with pure white lilies there,
And fragrance rests on the dewy air.

FIRST VOICE.

The pilgrim hurries the church-yard by,
And quickly far from its bound would fly,
His stout heart beating tremblingly.

SECOND VOICE.

With joy the weary pilgrim sees
This bourne of everlasting peace;
He drops his staff, and rest is his.

INNOCENCE.

CHEERFULNESS beams in her eyes. Her smile is like a spring morning. On her high brow are enthroned spiritual peace and repose. Unfading roses and lilies bloom on her cheeks. Her stature is like the upright stem of the slender narcissus. Roguish zephyrs, encircling themselves about her, blow open her light white garment, and play with her flowing tresses. Crowned by the flowers of the graces she wanders sportively over the earth, which is blessed by her presence; storms and darkness flee from her; poisonous snakes dare not molest her; stinging plants become soft under her feet; heavenly grace diffuses itself about her in sunbeams.

When mortal men submitted to the voice of gentle Nature, and lived in love, quiet and peace, then Innocence dwelt on earth, wandered in the fields with the shepherds, joining them in dance and song. But when man, in an evil hour of error, endeavored to be wiser than Nature, then Innocence returned to Heaven, her Fatherland.

Since that time she rarely visits this earth, and rarely is visible to human eyes.

EARTH'S MYSTERIES.

Unfold thy mysteries, mighty Earth,
What power is thine to give?
What are thy proffered treasures worth,
That we should live?

Canst thou bid anxious care depart,
Obedient to thy will?
To passion's waves that wreck the heart,
Say 'Peace, be still!'

Hast thou a spell that can control
The spirit's struggles to be free?
Or quench the longings of the soul
For immortality?

Does not the full heart pour
 Its early hymnings forth to thee in vain?
 Thou hast no answering voice, and never more
 Canst wake its strain.

Thy pleasures like thy blossoms bright,
 In sunshine only bloom;
 Thy hopes, like meteors, show the night
 Its depth of gloom.

Yet, mighty Earth, a truth sublime,
 Is taught to us by thee;
 Thou and thy gifts were formed for time,
 Man for Eternity.

New-York, December 10, 1844.

SUSAN FENDAR.

D A R K E L L S P E T H ' S L I F E - T A L E . *

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

AMIDST a lofty range of mountains which are distinguished as the 'Gebel Komri,' or 'Mountains of the Moon,' where, it is said, the western arm of the Nile has its source, if I did not first draw breath, at least to that spot are my first recollections wedded. There with my father alone I dwelt. Kindred, save ourselves, we owned none: yet I felt not the loss of a mother's care; for the time my father spent not with his books was devoted to me. I was his constant companion, and would sit at his feet polishing the clasps of brass that fastened the huge volumes over which he used to pore: if, after long watching, a smile was my reward, I was more than repaid; for over the face of my father seldom was a smile seen to play. This, child as I was, I soon saw, and valued it the more for its very rareness.

It is said the mind takes its bent from early nurture. I cannot but subscribe to its truth; for no joyous feeling of childhood was mine. I was old even in infancy. By my father I was taught to hold the world as nought; to look upon it as one dark spot on a bright horizon, that made, by its darkness, brighter the glorious worlds that surround it. Oh, with what joy I have stood on the perilous cliff, and watched the heavenly orb of night as she sailed in mild splendor on a sky of cloudless beauty, mid Heaven's bright torch-lights, those spirit gems to mortals known as stars, and thought in such bright worlds care could never come, vice could never be known, and love, the brightest light that gilds our way, had there its birth-place and its home.

*MANY of our readers will remember, that toward the close of the interesting story of '*The Hermit of Oetara*,' which appeared in our twentieth volume, allusion was made to the existence of the present wild tale: 'The sands of ELLSPETH's life were nearly run, if I might judge by her faltering step and bent form. She bade me a solemn farewell; said she had far to go to rest among her kindred; placed on the table the ancient lamp, and said: 'The oil that fed it was dark ELLSPETH's life-tale.' Curiosity induced me to open it. No oil was there; but a roll of parchment containing the narrative of her life.' The commencement of this narrative is now before the reader.

Thus time passed till I had numbered sixteen summers. 'T was then a stranger appeared at our dwelling. He was a man sore worn with care and age. Long and frequent were the consultations he held with my father. Night after night together they watched the stars: and it seemed from his arrival I might date a decline of the affectionate care my parent had hitherto shown me. At length it was announced to me that we must leave our mountain dwelling; and willingly I prepared to go.

We journeyed to Thebes; and amidst the stupendous ruins of Carnac found a home; and I reigned queen of the ruined palace. As I ranged its hundred-pillared hall, I felt that power enough was mine, nor wished for more.

Our home was rarely sought; and when a stranger came, 't was with that trembling awe known but to love or fear; yet wanted we not that which was rich and rare. The cause was explained to me by my father. He was a seeker after hidden mysteries. Knowledge forbid to mortals was by him possessed; and fear procured for us the luxuries that wealth might have denied. The high and great would to our dwelling come, to have unfolded to them the dark book of Fate; and mighty monarchs sought our ruined home to learn the fate of nations. To me there was a wild charm in the power my sire possessed. I entered with delight into his studies. I watched the stars with him by night, and eagerly sought his instruction by day; till more I knew than was deemed holy.

Time with heedless wing swept on till my nineteenth year. My father changed; became restless; made frequent visits to Luxor at the still hour of midnight; and often as I watched him by the pale light of the moon winding his way through the long avenue of sphinxes that led to the temple, I longed to know the secret of his nightly visits. Would to God I had remained in ignorance!

I tried the knowledge I possessed of the dark art my sire had taught me; but it availed not. I, who could read the fate of others, could not read my own. Whenever I sought to know aught of myself or mine, all was dark: the mystic book of good and evil was closed to me.

One night I was awoke by heavy peals of thunder. An occurrence so rare in that country called forth my wonder and alarm. I arose and sought the door of our dwelling. The face of nature seemed changed: dark clouds obscured the sky; Heaven's artillery ceased not for a moment its cannonading; peal after peal in quick succession rent the air; while the forked lightning played through the ruins of our wildly grand abode; and the wind with rushing sound howled dismally, as if to hurl destruction on the time-spared ruins. Soon rain began to fall like tear-drops called forth by the angry voice of the elements. Between the sudden gusts and howlings of the blast I thought I at intervals heard a moaning sound. I was not deceived. The next pause in the storm brought to my ear the cry of a human being in peril or in pain. I sought my father; and together we ventured forth to give the sufferer aid. The elements, as if pleased with our mission, ceased their warring; and with them ceased our guiding

sound. In vain we listened. See we could not, for morning had not yet dawned ; and I began to think my imagination had deceived me, and that the sound I had heard was but the moaning of the blast. We were about to retrace our steps, when we were startled by a deep groan, which seemed close by us. A continued play of lightning at this moment enabled us to see lying on the ground a human form. On approaching, we found it to be a man, the blood trickling from a deep wound on his forehead. His dress denoted him to be a person of distinction. Though his face was pale, and his lips colorless, he bore the marks of manly beauty. Silently I gazed on the prostrate form, and felt my spirit drawn to his as by some magic power. Even at that moment, bleeding, helpless and dying, as he seemed, I knew he was my destiny's star—so strangely doth fate weave its mystic web. We bore him to our dwelling : and tears, the first my eyes had ever shed, fell on the jewelled hand I held within my own. Since that hour, Time with heedless wing hath swept on ; bright structures have arisen to adorn the earth ; bright hopes to cheer the lonely : but for me, alas ! Hope hath woven no bright chaplet ; my life has been a scene of hopeless misery, my death must be a scene of hopeless despair !

All the following night my father was absent, and I watched by the side of the stranger. On his return, he beckoned me to his closet.

'Ellspeth,' said he—and I thought, as he spoke, his face assumed an ashy paleness—'Some evil spirit hath sent this stranger to our abode. I have consulted the stars, and find that ill attends his coming. I know not why, but a terror I have never known before hangs over me. The powers I invoke fly me ; spirits are no longer obedient to my call ; the grave, with all its terrors, yawns before me ; and I who thought myself almost immortal, find I am mortal still. I have looked with dread for this hour. To shun this day I left our mountain home. But Fate pursues us.' Taking my hands, he said : 'Invoke thy guardian spirits, my child. We may yet avert the evil.' He then placed me in the centre of the room, put on a robe I had seldom seen him wear, and taking his wand he muttered some mystic words, the meaning of which I well knew ; and, drawing a circle around me, he retired to his closet.

A thousand thoughts rushed like meteors through my brain ; a thick cloud of white smoke encircled me, and filled the apartment with sweet perfume. I had no power to move. I seemed rivetted to the spot. Sweet distant notes of heavenly music filled my ears, as if borne on the wind ; and a voice that seemed hovering over me, in accents loud and clear, said :

MARK ! maiden, mark ! to our warning give ear !
Thy guardian sprite whispers that danger is near.
The storm-fiend the blast rides !
O'er land and o'er wave
He will doom thee to wander !
We warn but to save.

The voice ceased ; and again the soft, sweet music I before heard fell on my ear. The smoky cloud which had encompassed me rose above my head, and seemed to change till it bore the aspect of Heaven's star-gemmed canopy. The dying cadence of the music lingered as if

some angel-finger touched the trembling lyre ; and, as I gazed above, I thought bright eyes and angel forms looked sadly on me through that azure veil, growing fainter, fainter to my sight and ear, till all was lost in distance ; and I stood alone.

I did not see my father again that day. I resumed my watch by the side of the stranger, and though I had never heard the sound of his voice, yet fate seemed to have in him formed an idol for my lone heart to worship.

Weeks rolled on : the stranger's voice had fallen on my ear ; he had leaned on me for support ; told me of his gratitude for my care ; wished I were in his own land, where, with those of my own sex, I might be happy. Alas, for me how fatal was that wish !

My books had lost all charm ; I no longer desired to reign queen of the ruined halls ; I pined for scenes which he described, and for the land that gave him birth. He had told me of the bliss which those who loved enjoyed in his free and happy country ; and I murmured often when alone : ' Oh why did not fate cast my lot where such bliss might be mine ? ' Alas it was vain to repine : I had my destiny to fulfil.

I now saw little of my father : his time was chiefly spent with Ambrosine ; for so that aged man was called who journeyed with us from our mountain home. He had become my father's shadow ; in short, they were inseparable. I knew each night they went to Luxor, but I knew not why. My curiosity overstepped my prudence, and I determined at all risks to know their secret. ' Could I,' I thought, ' become acquainted with some secret of the art more powerful than I yet knew ? ' I resolved to try : I would have encountered any danger, run any risk, to bind the stranger in my chains.

I chose a calm, bright night, after my idol had retired to rest — let me call him my idol ; for I have bent the knee and prayed for him, I, who dared not pray for myself. I took my lamp and went to his couch. He slept, I thought, ah, how calmly ! Invoking every good spirit of earth and air to be his guard, I left him to repose, and started on my fearful mission. The moon in calm mild splendor seemed suspended as a lamp to guide me on my way. One star, one little star, in close companionship with that pale orb, shone, and well contrasted with my own dark fate, that told of aught but calmness and repose. On still I went, bent on possessing the knowledge I pined for. I had proceeded about half way up the Sphinx avenue when my ear was saluted with a rushing sound as of a whirlwind ; an invisible hand, cold as the marble figures which lined my way, pressed my arm ; and a mournful voice said :

On, turn, maiden, turn
From the path thou 'rt pursuing !
The spirits of evil
Dark mischief are brewing !
The deep wall of Death
On the night breeze is swelling !
Oh, hie thee, maid, hie thee
Again to thy dwelling !

The voice ceased, and my resolution wavered ; but I thought of the stranger. The time was nigh at hand when I must lose him, or forever

make him mine, yes, mine, unholy as I was. I loved him with such a love as only one so lone and desolate could know. Onward I went, in spite of the warning. Oh, what a withering feeling came over me as I neared the ruined temple, where I knew it was my father's wont to meet Ambrosine! I concealed myself behind a broken column and listened. I heard no sound. A presentiment of evil seemed to fill my mind. I wished to retrace my steps; but it was too late; for I heard some one approach. A glimmering light appeared at a distance: nearer, nearer it came, and revealed to me the features of my father: but how unlike his look when last I saw him! He was bent nearly double; his body was bare from the shoulders to the waist; and on his arm hung a knotted rope. My blood curdled with horror, which was not diminished when I saw a bright light illumine the place, and gliding between the columns I saw a figure in a long dark robe approach the spot where my father stood. The lamp which my father brought threw around a bright glare, and revealed to my sight the features of Ambrosine. Darkly he frowned on my trembling sire as he said:

'Tis well I find thee here. I trust thou comest prepared.'

My father replied: 'Oh, mercy! mercy! Do with me as thou wilt; but spare, oh! spare my Ellspeth.'

A fiend-like laugh burst from Ambrosine, from him I had hitherto thought so weak and feeble, that made the vaulted roof resound, while in a voice of thunder he exclaimed: 'Spare her as I spare thee, recreant! Dost thou think to foil me? Prepare!'

My father then held out the knotted rope, which Ambrosine took. Oh, the horror that then took possession of my mind, no pen can describe, no tongue reveal, as I saw my trembling parent present his back to receive the scourge! With anguish I saw he was already lacerated as from recent blows.

'Wilt thou yield?' yelled forth the monster, as his eye-balls glared fearfully, and his height became to my distended view almost gigantic, 'wilt thou yield Ellspeth to my power?'

'Never!' replied my father. 'Be the punishment mine; for mine has been the crime. Thine, Dark Fiend, I am; but my child, my Ellspeth, may yet escape thy power.'

The demon then commenced his work. Blow after blow fell thick and heavy, while the shrieks of my suffering parent made the temple resound.

I could endure no more. I rushed from my place of concealment; and claspng my arms round my parent, I exclaimed: 'In the name of that God to whom all power shall bow, I command thee, foul fiend, to desist!'

The monster trembled as one in mortal agony. His fiery eyes glared on me, as he uttered in fearful sounds: 'Thou hast saved him; and I am cheated of my prey:

'But I doom thee to wander,
An exile afar,
Through the din of the battle,
The carnage of war,
For a century, o'er moorland,
O'er desert and plain,
E'er thou visit'st the land
Of thy father's again.

Yet, I will thee the gift
That few mortals may own:
To thee shall the past
And the future be known;
Thou shalt wander at will,
Till thy being shall end,
The terror of foe
And the guardian of friend.'

He ceased : I remembered nothing more. When I again opened my eyes the sun shone brightly through the ruined walls ; I was resting on the breast of my parent, my arms encircling his neck ; but he was dead and cold ! cold as the marble floor on which he rested ! A recollection of the past dreadful scene rushed on my brain. I stooped to kiss his cold, pale brow. The words of the fiend came to my mind : 'Thou hast saved him ; I am cheated of my prey,' and I knelt in heart-felt thankfulness mid that scene of horror and death.

As I rose from my knees the stranger was by my side. He took my hand and gently pressed it. 'This is horrible, Ellspeth,' he said. It was the first time he had called me by name ; and the sound ran through my veins with meteor swiftness. 'I will not attempt to console you,' he continued, 'for the tree that gave you shelter and support is gone ; but I will whisper words of comfort in your ear, that your heart may know peace. There is a power that can make smooth the roughest path of life ; turn storm to sun-shine, and grief to gladness : who by means that may seem harsh to us short-sighted mortals, can bring about His own wise designs. Look to Him in this dark hour of sorrow, and the world will no longer seem a desert. Beneath His sheltering wing no evil spirit can assail you. Lean on Him, Ellspeth, for your own sake and for mine.'

The world seemed to recede. New life shot through my frame. He had said 'for his sake.' I know not what light he saw beam in my eyes ; but I saw him shudder as I gazed on him ; and he added : 'You have been my preserver, Ellspeth. But for you, I had perished mid the ruins. Let me repay the obligation by persuading you to seek the mercy that is denied to none. For oh ! be assured the path of the wicked is a path of thorns. That which our Creator has wisely hid from us 't were best not seek to know. Think of my words, and let them sink deep in your heart. And now to our solemn duty. What is to be done with the remains of your parent ?'

With the stranger's aid I dug a grave within the ruined temple. I watched with tearless eye the remains of my father, and with tearless eye consigned him to his narrow bed. I breathed no word as the stranger led me to my lonely dwelling. My thoughts dwelt on the dark doom that awaited me. The fiat had gone forth : I was henceforward a wanderer, the world my home. Reader, may it never be thy lot to stand alone in the world, without even hope to cheer thee. What to me was my knowledge ? I felt I was but mortal. I had the same feelings, fears and wishes as others of my sex ; the same in all, save hope.

Kind and soothing was the stranger's voice as he smoothed my pillow and bade me rest ; but little as I then knew of the world, I saw the light of love was not in his eye, though there was kindness and pity in his heart. I slept ; and dreamed my father stood beside me. White were his robes, and blandly he smiled on me. At length methought he spoke : 'Ellspeth,' he said, 'thou hast won me admission into paradise. Centuries are but moments in that heavenly land. I wait thy coming. Thy earthly task performed, thou 'lt join me there. Farewell !' I thought he waved his hand, smiled sweetly on me, and disappeared ; and then, in sweet, mild tones, I heard distant music. I awoke to the

reality. The music was still there. I could not be mistaken. I felt my spirit soothed, and again sunk to rest.

Day dawned, and I rose refreshed. Something like hope played round my heart, and whispered, 'There is a balm for every grief.' I now began to have serious thoughts of leaving Thebes. The stranger, too, thought it was time to move. Sitting one day by my side, after gazing sorrowfully on me for some time, he said : ' Ellspeth, I must journey to my own home. Those who love, will expect me. Yet do I feel sad to leave you here ; and longer with you 't were not well to stay. I would say to you go with me to my own free land, had I a sister to whose care I could confide you ; but Fate hath not so blessed me. There is but one of your own sex with whom I could have influence in your behalf ; one whom, alas ! I cannot love, but who is soon to be my wife.'

I started to my feet. The word wife had turned the current of my thoughts. 'Go,' I exclaimed, 'Go : 't is best. Fear not to leave me. The wretched can have nothing to fear. If I may not have peace, I have still power. Go : and when you think not of Ellspeth, she will be by your side.'

I rushed from the ruins, and took the road to Luxor, there, on the marble that covered my parent, to weep ; for I felt that I now could weep. The dim shades of evening were closing in as I reached the temple. All seemed desolate and cold as my heart. The spell was broken : he was to be the husband of another. I cast myself on my father's grave, and wept in agony. I felt myself indeed alone. While I had one being to look kindly on me, even though it were but a look of doubtful kindness, my heart felt not the loneliness of my situation. Earth had for me held but two beings whose love I prized : the one lay dead and cold beneath the marble I pressed ; the other had told me he was to be the husband of another. The world seemed a void : all was chaos. The power I had hitherto possessed seemed lost. I became a very infant, and wept till nature was exhausted, then sunk to sleep. Long and sound that sleep must have been ; for when I awoke the moon was shedding her broad light on the checkered pavement. The same low, sweet music I had before heard, seemed borne on the wind, and a voice, in accents sweet and mild, said :

'On maiden despair not ;
To thee it is given
To win, by thy penance,
An entrance to Heaven.

Wherever thou wander'st,
Some spirit shall stray,
To lighten thy grief
On thy perilous way.

The power is denied us
To alter thy doom,
But 't is ours to divest it
Of horror and gloom.

The spirits of water
Their vigils shall keep,

While thy bark bears thee safe
O'er the perilous deep.

The spirits of air,
On the Zephyr's light wing,
Shall fly, at thy bidding,
Fleet tidings to bring.

The spirits of forest,
Of valley and hill,
Shall haste, with submission,
Each wish to fulfil.

We bow at thy bidding,
We come at thy call,
In the temple of death
Or the gay lighted hall.

The voice ceased. The music, as before, died in the distance. But I seemed to possess new energy. I no longer felt myself alone. I knew there was honey mixed with the gall of my destiny. I had now a motive—something to live for. I had power to watch over, if not to guard, the stranger. A melancholy pleasure seemed to take possession of me, in the thought that I might stand by his death-bed and receive his last sigh. I rose from my knees and took the way to my lonely dwelling with a comparatively light heart. I retired to rest, and sought not to see the stranger.

The sun was high when I opened my eyes from a dreamless sleep. I almost dreaded to encounter the stranger's gaze. He had spared me the mortification and pain of parting: he was gone.

On the table was a bag containing gold; a miniature of himself, and a note, wherein he took leave of me, expressed gratitude for my care of him, and anxiety for my happiness. The miniature he said he left to remind me of one who would never cease to feel gratitude for my kindness, and who would pray for my peace.

With strange calmness I opened and gazed on the picture. Oh, how like him! I pressed it to my lips, to my heart; nor do I believe I would at that moment have given it up to call the original mine. I was no longer alone. The shadow was mine, and I ceased to sigh for the substance. I now became exceedingly anxious to be gone, or rather, to begin my wanderings. I looked around with an aching heart on the ruins I so soon must leave, leave not to return to till my earthly sojourn was near its close. Oh, life! what is there in the mystic woof of thy web that makes poor mortals cling to thee so fondly? Even I, lost and lonely as I was, had no wish, even if I had the power, to journey to that far-off spirit-land.

The last day arrived that I intended to pass in my ruined home. Each object that met my view had for me an additional charm. With even childish fondness I passed my hands over the obelisks that marked the entrance to the shrine that had been so long my dwelling. I gazed on the sphinxes as I passed along the avenue, and thought I read compassion in their marble eyes. I could have caressed them, so kindly did my heart warm to the few objects I had been used to look upon. 'Farewell! farewell!' I exclaimed; 'when next I gaze upon you, you will be unchanged; while Time, with chilling hand, shall have strewn over me the snows of age! When I next behold you I shall be on the brink of the tomb, with no hand to compose my limbs, no eye to shed for me a tear!' I wept, and continued my way to pay a last visit, for some time at least, to the grave of my parent. On that spot I had heard my doom: on that spot I had saved, from the meshes of the Evil One, the soul of my father. I thought of this; and felt the price not too much to win admission for the parent I loved into paradise. Long and fast flowed my tears. There is pain in leaving even the ashes of those we love and have clung to. Every little circumstance connected with my childhood came to my mind; the many dark and lonely nights we had spent in our mountain-home, when the light of no other eye had beamed upon me, and the sound of no other voice had cheered me. As the flood-gates of memory opened, the recollection came that he lay beneath the marble; his heart had ceased its throbbings; and I stood in the

world alone — no, not alone ; the miniature of the stranger was around my neck : I pressed it to my lips ; and peace, for a brief space, was mine.

I remembered now the power I possessed ; the spirits who promised to come at my call ; and determined on the spot to try the truth. I invoked the spirit of air to tell me of the stranger ; and stood waiting the knowledge with the miniature pressed to my heart. Soon, the same sweet, low music that ever ushered in their presence, was borne on the breeze ; and a clear voice breathed :

'THE white sail is spreading,
The bark 's on the tide
That beareth the stranger
Away to his bride.

In prayer at this moment,
He bendeth the knee,
His sad thoughts still dwelling,
Lone maiden, on thee.'

I knelt and wept in thankfulness. Again and again I pressed my lips to the cold marble that covered my parent's remains. Oh, there are moments of agony in this world of wo, to which the pangs of death are naught. Alas ! I have died a thousand deaths, and yet live on. The agony of my mind almost deprived me of reason. 'Farewell ! farewell !' I frantically exclaimed ; 'Thy poor doomed Ellspeth must leave even thy ashes, and wander in other lands, exposed perhaps to the peltings of the storm : but never can she endure a storm like that which now rages in her heart. Friend of my childhood ! soother of my sorrows, and author of my being, farewell ! When next I kneel on this spot it will be to mingle my dust with thine, while my spirit soars to meet thee in realms of bliss.' I rushed from the temple and fled, I knew not whither. I forgot the power I possessed, and sought but oblivion of my woes. I wandered, I knew not how long, till I was exhausted, and sunk on a broken column, almost deprived of reason. At this moment, a voice loud and clear, that seemed to hover over me, said :

'SEIZED of flowers ! hie thee hence,
And cull from earth's gay parterre
Each blossom that breathes of peace and rest,
To twine in a garland fair.

'That garland weave for the lonely and sad,
When her heart is crushed and aere,
Till her pillow is pressed by the spirit of rest,
And she thinks of her griefs no more.'

Then came the sweet familiar music. I was entranced. In spite of myself, sleep overpowered me, and all recollection of my loneliness and sorrow ceased.

THE LAVARIUM AT POMPEII.

WHEN Pagan Rome her vestal choir possessed
Each holy robe, each sacerdotal vest,
For Jove's high temple, and each humbler fane,
Their hands unspotted washed from every stain :
But Christian vestals ! (O ! alas ! how few !)
Work sermon covers, or a parson's shoe !

THE MUSICAL NEIGHBORS.

'Music hath charms to soothe a savage!'
 With what's *called* music, savages
 May well delighted be;
 But till I am a savage, it
 Can have no charms for me!

APOLLO was a god of taste,
 He dearly loved the lasses;
 With sounds divine the muses nine
 Sang round him on Parnassus.

Th' harmonious numbers warbled sweet
 By these celestial elves,
 Served to keep off the blues, though they
 Were rather *blue* themselves.

But were their *numbers* all their charm,
 Apollo in despair
 Would leave Castalia's fount to take
 A house on Chippeway-Square.

For three times three was all he had,
 (Would we'd no more to bore us!)
 While for each trio he puts down,
 We can count up a chorus.

For instance, take some summer's eve,
 The young moon in the skies,
 When opened every window is,
 And every throat likewise.

Nor wind-pipes only rend the air,
 But various squeaks and groans,
 From clarionets and cat-gut, down
 To drum-stick marrow-bones.

And one by one we'll make a list
 Of sounds that us annoy,
 Though long as Homer's catalogue
 Of the ships that sailed for Troy.

Over the square, by shady trees
 From gaze ungodly shielded,
 There stands a little white-washed house
 For long prayer-meetings builded.

Where true-blue Presbyterians,
 On Friday evenings, take care
 With rambling sing-song gifts to please
 Themselves if not their *MAKER*.

Nor can we call them hypocrites,
 Although they so oppose us,
 'Lip-service' they can never pay
 Who praise God through their noses!

On our left hand, at distance small,
 (Too small for comfort) placed,
 Our left-hand brethren have put up
 A meeting-house of taste.

Two red-brick pillars guard the door,
And for a splendid show,
To hold the weather-cock on top
They 've clapped up a 'cu-pa-lo.'

A choir meets here, a numerous choir,
Of huge vociferation;
And when they meet they're said to sing,
But that's a fabrication.

Their leader doubtless must be learned,
Because his pupils find
He can be heard a half a mile
Against a mighty wind.

They have no organ yet, (Good Lord
We thank thee for thy mercies!)
But with a double-bass they 'll 'do'
A dozen double verses.

A double-bass, poor thing, that at
The man 'what' scrapes away on it,
Grumbles and growls all sorts of ways,
'Cause he do n't know how to play on it.

And now they try to go up high,
And now they try to go low;
And 'twixt the two you hear some new
Excruciating solo.

And how the long-lunged dippers take
The lead of old Geneva,
Unless you heard them both yourself,
You scarcely could believe - a.

Right opposite this (nick-named) church,
Doth the Devil's church appear;
The violins, the rich bassoons,
The 'echoing horn' we hear:

And voices true, now one, now two,
Now all in chorus swelling,
In cadence sweet the night-winds meet
And waft them to our dwelling.

And sadly listening at our door
We hear their dying fall;
'T is pity that the Devil's share
Should be the best of all!

But like the moon among the stars,
Or among plums the damson,
Or among ordinary men
Like Hercules or Samson:

So stands a certain creature, who
Lives just across the square,
Surpassingly preëminent
Among the loud-tongued fair.

Her 'Vivi tutti's' never done,
Though in her mouth for ever,
As in the savage Vulture's maw
Was poor Prometheus's liver.

The sailors on the Tyrrhene sea,
In the good days of yore,
They heard the lovely Syrens sing
Along the verdant shore.

The music forced the tars to land,
Nor was't by gramarye;
This Syren would have done the same,
Had she been *out at sea*.

From under night-caps, in the morn,
Ere people's heads peep out,
The mists of night are put to flight
By her portentous shout.

Scarcely can Phœbus' arm all day
His frightened steeds restrain;
Restive, they threat, each hour, to set
The world on fire again.

Maddened at last the furious god
Flies to the silent west,
Where nought but gentle war-whoops can
Disturb his nightly rest.

Next door, at our right hand, there lives
A musical pretender,
In girth a very Falstaff, and
In wit another Slender.

Who tootles reels like 'Dog and Gun,'
And jigs like 'Paddy Carey,'
In hopes that such light airs will make
His figure light and airy.

He proves that though he has as yet
No lessening of his weight won,
A flute may have a *little bore*,
And yet be made a *great one*.

His sister has a piano-forte,
And down to it she sits,
And puts the poor old crazy thing
In periodic fits.

And this is 'execution!' — all
This rattling, pounding, banging!
A kind of *execution*, 'faith,
Almost, as bad as *hanging*!

From the free-school is heard some poor
Forlorn disconsolate,
His broken heart relieving through
A broken clarionet.

'Hope told a flattering tale' — he proves
'Tis false as Judas' kiss, man;
And 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'
Are murdered dead by this man.

His mistress' pride will drive him mad,
The sighing swain complains;
He might have his revenge, would she
But listen to his strains.

Not far behind us Mr. L. —
 Has got what 's called an organ,
 As like one as Semiramis
 Resembles Colonel Morgan.

I wish a barrel-organ 't was,
 For, though with twanging tone,
 'T would play two tunes and play 'em right,
 Whereas *he* can't play one.

And every night through all the week
 He blows the bellows strong;
 On Sundays grinds ' Old Hundred' out,
 On week-days ' Lucy Long.'

Now how much better would it be,
 If, music being dropped,
 His pipes were all tobacco-pipes,
 And all his stops, were stopped !

And roving little darkies from
 Their betters catch th' infection,
 And fill the street with minstrels sweet
 Of various complexion.

There 's three I hear, just passing by,
 One tries a fife to use,
 That long ago was thrown away
 By the fifer of the Blues.

And if it was too bad (oh strange !)
 To regulate *their* marching,
 What sort of sounds must it produce
 In the paws of such an urchin !

The second clicks his slate-stones clear,
 Nor makes he many blunders;
 The third with mighty marrow-bones
 Along the fences thunders.

Ye boyish band ! I cannot but
 Forgive your dark transgression ;
 Would that ye were the only ones
 Not come to years of discretion !

At last more natural sounds bring some
 Relief if not delight ;
 The noisy dogs begin to bay
 The noiseless Queen of Night :

And in the yard, with scratch and howl,
 Two cats are courting found,
 (Cat-courtship 's known, just like our own,
 To all the neighbors round.)

But even these at length retire
 To silence and a garret,
 And quiet seems a-gaining ground,
 With less and less to mar it.

The last young Sambo's gone to bed !
 How sweet it is to hear,
 Deep in the silent night, the voice
 Of drowsy chanticleer !

'Tis half past one. In hush profound
 High rides the still, cold moon :
 No, zounds ! that screamer's out again
 On her eternal tune !

Shrill ring the sharp unearthly tones,
 They make one's flesh to shiver ;
 And, with true woman's malice, she
 Shrieks louder now than ever !

I may as well, till three o'clock,
 Give up all thoughts of napping ;
 For till she's screeched an hour or so,
 She never dreams of stopping.

She may be rich, she may be wise,
 She may have wit and beauty,
 May have a dozen children — but
 CONFOUND her 'vivi tutti !'

Savannah, July 7, 1843.

S T. V A L E N T I N E.

Do not consider us premature, dear KNICK., although fourteen days are still to elapse before the time when the ardent apprentice and the constant counter-hopper indite their amatory lays. We wish to say something about the fête. Who the saint was, we are unable to inform you, having looked for him in the Classical Dictionary and not found him in. But what of that ? We know he must have been an amiable, pleasant fellow, loving the pretty girls ; a kind of bishop-saint, in fact ; nothing improper, you know ; all sentiment, and that sort of thing. This is evident from the traditions of the Church.

What a pity that the calendar is 'made up !' Perhaps we might obtain a place for one of our 'Latter Day Saints.' (How would St. Priapus do ?) That is, if the *advocatus diaboli* would admit that deeds in love give as good a title as sighs and songs.

Once before we wrote you a Valentine, in which we advised an old bachelor to get married. It was of no use — none whatever. He still remains an unit, although he read the paper in question, and admired the force and facetiousness of the reasoning. It does appear strange. We scarcely know whether to grieve or to rejoice. We are sad, to see our literary shot rebound harmless from his cuirass of celibacy ; but we are gay, when we think of a certain heirship presumptive ; a hope, faint it is true, but still a hope, which cheers and sustains the melancholy state of our pockets.

It is the day then when 'Young Gentlemen,' as Thorburn calls them in his flower-advertisements, bless their stars that *Jane* rhymes with *Pain*, and wonder if *amusing* would jingle with *Susing*. Lucky word for them, that Valentine ! It has such a pretty cadence, and such a

poet-helping tail. Rhymes thick as blackberries ring around us ;
as thus :

Oh! I pine
At Beauty's shrine;
Maid divine!
Thine ear incline
To poet's line!
Lovers whine;
Let me dine
On ruby wine.
Ah Forest pine!
This is fine!
Thou art mine,
Thy Valentine, and so on.

Exists there a man with soul so dead? Breathes there so unmelodious an ass, who could not shake this up into something soft and soul-subduing? We are afraid there are many such, so poor in intellect that they must buy their verses ready-made. For on that day every book-store is turned into a Valentine slop-shop, where a general assortment of cleft-hearts and cupids, altars and angels, are sold to suit purchasers 'at prices to suit the times.' Also, acrostics warranted to fit any name, and fashionable sonnets to match any shade of hair, and to suit the whole range of optics, from the pig-like peeper to the gazelle goggle-eye.

Some Frenchman of the LOUIS XIV. times said, that to succeed, it was simply necessary to tell a woman she was beautiful three times: 'On disait trois fois à une femme qu'elle était jolie, car il n'en fallait pas plus.' We beg leave to suggest to the amatory poets of February, '45, that every stanza ought to contain this idea at least once. No matter if the woman have a Medusa head. She may be a little incredulous at the first verse, but she will be convinced at the second, and believe in the writer at the end.

St. Valentine's is after all the best fête day we have. There are not many such in Manhattan land, and most of these rather sectional than general, and either insipid or intolerable. Evacuation day has a cathartic sound about it, and is only attractive to the great boys who play at soldiering. The Fourth of July is a national nuisance, unfortunately not indictable. How the sellers of rum and gunpowder appreciate the blessings of independence on that day! Thanksgiving has a Presbyterian twang, which makes it repulsive. Christmas is only for children and the owners of roomy stomachs. New-Year's day ought to be called Lady-day; the Saturnalia of women. Every goddess sits upon her own shrine, to receive the adoration of her *beaux*, not considering that her *beaux* have been kneeling at every shrine up and down Broadway and the right-angle streets, during the whole morning. This custom of universal visiting is getting to be an impossible absurdity. It has ceased to be social, and has become gymnastic.

Captain Barclay himself could not get through with the work of a man who goes much into society. Suppose a bet were offered in the 'Spirit of the Times,' thus: 'G. M. P. offers to bet one hundred dollars that no man can be found who will walk fifteen miles, run up and down one hundred and fifty 'stoops,' enter one hundred and fifty drawing-rooms, say the same thing one hundred and fifty times, and make three hun-

dred bows in five hours.' How many takers do you think G. M. P. would have? Not one. And yet every woman in this city expects every man of her acquaintance should do it, nay insists upon it. It is the great test of a man's invitability. Stay away on New-Year's and you stay away all the year. Small boys or girls, with an instinctive knowledge of names, are stationed in corners, to keep the roll; and wo to the man who has dropped at his hundred and tenth visit from sheer exhaustion! (and hot punch!) Weak legs never won fair lady. He is immediately expunged from the lists of the remaining forty: 'He did not call New-Year's, and we will not invite him.'

The gentler sex are so cruelly exacting, only to gratify their vanity, and to enable them to tell how many calls they have had. And even for this object, such severity seems to us rather unnecessary, for the honestest fib a dozen or so, and the fair listener always makes a liberal mental discount from her friend's sum-total. No, friend KNICK., unless a visiting locomotive be invented to run up and down steps, enter drawing-rooms, and let off a little steam there, or unless gentlemen are allowed to enter into a visiting partnership, one to attend to the up town, one to the middle town, and one to the down town population, like Rush-ton and Co.'s apothecary shops, the custom must come to a conclusion.

And now farewell, Mr. K.; we have detained you long enough. There is nothing like retiring gracefully, and avoiding the disagreeable moment when it becomes necessary to leave or to be turned out. It is a bad practice to stay too long. Old Sully, who made such interminable calls on HENRI IV., before he was up of a morning, says: 'Je me retirai longue la reine demanda sa chemise.'

A G E R M A N S O N G .

TRANSLATED BY S. B.

STILL she sleeps, and the linden tree
Moves to the night-wind silently:
The rose breathes forth its fragrance bright
Under the waning evening, dight
In beauty. Be her slumbers light!

Still she sleeps, and the water's sound
Fills the soft fragrant air around,
While the stars in their own brilliancy,
And the moon's gentle majesty,
Are gazing on her peacefully.

Still she sleeps, and hill and dale
Echo the song of the nightingale,
While nought ungenial or unkind
Breathes in the balmy ev'ning wind.

Still she sleeps. Oh! might I be
A leaf of that fair linden tree!
Then would I wave, the long, long night,
Over that gentle lady bright,
Filling her dreams with Heaven's own light.

THE STAGE CONSIDERED AS A MORAL INSTITUTION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

AN irresistible inclination for the new and extraordinary ; a desire to enjoy excitement ; gave, according to *SULGER*, existence to the stage. Exhausted by the monotonous, often oppressive, transactions of the day ; satiated with the ordinary pleasures of life ; man necessarily feels a vacuum in his being, which is contrary to his continual longing after activity ; and our nature, equally incapable of always enjoying those ordinary sensual pleasures, as it is of being in such a state as to continue the elevated exertions of the mind, requires a *medium*, which unites the two opposite extremes ; which reduces painful excitement to soft harmony, and facilitates the mutual passage from one state to the other. This object is usually gained by the exstic sense, or the taste for the beautiful and sublime. As it must be the first aim of a wise legislator to select from two effects the most beneficial, he will not be satisfied with only having disarmed the inclinations of his people ; but he will if possible use them for more noble projects, and endeavor to change them into sources of happiness. He therefore selected *THE STAGE*, which opens to the mind thirsting after activity an unlimited field ; gives nourishment to every power of the soul, without overstraining one ; and unites the cultivation of the mind and heart with the noblest of entertainments.

He who first made the observation that 'The strongest pillar of a government is Religion ;' that without it even the laws lose their power ; has, perhaps without intending it, defended the Stage on its noblest side. It is the insufficiency, the vascillating quality of political laws, that renders religion indispensable to a country, which decides the moral influence of the Stage. He intended to say, that laws turn only on negative duties ; Religion extends her demands to real actions ; laws only clog effects, which would dissolve the unity of society ; Religion commands such as bind it more firmly.

The laws take no cognizance beyond the open manifestations of the will ; actions alone are subject to them. Religion holds her jurisdiction over the most remote corners of the heart, and persecutes thought to its inmost source. Laws are changeable as caprice or passion ; religion binds strongly and eternally. If then we allow Religion to possess such power over the heart of man, can she, or will she complete his education ? Religion (we separate the political side from the godly one) works in general upon the senses of the people ; and therefore it is that she works the more efficiently ; her power is gone when we rob her of this : she ceases to be any thing to the mass of mankind when we take from her her Scriptural accessories ; when we destroy her heaven and her hell. What reinforcement to religion and the laws, when they enter into league with the stage ! — where there is reality and pre-

sence ; where virtue and vice, happiness and misery, folly and wisdom, pass before men in a thousand true and easily-understood pictures ; where Providence solves her riddles, and loosens her knots before their eyes ; where the human heart, under the torture of passion, confesses its deepest and most secret emotions ; where all masks fall, all illusions vanish ; and Truth, incorruptible as Rhadamanthus, sits as judge !

The jurisdiction of the stage begins where the limits of worldly laws end. When justice is blinded by gold, and luxuriates in the pay of vice ; when the crimes of the powerful laugh at her weakness ; and when fear of man ties the arm of the judge ; then the Stage takes up the sword and balance, and forces vice before her awful tribunal. The entire field of imagination and history, the past and the future, are ready at her command. Bold criminals, who have been mouldering for centuries in their dust, are summoned by the mighty appeal of poetry, and react their horrible career, as examples for trembling posterity. Powerless as the shadows in a phantasmagora, the terrors of their era pass before our eyes, and with a voluptuous trembling we curse their memory ! Though morality should be no more taught ; though Religion should no longer find believers ; though laws should cease to exist, yet still we should shudder on beholding Medea descending the palace-steps after her horrid infanticide. Virtuous terror will seize humanity, and in silence will every man praise his good conscience, when the sleepless Lady Macbeth washes her hands, and calls for all the perfumes of Araby to destroy the damning smell of murder ! As sure as visible representation works more effectually than the dead letter and cold history, so surely does the Stage work deeper and more lastingly than morality or the laws.

But in all this she only assists the worldly jurisdiction : a larger field is open to her ; a thousand crimes which the laws leave unpunished, she punishes ; a thousand virtues on which they are silent, are recommended by her. It is the Stage that accompanies virtue and religion ; from their pure source she takes her precepts and examples, and dresses severe duty in a charming and alluring garment. With what heavenly feelings, resolutions and passions she fills our souls ; what divine ideals she places before us for our imitation ! When Augustus, great as his gods, extends his hands to the traitor who already reads his death-sentence on his lips ; when he exclaims ‘ Let us be friends, Cinna ! ’ who in the crowd would not willingly press the hand of his greatest enemy, to imitate the noble Roman ? When Franz of Sickingen, on his way to punish a prince and fight for others’ rights, looks back and sees his castle, where he has just left his helpless wife and child, in flames, but still marches on to keep his plighted word, how great then appears man ! — how despicable the so-much-feared and invincible fate !

The Stage shows vice in her terrible mirror as hideous as she shows virtue attractive. When the helpless and childish Lear, with his hoary locks streaming in the wind, knocks at the door of his daughter, and tells the raging elements how unnatural his Regan has been ; when his bursting heart at last finds vent in the words, ‘ I gave you all ! ’ how awful appears to us ingratitude ; how fervently do we promise filial love and obedience !

But the field of action for the Stage extends still farther. Even where Religion and the laws deem it beneath their dignity to follow the feelings of man, she is still busy for our education. The welfare of society is destroyed as often by folly as by crime and vice. Experience, old as the world, teaches us, that in the machinery of human life, the heaviest weights often hang on the smallest and most delicate threads; and when we retrace actions to their source, we smile ten times before we are horrified once. Our register of criminals becomes smaller every day we grow older, and that of fools every day larger. We know but one secret to prevent mankind from degenerating, and that is, to shield their hearts against weakness.

Much of this effect we may expect from the Stage. She it is who holds the mirror up to the numerous class of fools, and chides their thousand follies with salutary mockery. That which she has produced by exciting our feelings and terror, she now effects, perhaps quicker, by laughter and satire. Were we to estimate comedy and tragedy according to the measure of the effect produced by each, experience would probably give the preference to the first. Scorn and contempt wound the pride of man more than horror tortures his conscience. Our cowardice hides itself before the horrible, but it is even this very cowardice which hands us over to the sting of satire. We may perhaps suffer a friend to attack our motives, but it will cost us dear to forgive the laugh at our expense. Our crimes may permit a judge, rather than our weakness a witness. The Stage alone may with impunity ridicule our weaknesses, for the reason that she spares our vanity, and does not name the guilty one. We see our own caricature in her mirror, without blushing, and in silence thank her for the soft correction.

But her entire field of action is yet by no means ended. The Stage, more than any other school of the state, is a school of practical wisdom. An unerring key to the most secret recesses of the human soul. We grant that vanity and a hardened conscience often destroy her best effects; that a thousand crimes look boldly into her mirror; a thousand good sentiments rebound fruitlessly from the cold heart of the spectator. Molière's Harpagon may not have cured one miser; few gamblers may have been withheld from their destructive passion by the suicide of Beverly; the unhappy robber, Charles Moor, may not have rendered the public highways more safe; but if we limit the great effects produced by the Stage, if we are even so unjust as to deny them altogether, how immense still remains her influence! If she does not succeed in destroying or diminishing crime, she at least makes us acquainted with it. With such as commit it, we are obliged to live; we must avoid or meet them; defeat or be defeated by them; but they cannot surprise us; we are prepared against their schemes.

The Stage betrays to us the secret how to discover and how to render them harmless. She tears the mask from the hypocrite, and shows the net with which intrigue and cunning envelopes us. She drags deceit and falsehood from their labyrinthic hiding places, and exhibits their hateful faces to the world. Perhaps not one rouse is terrified by the fate of the dying Sara: all pictures of punished seduction may not correct him; nay, the cunning actress may herself be desirous of preventing

THE MUSICAL NEIGHBORS.

'Music hath charms to soothe a savage!'
With what's *called* music, savages
May well delighted be;
But till I am a savage, it
Can have no charms for me!

APOLLO was a god of taste,
He dearly loved the lasses;
With sounds divine the muses nine
Sang round him on Parnassus.

Th' harmonious numbers warbled sweet
By these celestial elves,
Served to keep off the blues, though they
Were rather *blue* themselves.

But were their *numbers* all their charm,
Apollo in despair
Would leave Castalia's fount to take
A house on Chippeway-Square.

For three times three was all he had,
(Would *we'd* no more to bore us!)
While for each trio he puts down,
We can count up a chorus.

For instance, take some summer's eve,
The young moon in the skies,
When opened every window is,
And every throat likewise.

Nor wind-pipes only rend the air,
But various squeaks and groans,
From clarionets and cat-gut, down
To drum-stick marrow-bones.

And one by one we 'll make a list
Of sounds that us annoy,
Though long as Homer's catalogue
Of the ships that sailed for Troy.

Over the square, by shady trees
From gaze ungodly shielded,
There stands a little white-washed house
For long prayer-meetings builded.

Where true-blue Presbyterians,
On Friday evenings, take care
With rambling sing-song gifts to please
Themselves if not their MAKER.

Nor can we call them hypocrites,
Although they so oppose us,
'Lip-service' they can never pay
Who praise God through their noses!

On our left hand, at distance small,
(Too small for comfort) placed,
Our left-hand brethren have put up
A meeting-house of taste.

fied principles, true sentiments, flow from thence through all the veins of the mass. The darkness of barbarism and gloomy superstition disappear; night flies before the conquering light. Among the many excellent fruits of the better Stage, we will designate but two. Within the past few years, how general has become the toleration of religion and sects? Before Nathan the Jew and Saladin the Saracen shamed death by teaching us the divine lesson that obedience to God is independent of our different modes of worship; before Joseph II. combatted the dreadful hydra of bigoted hatred and persecution; the Stage had planted humanity and toleration in our hearts. The horrid pictures of fanaticism taught us to avoid religious persecutions. Errors of education might surely be combatted by the stage, with as favorable a result; and we hope soon to witness a play which will treat on this most important theme. No subject is so important to a country in its results, as education, and yet none is so much exposed to error and carelessness on the part of parents. The stage could place before them the unhappy victims of neglected education in moving and terrible pictures; she could teach our fathers to renounce self-willed maxims, our mothers to love more prudently. False opinions misguide the heart of the best meaning instructor; how much worse, if he prides himself on his method, and ruins systematically the tender sprig in the philanthropic hot-house.

Not less might the opinions of the nation in regard to government and its rulers be guided by the stage, if its guardians knew how to use it. The legislative power might here speak by symbols to the subject; might defend itself against his complaints before they could be trusted abroad; and might bribe his wish of finding fault without appearing to do so. Even industry and enterprise might be encouraged by the Stage, if poets would deem it worth their while to be patriots, and governments would condescend to listen to them.

It is impossible for us to pass over in silence the great influence which a Stage of the higher order might have over the spirit of a nation. We call the national spirit and patriotism of a people that similarity and coincidence of opinions in regard to which another nation is diametrically opposed. The Stage is capable of effecting in a high degree the general accord of opinion, because she wanders through the whole field of human knowledge, exhausts all situations of life, and illuminates every corner of the heart; because she unites in herself all classes and sects, and possesses the most trodden path to the mind and heart. If one principal feature existed in all our dramas; if our poets would unite themselves for this end; if care in selection were to guide all their labors; if they would picture national subjects; if we could see a national stage, we should also become a nation. What chained ancient Greece so closely together? — what drew the people so irresistibly to its theatres? Nothing, but the patriotic subjects of the drama; the Grecian spirit, the great, the overweighing interests of the State and of humanity breathed in them.

One other merit is due to the Stage; a merit which we mention with the more pleasure now, that we hope her suit with her prosecutors is already gained. What we have hitherto endeavored to prove, that she works effectually upon morals and the mind, may be doubted per-

haps by some ; but even her enemies have granted that she deserves the preference over all the inventions of luxury, and all institutions of public amusement. But what she does here is more important than is generally believed. Human nature cannot bear to be constantly and eternally under the torture of business. The allurements of the senses die when they become satiated. Man, cloyed with animal pleasures, or fatigued by constant, active toil, thirsts for better and more selected pleasures, or casts himself without reserve into a vortex of wild dissipation, which accelerates his ruin, and destroys the peace of society. Bacchanalian orgies, destructive gaming, a thousand follies which idleness invents, are inevitable, if the legislator knows not how to guide the inclination of a people. The statesman would be in danger of ending the life so generously devoted to the welfare of his country in philanthropic spleen ; the learned would sink into tiresome pedantry, and the common classes into brutality. The stage is an institution where pleasure is united with instruction, repose with activity of the mind, amusement with cultivation ; where no power of the soul is overwrought to the danger of another ; where no pleasure is enjoyed at the expense of the whole. When suffering gnaws our hearts ; when gloomy forebodings poison our solitary hours ; when the world and its cares disgust us ; when a thousand burdens oppress our souls, and we are stifled by the heavy weight which overhangs us, then the Stage receives us. In her artificial world we dream away the real one. We are regenerated ; our sentiments awaken salutary emotions, move our slumbering nature, and cause our pulses to beat quicker, and with gentler regularity. Here the unfortunate weeps over another's misery, and forgets his own ; the self-sufficient becomes cooled, and the fancied secure more cautious ; the faint-hearted one becomes a man, and the barbarian for the first time learns to feel. And then what a triumph for thee, O Nature ! Thou, so often trodden to the earth, yet always rising, when men of all classes, all sects, and all nations freed from all artificial chains, from the pressure of fate, united by one all-stirring sympathy, forget themselves and the world, and approach nearer to their divine origin ! Each single one enjoys the rapture which is reflected on him from a thousand eyes, and his breast has room but for one feeling — that of being A MAN.

O. C.

S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G .

It is the eve before the day of rest.
 Calm in his glory goes the setting sun,
 Like some great warrior whose fame is won
 Through the triumphal arches of the west.
 He leaves a universal peace behind !
 The earth seems quieting each busy scene ;
 The golden clouds move in the sky serene,
 To the soft music of the low-voiced wind,
 And all is beauty, love, and peace. Yet more
 Than these, a pure and thoughtful holiness,
 Seems with sweet joy the silent earth to bless,
 Shed by the angels from heav'n's open door.
 It is the spirit of the Sabbath, sent to say,
 God will be with His children, on His holy day.

November 23, 1844.

CAROMALA.

NEW YEAR FANCIES.

BY WM. H. D. HOWARD.

TIME's belfry trembles with another knell!
 Another year hath vanish'd like the snow
 That wastes beneath young April's melting glance.
 The forest, naked to the lightest twig,
 Is now a mournful instrument of sound,
 From which the blast, a wild performer, calls
 Mysterious music, swaying its old boughs;
 And a deep Spirit Voice, in unison
 Chaunts this wild hymn, in memory of the Lost.

H Y M N.

I.

To the sunless land of death
 The poor, white-haired old year
 Hath gone with his children twelve,
 Brave sons and daughters dear:
 And the sides of the wooded hill
 Are threshed by the Storm King's flail,
 And rusheth through the glen,
 With a hollow sound, the gale.

II.

Bright openings in the cloud
 Cheered the Old Year's dying days,
 While he thought of the summer flowers,
 Or of Autumn's purple haze;
 And a dream 'that such things were,'
 Though it bathed in light his heart,
 Was a call from another world,
 And a warning to depart.

III.

Last born of a little flock
 Wert thou, December wild!
 And, shuddering, looked thy sire
 On his dark, ill-boding child;
 For a fiend in the Old Man's ear
 Had screamed a warning loud,
 That the *twelfth* one of the band
 Would bring him to his shroud.

IV.

More wan his visage grew
 When thy luckless reign began,
 And a chill crept through the veins
 Of the venerable man;
 And how heartless was thy laugh
 When descending hail and sleet
 On the palsy-shaken form
 Of the bowed old Pilgrim beat!

v.

On the dead and shrivelled leaves,
 With a trembling step and slow,
 Craving refuge from the storm,
 Marched that hoary man of wo;
 And he roved through church-yards bleak,
 Reading names he *loved the best*;
 Then in faltering accents prayed
 For a couch of endless rest.

vi.

Now he lieth, stark and mute,
 With the mighty ones of old;
 He hath gone with all his joys,
 And his sorrows manifold:
 But seed by the Old Year sown
 Will in other hours uprise,
 And the plants of *evil* bear,
 Mixed with *blossoms for the skies*.

January 1, 1845.

DISCIPLINE AND EFFORT.

AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

CONFLICT is the principle of all greatness, whether it be muscular, mental, or moral. No physical strength is acquired without exertion, and the most powerful limb would soon be shorn of its vigor, if it remained unemployed. Uniform effort accomplishes wonders by means of the corporeal energies. The popular pedestrian achievements illustrate this maxim; which, as far as I can perceive, is their only use. By daily exercise in leaping, a child may eventually reach the ceiling of a lofty apartment.

The mind, no less than the body, becomes strenuous and alert by combatting its inert tendencies. Although no convert to Jocotot's theory of the 'Equality of Human Intelligences,' yet that continued effort and systematic cultivation are the chief causes of the remarkable inequalities, which are perceptible to all, cannot, I think, be doubted by any, who reflect at all upon the subject. The intellectual veteran may be great also in proportion to the number and depth of his *scars*. Defeat, in some minds, only stimulates determination; and probably no grand object has ever been accomplished, without many previous and signal failures. These excite to more arduous effort. They are epochs in the mental history, and elicit latent energies, and give renewed courage, and perhaps furnish a glimmering light to other and more auspicious means. The eminent christian philosopher, Doctor Dick, has remarked, that it may be laid down as a kind of axiom, to which few exceptions will occur, that great discoveries in science, and improvements in art, are never to be expected but as the result of knowledge, combined with unwearied investigation. Those useful inventions even, which have

been imputed to chance, would have been unavailable and forgotten, had not the accidental discoveries been made known to minds that 'viewed them in all their bearings, and traced them to all their legitimate consequences.' And when men of science propose some object of utility or discovery, how long must that object be kept in view; how varied must be the conjectures and means; how hopeless often, yet how untiring, will be the pursuit, until the vision has become so keen, and the grasp so strong, that complete success is secured. What profound meditation, what research, what power of decision, what subjection of weariness, impatience, distrust, despondence, and what years of perseverance, did the discovery of the principle of gravitation cost! A principle no less wonderful for its simplicity, than for the magnificence of its effects. And how gloriously was the discoverer rewarded! And not only in the security of the object of his pursuit, but also in the vastly increased power of his intellectual capacity.

Moral greatness, although of an immensely higher order than the others, is attained in like manner. Only moral greatness is truly sublime. The gladiator may discipline his sinews, and compete almost in strength, even, with his maddened adversary. And there are modern as well as ancient names, which awaken pity, if not contempt, for their owners, on account of the fearful perversion of their splendid talents. But when we hear of the illustrious philanthropist, Howard, the soul, debased it may be, bends with instinctive homage, and feels as if a ray from his beatified spirit illumed and purified its purposes. While Napoleon, like the fabled eastern genii, traversed the affrighted earth, and marked his footsteps with human blood, our own WASHINGTON rose like another luminary upon the troubled scene of American politics, and with no marvellous intellectual ability, but with the tranquil might of moral majesty, he pursued the narrow path of duty, and blenched neither to the power of adversaries, nor to the influence of affection. He had no noon-day brightness, no declining splendor. His whole course was light and glory, and he left a perennial and heavenly brilliancy on our national horizon.

Ambition and necessity are the common stimulants to exertion. Ignorance and indolence often degrade the objects of the former; and their sphere and means are alike contemptible. A desire for precedence in fashion, in expensive entertainments, in furniture, equipage, dress, wealth, etc., is a certain indication of intellectual and moral meanness. It is impossible that rational beings, if mentally superior to the most ordinary of mortals, can have other feelings than self-contempt and self-abasement for their voluntary degradation, when they enter on the career of competition for these things with those who are incapable of higher attainments. This prostitution of nobler faculties mingles indignation with pity for such subjects of vulgar ambition. Rarely indeed do the sublunary objects of man comport with his intellectual elevation and moral responsibility. Genuine patriotism and disinterested benevolence, at long intervals, as the light-house to the nocturnal mariner, guide and cheer, and show how safe, and how pleasant were the troubled wanderer, if the whole dark wilderness were thus illuminated.

Necessity is the great lever of mental improvement; and a mighty

power to move it is found in the domestic affections. The stupid have become intelligent; the indolent, active; the timid, daring; and those whom only the softest winds of heaven were permitted to visit, have under this influence, unshrinkingly breasted adversity in all its fearful bearings, not only in its physical sufferings, 'but in the proud man's contumely,' and in the contempt of them, 'whose fathers they would have scorned to set with the dogs of their flock.' Perhaps many instances are known to all; for, in the frequent and great fluctuations of property in our country, if some remain unscathed, they will find others in their own circle of relatives or acquaintances, far less fortunate. One whom I well knew, both in prosperity and adversity, was a remarkable instance of the unpromising materials which are sometimes called into the service of affliction, and of the untiring determination of maternal love. The whole of the subsequent sketch, except the names, is literally true.

Mrs. Stewart's father was a highly respectable lawyer. His practice was large and lucrative. His moral standard was elevated; and his character was not only that of strict integrity, but was also highly honorable. This epithet I use in opposition to *modern* chivalry, which was once synonymous with honor, but now appears to designate a class of men who have no control over their passions, and whose absorbing principle is revenge. Mr. Lyman was manly, liberal and generous, in all his dealings, pecuniary and moral; and incapable of meanness in any of its departments. He had strong sympathies and deep affections, which were concealed from ordinary observation by a reserved manner, that sometimes had the appearance of sternness. He had also what may probably have been thought a fastidious idea of female delicacy; and his views of female education and intellectual culture were far in advance of his time.

All these paternal qualities had a powerful, constant, but imperceptible influence on the formation of his daughter's character. Mrs. Lyman was an intelligent woman, who lived but for her family. Both from a sense of duty and respect for her husband's opinions, she conformed to his wishes regarding their children, and without differing from him in any respect, save one, on which her judgment, had it prevailed, would have much diminished their daughter's subsequent trials. Mrs. Lyman knew the subject on which she dissented from Mr. Lyman, to have a momentous influence on domestic respectability as well as happiness. But when she perceived her remonstrances to be ineffectual, she quietly acquiesced in his decision. She was an admirable household manager; but as her husband believed that an ample property, and a suitable number of domestics, should exonerate the mistress from personal aid and anxious care, she so ordered her family concerns, that he was unconscious how much attention, and service also, she gave to his well-ordered establishment. And as property was not then so insecure and floating as it afterward became, he did not apprehend that his daughter might ever need the means to furnish herself with every constituent of domestic comfort and respectability.

Miss Lyman was a warm-hearted, credulous, high-minded girl; if utter scorn and abhorrence of every thing mean in thought and action merit that appellation. Her conduct and character were under the con-

trolling influence of her feelings; and as they were ardent, liberal and romantic, she was encompassed by a false lustre no less delusive to herself than to others; for moral principle alone can produce what is truly excellent, noble and permanent. She was called, and considered herself to be, independent, because she unequivocally exhibited her regard and repugnance on all occasions, even when the latter found its aliment in the highest social position; and the former its attraction in very subordinate ranks. She had occasional opportunities, and delightedly availed herself of them to draw forth both mental intelligence and modest and oppressed merit from obscurity, and to secure to them that favor, which her disinterested patronage could claim. To those individuals and to others, whom she loved and honored, she was truly unpretending and humble, although haughtiness was no indefinite feature of her character. But that haughtiness had not its source in any physical elevation. She loved and respected moral worth wherever she found it; but she was a worshipper of mind, and the brilliancy of extraordinary talents was too dazzling to her fancy to permit a perception of any moral blemish that accompanied them. She was conscious of intellectual superiority to the generality of her associates; and on this supposed elevation was founded a pride, which she in vain sought wholly to extinguish in subsequent life, when she was governed by a far purer and nobler principle. Having never felt the privation, she was ignorant of the value of comforts and of necessities as well as of luxuries; and the self-complacency induced by wealth, or by any merely outward distinction, was an object of her deep contempt. Her pride was stimulated also by the undoubted friendship and confidence of many gifted beings, whose manifest superiority to herself, instead of creating envy, increased her self-consequence; for their regard was an evidence that however unequal was her mind, they found in her a congeniality of taste and pursuit. She considered it to be a privilege and honor to revolve as a satellite around those luminous intelligences, and to reflect their light. She was withal animated, enthusiastic, and sincere; and although she had no pretensions to personal beauty, she was followed, flattered, courted; much of which, however, was caused by her social position, and the wide but discriminating hospitality of her parents. She was fervently loved, and inveterately hated. As there was neither prudence, nor moderation in her own feelings, she could scarcely be an object of mere indifference to any who knew her.

There needs little sagacity, or worldly knowledge, to perceive that such a female as Miss Lyman would not pass quietly through life or meet with only common calamities. Indeed, her whole character challenged vicissitude, disappointment, and anguish of spirit. But, of the 'uses of adversity,' that was not the least valuable, which separated the chaff from the wheat on the long catalogue of her *friends*; neither were tried and true hearts the least 'precious jewels' which she found in its 'ugly and venomous head.'

She married in her own station of life, and the surrounding influences *promised* permanent happiness and prosperity. But in the prime of existence, when perhaps human feeling is more vital and vivid than at any other period, Mrs. Stewart became the sole and destitute parent of

a large family of young children. For some time her mind seemed paralyzed. There was no living being from whom she might *claim* relief, or guidance. The christian faith that she had recently experienced, alone saved her from despair ; and that faith was too incipient and too faint, to sustain and direct her, as in her later years. All personal considerations became permanently extinct. She had little consciousness of suffering, or of desire, except for her children. But she had lived in an ideal world. She was as ignorant of human nature, and of the pecuniary concerns of life, as were the objects of her care. She felt as if mother and children had been transported to an interminable desert, whence there was no hope of escape, and where were no means of subsistence.

Mrs. Stewart's first resource was an impressive illustration of her entire ignorance of the practical world. She had great self-confidence ; she trusted not only in her maternal love, her mental energy, and her power of endurance, but also in her competency to choose her own way. Therefore, without communicating her purpose to those who might have convinced her of its fallacy, or instructed her regarding the means, she resolved to edit a literary paper. There were then but a very few in the Union, and none in that section of the country. For the commencement, she relied on herself, and a treasure in her possession, composed of friends' manuscripts, and choice selections from various authors ; for her necessities admitted no delay ; and she hoped that her missile, when sent to those who loved, and were qualified to aid her, might secure their ample and efficient support. But she first dispersed her introductory sheet gratuitously among her neighbors and mere acquaintances ; for in her pride of independence, she endeavored to acquire patronage before she sought literary assistance. She made no previous engagement with her printer, his charge absorbed all her available means ; and she obtained not a single subscriber ! This failure corroborated her increasing convictions of the heartlessness and selfishness of the world. It is true that her paper evinced entire ignorance of whatever appertained to the undertaking, except the materials of which it should be composed ; and the terms were so low, that only a very extensive circulation could make it the source of any emolument. She had been too proud to solicit, otherwise than by the specimen of her proposed enterprise ; and that pride would still less brook to remonstrate or to inquire into the cause of her disappointment. There might have been kindness in forbearing to give encouragement ; for judicious persons must have perceived the failure to be inevitable. From the commencement of her pecuniary misfortunes, she had entirely secluded herself from society ; and this defeat was not calculated to throw her upon the sympathies of those around her.

Mrs. Stewart had many and kind friends. Her pride had revolted from receiving gifts in money ; but she now obtained a loan, and opened a small trimming shop. Her stock was so limited, and her profits so trivial, that she soon perceived her pecuniary responsibility would be increased rather than diminished, by continuing this employment. She could devise no resource except her needle ; and this was a forlorn hope ; for although her taste as well as her education had made her

neat and thorough in whatever she performed, yet as she was entirely ignorant of the lucrative departments of millinery and dress-making, she could expect but limited relief from her utmost efforts; which must be superadded to the labor of domestic avocations, and the care of her children, which no other claim ever induced her to slight, or to remit. She had a vigorous constitution, uniform health, unblenching purpose, and a perennial fountain of maternal love. These materials enabled her uniformly to pursue her employment through one, and often through two nights in the week. But there are bounds, upon which neither mind nor matter can trespass with impunity; and these bounds are narrow in proportion to previous indulgence. All the physical occupations of Mrs. Stewart were unremitting, unaccustomed and arduous. Her heart and intellect were ardent and elastic, yet the pressure on both was so incessant, the struggle so earnest and continual, the future so encompassed by 'clouds and darkness,' the present so forlorn, that the corporeal citadel gave symptoms of weakness, and thereby awakened an apprehension more agonizing than any that had been experienced. The barb of every grief pierced the mother, rather than the individual. Therefore, to die — to leave her children orphans on worldly sympathy and compassion — was the consummation of all endurable anguish to her soul. This pungent and overwhelming dread could not be tranquilized by reason; and for years was unsubdued even by religion. From the earliest period of her poverty Mrs. Stewart's friends had urged her to become a teacher. But the employment was repugnant to her judgment as it was to her inclination. It was hostile to the habits of her whole life. She doubted, moreover, if she had patience that would be at all equivalent to the demand. But if she would exist for her children, and supply their necessities, there was then no other alternative.

Mrs. Stewart had long withdrawn from the world. She had relinquished all literary and nearly all social intercourse. Except that her affections survived, and their intensity increased, she and all around her were so changed she might have fancied, that not only her nature had been transformed to what was totally unlike her former self, but that she had become an inhabitant of another planet than the earth. This diversity affected her chiefly as it regarded her children; and all remembrances of privileges and enjoyments were bitter on theirs, and not on her own account. Her new avocation brought harassing cares, in addition to maternal anxieties. There arose, also, a necessity for almost indiscriminate collision with the beings who surrounded her, which required great self-denial, not only because she had so long secluded herself from social communion, but because the sphere of her intercourse so widened, as to make her acquainted with much, both of manners and of morals, which she had never previously known. Polished life *conceals* many things that would revolt pure taste and strict principle. It is doubtless a conservator also from some evils, as well as a covering to others. As mere annoyances and vexations, perhaps there are none greater to those whose sentiments and habits, and moral code have been of higher order than the vulgarities of unrefined people, who have a low moral standard. Unless we are conscious of the ennobling and purifying influence of genuine religion, we shall be at a loss to account for

the evidently superior dignity and refinement which we shall *always* find in real christians, however humble their station, and however limited their understanding and advantages.

Mrs. Stewart was a successful teacher, for she was faithful and unwearied in the discharge of her new duties. But she was not a woman who could ever become popular. She found warm friends and bitter enemies, as in former years. She had always a mortifying consciousness of many defects; but she had learned to perceive that much which she had once valued as sterling excellence, and as evidence of superior endowments, was radically wrong: and although both her natural character and superinduced principles, alike impelled her to unremitting efforts to control and subdue her feelings, enough remained to avert the regard of those whom she neither loved nor respected. She did not, as formerly, treat such persons with coldness or contempt; but through all the courtesy, which she knew it her duty to manifest to them, her feelings, despite of effort were exhibited. Pride was the denunciation that desolated of kind feeling every heart in which the suspicion of such a sin existed against her. 'What has she to be proud of?' was the scornful remark of all who understood no claim that could not be estimated by dollars and cents.

But a different and far deeper affliction shadowed Mrs. Stewart's whole subsequent life. She never desired popular favor. Her character was always superior to such an object. She was entirely disqualified to cater for a taste so vulgar, so indiscriminating and so capricious as that of *the people*. The approbation and love of her friends were perhaps too dear. But if *assured* that she was in the path of strict and holy duty, she was neither alarmed nor much disturbed by menace or obloquy, or ridicule. Yet, unwittingly and foolishly, she had incurred her own keen self-reproach, and contumelious treatment from others. As the character and incidents now presented are those of *real* life, the most impressive moral that may be derived from them, may be found in the circumstances connected with the wasting regret to which I have alluded.

In this country at least, no amount of wealth can exonerate parents from the duty to instruct their daughters, not only in the management but also in the details of domestic affairs. A defect in this respect may be, and probably often is, fatal both to property and happiness. No toil, no self-denial, can subsequently supply altogether this deficiency in the female head of a family, especially if she be a mother; for filial claims are even more engrossing and imperative. Mrs. Stewart was eminently diligent and active by temperament and habit. She had sold her wardrobe and every ornament; and her dress was always singular for its plainness. But although self-denying in an uncommon degree, she knew not how to economise; or more properly, she had no measure of the art to make something out of nothing; nor to make an *appearance* without adequate means. She could not cover poverty with the semblance of plenty. She learned that almost every thing which the habits of her whole life had made seemingly necessary might be relinquished. But this knowledge was slowly acquired, through many years. She was injudicious in her plans, calculating neither upon contingencies

nor disappointments. She was also subjected to numerous frauds in her pecuniary concerns. All these difficulties — the consequence of defective instruction — added to the claims of her large family, involved her in obligations that she was unable to meet, although she received liberal patronage.

And here I feel it incumbent upon me to remark, that the emoluments of female teachers are discreditable to the humanity, to the intelligence, and to the liberality of the country. Those teachers often are ladies of education and refinement, who have been accustomed to wealth and indulgence, and yet who cheerfully submit to a wasting, arduous employment, for a remuneration that requires strict economy in a single woman, if she would secure resources for age and sickness; and for a mother, it excludes all such ability; and independently of personal considerations, adds the deep and incessant solicitude of maternal love. Parents in boasted New-England even, with a moderate income, purchase ornaments for their children at a price which would excite indignation if demanded by a faithful teacher for daily toil. Those fathers who sanction this ungenerous and unjust procedure by their example and influence, should consider the possibility that their own daughters, nursed in the lap of luxury and indulgence, may yet be dependent on such parsimonious support.

Debt is an evil of great magnitude to every person of moral integrity. This evil is often much enhanced by circumstances and character. And where there is a *consciousness that it might have been avoided*, at whatever cost, the affliction, the regret, the sense of degradation in some minds become keen and overwhelming. This combination of feelings seemed less endurable to Mrs. Stewart than all the griefs of her past life. To them, as divine dispensations, it was her duty to submit; but it was no less incumbent upon her to cherish a piercing and constant remembrance of her pecuniary obligations, to stimulate invention as well as effort; and the possibility to remove this fearful incubus, added suspense to its other evils. To exonerate herself from this burthen, Mrs. Stewart adopted several plans beside instruction; some of which partially succeeded, and others were not only entire failures, but increased the embarrassments they were designed to remedy. One of the latter was a volume which she published upon a special pecuniary emergence. It was a signal supremacy of principle over pride. Mrs. Stewart would not voluntarily have assumed a literary enterprise in which she might not expect to secure honor as well as profit. She knew her incapacity to write an admirable or permanent work. But she imagined herself competent to accomplish an ephemeral production for harmless amusement, if it might not aspire to a more elevated object. Had circumstances allowed sufficient time, her humble aim would probably have been successful. Even the very brief period she could command, might have claimed the pecuniary recompense she required, had not the typographical department, though done by experienced publishers, been so wretched as to crowd the book with errors, some of which were ridiculous, as well as violations of style and grammar.

It is probable none will doubt, that the afflictions which have been related, and others, and perhaps greater, that may be imagined, made

Mrs. Stewart a wiser and a better woman. But that she would have been less happy had she continued in the bosom of prosperity, few may be inclined to believe. The atmosphere of fashion, wealth and splendor is so luminous and dazzling, that to the unpractised eye the evils which they involve are imperceptible; yet those evils are numerous and great, and more keenly felt because selfishness and a morbid sensitiveness to suffering are the legitimate effects of flattery and corporeal indulgence. Although Mrs. Stewart's adversity was greatly aggravated by her former experience and habits, yet many of the temptations, and trials, and follies, to which she was then obnoxious, and less qualified to resist, disappeared with her social station. Her adversity was moreover the means of Christian faith. She previously knew nothing but the *poetry of religion*, which is but a gossamer defence in the present as well as final conflict, that requires the whole gospel panoply. And, though altogether different, the enjoyments of true piety are deeper, as they are more durable, than worldly pleasures. Mrs. Stewart's sorrows secured to her also another essential to genuine happiness, which she found in her ability and disposition to be serviceable to others in various ways beside being the respected teacher and beloved friend of many youthful females. Could continued prosperity have secured to her immunity from the calamities that throng every condition of mortal existence, she might probably have supposed that usefulness to her fellow beings, her own mental and moral improvement, and a well-founded hope of future felicity, were even far more than equivalent to the privation of uniform temporal happiness, and the uninterrupted experience of numerous and heavy afflictions.

D I R G E F O R A N I N F A N T .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Lay her gently in the dust;
Grievous task, but oh! ye must!
Hear the sentence, 'Earth to earth,
Spirit to immortal birth:'
Youthful, gentle, undefiled,
Angels nurture now the child!

Upward soaring, like the dove,
Bearing with her chains of love,
Not to draw her spirit back,
But to smooth her upward track,
Her, the youngest of thy fold,
Angels watch with love untold!

Said not oft her pleading eyes
That they longed for purer skies;
When the sob and crystal tear
Spoke of rough'ning billows here,
Prayed ye not that she might rest
On her heavenly FATHER's breast?

With the 'Rock of Ages' trust
 That which was enshrined in dust;
 Robed in ever-spotless white,
 In an atmosphere of light,
 By the never-failing springs
 Rests she now her weary wings.

Give the spirit back to God,
 And its vesture to the sod!
 Life henceforth will miss a ray,
 Kindled but to pass away;
 Bearing a celestial name,
 Angels tend the vestal flame!

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

NUMBER FOUR.

Havana, December, 1844.

DEAR FRIEND: Scarcely had I finished my last letter, explaining the gradual encroachments of the executive government in this island on its public institutions, when I was presented with a work published lately, entitled '*Notes on Cuba, by a Physician*;' and upon a hasty perusal, at once resolved to use its contents for your benefit, thereby making you acquainted with very interesting details of the country, to which I could not do equal justice; pointing out at the same time the errors of my senior traveller. From a general examination of his '*Notes*,' I readily give him the credit of possessing quick perceptions, and of being feelingly alive to whatever immediately affects his senses. His descriptions of the country are correct, and the landscape and phenomena of nature are no where more strikingly delineated than in his glowing pictures.

Of his trip to Guines on the rail-road, we read: 'We were thus carried by well-stocked farms, surrounded by hedges of aloes, their dagger-pointed and stiff long leaves closely interlaced, bidding defiance to either ingress or egress, while from the centre of these clustered lances, erect flowering stems, with twined branchlets and cup-like blossoms, raised their candelabra forms a score of feet high, in their primeness looking more like the work of art than nature. Then came the square-trimmed lime hedge, with its small clusters of white flowers yielding their perfume to the air, equally impenetrable to man or beast; and next long lines of uncemented stone fences, built of the jagged honey-comb coral rock that abounds throughout the country. These often enclosed whole acres of luscious fragrant pines, each sustained by a short foot-stalk above the circle of thorny leaves compassing the plants that were spread low over the ground; some were still small and blue with the half-withered flowerets that blossom all over the fruit: others were ripe, large and of a golden hue, while a few of the hardier kind but less esteemed, were of a reddish green tint.

'Now we passed by fields of plantains growing thickly together, bearing above their frail trunks heavy bunches of green fruit, with their terminating cones of unfructified flowers, their long tender fan-like leaves, torn in shreds by the winds and drooping around ragged and bruised, giving them the appearance of a crowd of slatterns in dishabille. Surrounding us on every side, many other valued treasures of our hot-houses springing from the rich soil, arrested the attention by their foliage, or flowers not wearing moreover the sickly look of pampered care, but fresh and vigorous, tended by Nature's skilful hand.

'But the trees of the tropics alone are an inexhaustible source of admiration and wonder to the stranger. We were soon beyond the immediate neighborhood of the city, (Havana,) its gardens, its farms and its hamlets; and their places were supplied by extensive sugar and coffee estates, with their large potreros and woodlands. Here the royal palm, queen of the forest, met the eye on every side. Sometimes isolated and irregularly scattered over fields of sugar-cane with their tall straight trunks and their tufted crowns of long, branch-like fringed leaves, waving and trembling in every breeze, and glistening in the rays of the sun, they stood like so many guardian spirits of the land keeping watch over the rich verdure, stretching far in the distance beneath them. Now in long avenues of turned Corinthian columns, their long leaves reaching across and intermingling, forming one continuous high-sprung arch, and their trunks glossed with white lichen as with paint, they led the eye to the country mansion of the planter with its cool *verandahs* and its back-ground of neatly-thatched negro-houses, while in the adjoining potreros large clumps of them sheltered with their shade the cattle grazing peacefully at their feet.'

And again when in Guines: 'Slowly promenading under the porches of the houses, I could not refrain from occasionally peeping into the parlors and chambers as I passed their large iron-grated windows. But the inmates were all up, and although now and then a fair Señora might be seen in dishabille, the whole household was generally engaged in the duties of the day, for the Creole is always an early riser. Several were engaged in sweeping the pavements; others were clustered around the milkman's cow, which had been brought to their doors, and were waiting their turn to have their pitchers filled from the slow stream; while a calf tied just without tasting distance looked piteously on, and at times showed signs of impatience, as he saw his morning meal borne off. When all had been supplied he was muzzled, and his halter tied to the extremity of the cow's tail. One rush to the bag was tried but the cruel netting frustrated all attempts to taste the bland fluid, and the poor animal quietly followed in the rear as the man drove his cow to the houses of his other customers.

'At other doors the malojero was counting out his small bundles of green fodder, each containing a dozen stalks of Indian corn, with the leaves and tassels attached, the common daily food of the horse. On their pack-horses were bundles of small-sized sugar-cane neatly trimmed and cut into short pieces, and selected small on account of their superior richness, offering to the Creole a grateful refreshment during the heat of the noon. Others carried large matted panniers slung over

their clumsy straw saddles, filled with fine ripe oranges, the favorite and healthy morning repast of the native and the stranger, the well and the invalid. As the day progressed, mounted monteros were seen galloping through the streets, just arrived from their farms; each with his loose shirt worn over his pantaloons, its tail fluttering in the breeze, while his long sword lashed to his waist by a handkerchief, dangled at his back. Then there was the heavy cart laden with sugar, for the railroad *dépôt*, drawn by eight strong oxen, the front pair some twenty feet in advance of the rest, its freight of boxes bound down firmly with cords and covered with raw hides. By its side the driver stalked, dressed in a loose shirt and trousers, which once may have been white, but now closely resembled the soil in their hue, and a high-peaked straw hat, with a wide rim, on his head. He held in his hand a long pole, armed with a goad, with which he urged forward his slow-moving team, often striking the sharp nail at its extremity, repeatedly into the flank of an ox, until the poor animal, in his endeavors to escape, seemed to drag the whole load by his sole strength. Other carts were returning to their distant sugar estates, laden with planks cut into proper sizes and fastened in packages, each containing all the sides to make a sugar box; thus put up by our ingenious northern friends for the Cuba market.'

'The *arriéro* with his pack-horses, eight or a dozen in number, was also urging them on by his voice and the occasional crack of his whip, while they staggered under their heavy loads of charcoal, kegs of molasses, or of *aguardiente*, (rum,) and the halter of each being tied to the extremity of the tail of the horse before, moved in single files carefully picking their way. Suddenly one of the hindmost would stop to survey the path, when there would be such a general stretching of tails that bid fair to leave some of them in the state of *Tam O' Shanter's* mare after her hard-won race. The whip of the *arriéro* would however soon remove the difficulty, and the long line would again move forward.'

The pictures of the country in the vicinity of Guines; the negro-pranks on Twelfth-day and their dances; the cock-pit and cock-fighting; the *madrugá* baths and scenery; and above all the detailed accounts of the Carlota Coffee estate, are accurate, and leave true and vivid impressions. You must excuse my quotations, which will be the means of making you acquainted not only with the book, but likewise with the condition of Cuba as far as the external world is concerned.

'There are several beautiful drives near Matanzas,' says our author; 'but those which no stranger should neglect are that to the *Cumbre*, the ridge of the high hill rising north of the city, and that to the valley of the *Yumuri*, which it separates from the sea.' Accompanied by a friend at whose house I was staying I left the city in a *volante* before sunrise, and following a road of the roughest kind, which passing behind the handsome barracks and the airy large hospital situated on the slope of the hill, wound up its steep acclivity, I gained the narrow ridge of the *Cumbre*. Here, as I walked along the level road, I knew not on which side to fix my eye, so beautiful were the landscapes that surrounded me. Seaward, the widely-extended ocean, with numerous

vessels on its great highway, the Gulf Stream, and more than thirty miles of the shores were included in a single view. Then there was the long broad bay of Matanzas, dwindled in size and looking like a majestic river with its fleet of vessels riding at anchor, and the city at its head covering the level plain and creeping up the hill beyond it. On the other side of the ridge, far down below our very feet, lay the lovely valley of the Yumuri, with its grounds now broken into sharp peaks, now gently undulating; its cane-fields with their pea-green verdure, and the dark green foliage of the tall palms scattered irregularly over them; its orange groves and luxuriant plantations with broad waving leaves; its cocoas, its almonds and its coffee, with here and there a gigantic Ceiba spreading out its massive arms high in air. As the mist, which in different parts hung over the scene, rose in fleecy masses, or gradually dissolved in the increasing heat of day, and farm after farm, and cottage after cottage, became lit by the bright sun's rays, throwing into bold relief the illuminated portions, while the rest still lay in the deep shade of the Cumbre, a landscape was presented that I had never seen rivalled even amidst the picturesque scenery of Switzerland.

'The valley is very small, which indeed adds to its beauty, and is so completely hemmed in on every side by high precipices, that it seems entirely cut off from the rest of the world: while the oriental and quiet air it presents is in strong contrast with the busy city just by it, and the long extent of mountainous region stretching far in the distance beyond. At the foot of the height on which I stood, a small cottage was perched on the very summit of a small conical hill, and with all the appurtenances of the farm-yard, lay like a picture below me; the objects were much diminished in size, but the crowing of the cock and the bleating of the kids came distinctly on the ear and heightened the interest of the scene. The whole formed a lovely secluded nook, and one could not refrain from envy of the happy lot of the montero whose home it was. But the heart was pained on recurring to the past history of the vale: and while fancy sketched the scenes of murder and carnage which this place had witnessed, of its once peaceful people, it seemed well that the name of the neighboring city should be so significant of the event. It was here, that in 1511, numbers of the aborigines were cruelly massacred by the Spaniards, and the remnant driven by blood-hounds to the surrounding heights, were forced in despair to throw themselves over their brinks into the river below, crying out '*Yo moir*,' I die; whence the name of the vale and river.

'On the ridge were several private residences, into one of which we were invited by its owner, who gave us that scarce article on a Cuba farm, a glass of fresh milk. In our descent to the city several varied and beautiful views of it, and of the harbor and shipping, were presented; and when we reached the base of the hill, a short but rapid drive brought us into the gap, through which the Yumuri escapes from the valley. High precipices rose on each side, their summits crowned with a luxuriant growth, while from the overhanging walls of the southern side immense stalactites of various hues hung in irregular and grand festoons, amid which the entrance to a large cave was plainly visible. At

its base the little river had expanded into a placid miniature lake, and beyond, through the cleft mountain, was seen the vale itself.'

You must next be made acquainted with the picturesque description of the Ceiba and the Jaguey: 'Soon after entering a coffee estate I passed by one of those giants of a tropical forest, a powerful Ceiba, with its large tall trunk fixed to the soil by huge braces projecting from it in different directions, and rising branchless and erect sixty feet, where it threw out immense horizontal arms of massive timber. The extremities of these only were subdivided into branches and twigs, which covered by foliage, formed an umbrella-shaped canopy over the whole. But although themselves free from leaves, these stout arms supported on their broad surfaces a luxuriant garden of air-plants. There were the wild pines in close set hedges, with gutter-shaped leaves and cup-like cavities filled with the condensed dews of night, serving as cisterns for the winged tribes during the long drought of winter. Other species in branches of strings hung pendant, or in fan-like shapes spread close to their foster parent; while some as the night-blooming cereus with hairy coats, like long creeping insects, clung to the sides and under surfaces of the branches, or wound around the trunk itself. Nor was this garden devoid of beauty. A partial glimpse could here and there be had of flowers of the brightest scarlet, of the richest brown, and of a delicate pink, exciting vain longings in the beholder to explore their aerial beds. Not far from this tree was another as large, enclosed in the deadly embraces of the *Jaguey-marcho*; it was a mortal struggle for mastery between the two giants; but how powerful soever had been the *Ceiba*, it was evident from the size of the other, the multiplied folds of its arms around the trunk of its foster parent, and its luxuriant branches and foliage already overtopping it, that the victory would soon belong to the parasite. Near was a *Jaguey-marcho* standing alone; the death of its victim had long been effected; and it pompously raised its distorted trunk, and spread its irregular foliage, where once before its noble-looking parent had stood in all its beauty.'

The writer should have mentioned that the poets of Cuba have adopted the Jaguey as the emblem of ingratitude. Equally true is the following: 'I had now gained the foot of the hill and commenced ascending its winding path amid irregular masses of jagged coral rock, of which the whole range seemed composed, and which, from the sharp points it presents over its whole surface, has received the very significant name of 'dog's teeth.' It was every where perforated by round holes of various sizes traversing in every direction, the whole looking like some thick paste, that had been suddenly petrified while in a state of violent ebullition. Here the ingenious Leibig could see his theory verified in forests of heavy timber springing from beds of barren rock, their roots penetrating into the holes and fissures, fixing the trunk firmly to the earth; while on the soilless bed rank air-plants, covered with their interlaced roots the petreous surface, or in clumps suspended in the air, clung to every tree.

'The foliage above was so thick that the rays of the sun penetrated only here and there through the almost twilight-shade that shed a softness on all below, where the dews of night hung in pearly drops on

every leaf. Nothing could exceed the air of solitude reigning throughout this primeval forest. Scarcely a bird was seen amid its foliage or a sound heard, save the faint murmur of the east wind through the thick canopy over head, and the boring of the worm penetrating the fallen timber. Even the solitary whistle of the small day-owl, and the occasional and distant clacking of the *arriéro*, tended only to increase the sense of loneliness. It is in forests like this that the hutia loves to dwell; the wild-cat to hide her young, and the wild-dog to build his lair. Amid its deep recesses the runaway negro also seeks a home in some secret cave, spending his days in sleep and his nights in prowling about the borders of the neighboring estates.'

'The Creole,' the author remarks in another part of his work, alluding to the countrymen 'or *monteros*, is a finished orator, graceful in his actions and in his expressions. While talking his whole frame is in motion; and one ignorant of the Spanish, could almost guess the drift of the conversation by his pantomime. I once listened to a most graphic description of William Tell's shooting the apple off his son's head by a *magoral* (overseer) of a sugar estate. In one of my excursions I dined at the same table with him, and had been relating some anecdotes of courage, when he in his turn told that story. He was seated when he commenced, but warming with the subject, he arose from his chair, and as the story proceeded, presented in succession the anxious crowd of spectators, the patient unconscious child, the firm father and the stern tyrant, in *tableaux vivants* that I had never seen excelled. At the moment when he had shot the arrow and placed his hand on the other, ready to send it to the heart of the tyrant if the first pierced his son, the intense agony of the father, more intense because half-subdued and mingled with his deadly resolve, was so well depicted, that I gazed with unfeigned astonishment at the actor, when the cries of the crowd, joyful at his success, burst from him. Then came the daring response to the tyrant, that the second shaft was for his own heart, at which point his story closed, and I was revolving in my mind how a stranger to liberal institutions could depict the indomitable spirit of liberty dwelling in the bosom of the Swiss, when he said that all this happened to an Indian and his king in Mexico.'

The description of the subterraneous river in the village of San Antonio is worthy of your perusal: 'On reaching the spot, I found the deep ravine, leading into the cave, dry; but the river which in the winter season disappears close by the town, would be heard rushing in its underground course near the opening. The *Ceiba*, nearly a hundred feet high, rested the base of its immense trunk on the very edge of the rock overhanging the entrance; the huge braces common to this tree projecting a score of feet from it on the land, and firmly fixing it to the soil. It stood like some giant guard over the yawning cavern below, which seemed well suited to be the fabled residence of the terrible *Ceme*, worshipped by the Cuban Indian. The moon-beams lit up every object without, making the dark cavern still more dreary; numerous tree-frogs were piping their bird-like notes from the bushes covering the sides of the ravine, and bats were flitting down into it, while ever and anon a large wild owl swept across the chasm, hastily beating the bushes on its

margin, and emitting his grinding cries. The whole spot was extremely picturesque ; but one could not help fancying the stream, when swollen by the rains, thundering down into the wide mouth of this cave, and carrying with it whatever it bore throughout its subterranean course, depositing bones of animals, perhaps of men, of birds, reptiles and land shells ; and at its submarine outlet, ejecting some amid those of the finny tribes of the ocean and its shells ; and when these shall have been up-raised by the heaving earthquake, puzzling the future geologist by the incongruous mingling. The river is again seen deep down, through an opening in the rock about a half a mile from the cavern, and pieces of wood thrown into the stream have appeared on the coast several leagues distant.'

As a specimen of the once distracted state of the country, the Notes on Cuba contain a story which I will also subjoin : ' The short road of six miles between this place (Havana) and Regla, now so safe, was during the days of piracy much infested by robbers, bands of whom then roamed with impunity through all the surrounding country. A smart little Frenchman, who practised the healing art in this city, was one night waited on by one of them, with a command to accompany him to a wounded man. Fearing the result of a refusal, he mounted a horse that the robber had brought with him, and rode some distance from the city under his guidance, when the two were suddenly surrounded by a band of armed men. The doctor now repented of his journey ; nor were his fears lessened on their blind-folding him and leading him off on foot, although they assured him that no harm should come to him. After a long walk they reached a hut, where, the bandage having been removed from his eyes, he beheld a strongly-built man covered with wounds and exhausted by loss of blood. He was told to attend on him ; and having dressed his wounds, and informed them that they were not necessarily fatal, his eyes were again blind-folded, and he was given in charge of his guide ; a double handful of doubloons having been first offered to him as a fee, which he positively declined accepting. He was conducted safely home, and on the days appointed for his future visits the man and horse were found each night at his door. His patient got well, but the doctor would accept of no pecuniary recompense. In several of his rides afterward he was stopped on the road, but on being recognized was not molested ; and on some occasions he was even accompanied by some of his robber friends to his home, when other bands, who did not know his worth, were prowling about the place.'

Let my last extract be the picture of the daily storm during the rainy season : ' For several consecutive days was the whole canopy of the heavens each noon hid by the heavy masses of clouds rapidly formed on the horizon, and over head presenting in their storm-like appearance a strong contrast by the clear blue of the noon's unclouded sky. About two o'clock began the gathering to one broad focus : and the black thunder-cloud, condensing in its frigid bosom the ascending vapors, and blending with its own immense mass the smaller ones in its course, with gathered and still increasing power, rose majestically against the opposing verge ; its jagged edges apparently resting on the hills, and its pendant centre threatening destruction to all beneath. Then came

the deep calm ; and each leaf was motionless, while the scuds above rushed madly together, and curled and intermingled as if in fierce contest. And now the sudden blast burst through the still air, and the stout tree groaned, and the tender plant lay prostrate beneath its power. The long pliant leaves of the tall palm, like streamers, fluttered in the rushing wind ; the frail plantain's broad tender foliage was lashed into shreds ; the umbrageous alleys of mangoes waved their long lines of dense verdure, and all nature did homage to the storm-spirit ; all but the powerful Ceiba, whose giant trunk bended not, and whose massive arms and close-set foliage defied its utmost wrath ; amid the turmoil it stood unmoved, a perfect picture of conscious strength. But the whole scene was soon hid by the torrents of rain that fell from the overcharged clouds. The atmosphere seemed converted into a mass of rushing waters ; and mingled with its rattling gusts, was the lengthened crash and reverberating roar of the more distant thunder and the sharp shot-like report of that close by ; while vivid streams and broad flashes of lightning played rapidly through the aqueous shroud. In less than an hour the storm had passed by, but fresh masses of clouds rose from different quarters, and their circumscribed showers often fell heavily within a few hundred yards, while near by not a drop descended.'

Thus was the rainy season ushered in : ' In the afternoon the clouds separated into banks, which hung about the horizon ; and before evening the sun shone brightly through the transparent ether, and at length sunk into a gorgeously-colored and golden bed. A refreshing coolness pervaded the evening calm ; the tolling of the different estate bells sounding the oracion, came sweetly on the ear ; and when the shades of night set in, myriads of *cocullos* left their hiding places, and darting through the air, lit up the gloom with a thousand streams of lurid light, while the stars shone with a brilliancy not surpassed in the frigid zone.'

And now, my dear friend, after enjoying these animated and vivid sketches, from the pencil of a correct, although at times careless painter, would you not expect a similar excellence in his moral pictures ? Would you not at least suppose his information to be judiciously obtained from reliable sources ? I have always thought there was a near relation between a clear understanding and an artistical talent. It would seem natural that whoever is able to describe the beauties of the material world, must feel their harmony, and by *consequence*, possess superior intellectual faculties. How happens it then that the author of the 'Notes on Cuba' should so incessantly err, when his economical disquisitions take the place of his graphic representations of the external world ? When the country's moral condition is his topic, he at once shows himself to be badly informed, and his judgment so partially and disparagingly exercised, that he constantly contradicts himself. His hasty views upon the gravest subjects indicate a weak intellect, easily led astray, even in opposition to the nobler and better feelings of our nature. I am slow to impute to the author any unworthy motive, as the cause of the very serious and unaccountable mistakes in his work. The ingenious acknowledgment of his inconsistencies at the close of the volume, excludes so severe an inference. It is both more charitable and reasonable to find their true cause in that inconsiderate

manner of pronouncing on facts imperfectly known, so common to travellers, who, not wishing to appear deficient in their researches, are prone to adopt the most extravagant statements and opinions. Giving to the author's case the kindest construction, I am willing to believe that it was by mere chance, and certainly not from choice, that he generally happened to be thrown into company not the most select, and did not sufficiently test his opinions by inquiries among the better and more enlightened class of the community. How else could he have so exaggerated the devotion of the attendants at church, as compared with our more religious countrymen? How could he have lavished enthusiastic praises on the disorderly habits of the country curates, whose vow of celibacy, voluntarily given only as a means of obtaining a livelihood, is perpetually broken, to the discredit of all Christian belief? The priests in Cuba are not respected. They are rather despised; and as their conduct belies the doctrines they have sworn to propagate, they set themselves quietly down to enjoy the bodily comforts of this life, without troubling themselves at all about their own or their flock's spiritual welfare. The superstitious credulity and faith in miracles of the monteros, or country people, is another of the subjects on which the author of the '*Notes on Cuba*' indulged his fruitful fancy. Just so also as to the fact that the Bible was zealously and devoutly studied. Would to God it were so! as it would evidence a concern for a future state, no where else to be met with in the island. The tracts distributed with impunity, which the physician '*notes*' with exceeding pleasure, will certainly not excite wonder, when the reader is given to understand that the most celebrated works against Christianity are publicly and unrestrictedly sold throughout the country.

How far it can be said, consistently with truth, that the learned and enlightened Bishop of Havana was a perfect Tacon, I will submit to the decision of any inhabitant of the island, whatever political opinions he may entertain. Their actions did not evince any similarity of character; and it was reserved for our author to discover it in men who always created very different impressions. Bishop Espada and General Tacon, in times far removed from each other, owed their nomination to the liberal party of Spain. When absolute sway was reestablished in the mother country, the former continued to profess liberal views, and made successful efforts to extend the sphere of learning and education. The latter was ever active in crushing public spirit, in organizing a military government, and ruining public institutions, as far as lay in his power. The former was persecuted as an insurgent. The latter persecuted those who disapproved his omnipotence, and charged them with treason. It was of this same man that the author of the '*Notes on Cuba*' says, he was a noble instance of the power of mind over brute force, and asserts with an air of triumph, that on his condemnation he referred his judges to the records of the court as a proof of his mild administration. The records of the tribunals under his control, who durst not publish the most common facts without his approbation, like the criminal statistics, are of little value. But the several processes against the objects of his hatred in Spain and Cuba, wherein his real character is revealed, and the sentence, which from motives of policy

was not published in Havana by his successor, as the law required, might illustrate the point. 'Men were sometimes taken suddenly from the midst of their families, where they lived in fancied security,' (I quote the 'Notes on Cuba,') 'were shown the indisputable proofs of their guilt, and at once exiled from the island, as inimical to its government.'

What manner of procedure is this, by which Tacon was enabled to obtain proofs of guilt, and to sentence the accused without his knowledge? That such a panegyric, in itself revolting, should be volunteered by an American writer, is the only apology for such acts on the part of those who had not, like himself, enjoyed the advantages of a free country. So intent was he on exalting the moral reformer, as he is pleased to term him, that he mentions Tacon's macadamizing the streets of Havana, and candidly avows that the side-walks were buried by the structure, so that, he adds, 'it is no wonder the ladies are not inclined to walk.'

It is amusing, to those acquainted with the habits and customs of Cuba, to read of wonders in the country which no one except the honest doctor has had the good fortune to discover. 'Young ladies visiting burying-grounds to enjoy the sight of a funeral, as a matter of amusement; Indian agents, monteros, riding with muskets, or taking their sweet-hearts before them on the same saddle; a sacristan, or sexton, becoming a prominent character through his knowledge of the law, in a village where no law business is transacted; a country officer of justice chanting the church service at his wife's funeral; a marquis winning and exacting a dollar from his own slave at a cock-fight; another young lady riding sixty miles on horseback, in a day, to dance all the evening; the stare of women, whose total freedom from prudery did not prevent them from throwing a *furtive* glance at our Esculapius, who might be sadly and undignifiedly confounded with the 'barber-surgeon practitioners' of the land; the celebrated and favorite 'olla podrida,' a dish so rare and exquisite, and of which Spain may well boast, freely served in the lunatic asylum of Havana; and one of the patients of this institution handing a petition to our learned traveller, which the latter, from his knowledge of the Spanish, (of which we have abundant specimens in his book,) is pleased to commend for its pure Castilian. Happily though, in his wanderings through the island, (which by the way, we may observe, was made to widen for his comfort,) he was not very difficult to please: he was tossed about in rather a shabby accoutrement, as we may judge from the horses which dragged him along; and he actually began to relish the dinners in the country shops, or what he styles Spanish condiments. Rather than do violence to the customs of the land, he gaily joined in a drink of water with a porter; and probably from the same motive, accepted and did honor to the delicate morsels furnished by an unknown Creole, a fellow-passenger on the rail-road to Guines, who, an accident having detained the cars, generously provided him and others with an abundant luncheon. It is therefore singular that the author should be the first to observe, that the Creole was not only economical, but parsimonious to an uncommon degree. 'The Irishman,' he says, 'will empty his purse when the Creole will hesitate to spend a medio.'

When among country inn-keepers of the lower class of Catalonians, and their associates, and the captains of the partido, who according to his own account do not wash till noon, hearing himself called a Jew, (which, even as a practical joke, is no sign of goodbreeding,) and animated by *practical jokes*, it is no wonder that our writer should have formed strange notions, and acquired a very imperfect knowledge of many important facts. He is made to understand that Guines has been increased by the construction of the rail-road, and that foreigners are looked upon with envy.

He mistakes some of the above described class for the lofty Castilian Hidalgo, a true specimen of whom he probably never met; and the unmeaning look of ignorance for an expression of contempt of the Creoles. The ward of Puebla Nuevo, in the city of Mantanzas, which has been stationary for many years, he cites as an instance of rapid advancement. He is made to believe in the existence of a young men's debating society, where subjects are discussed which in old Spain would not be named. The ludicrous kings of the negro tribes, who preside at their dances, he imagines to be engaged in directing their moral habits. He gives a glowing account of the products of a coffee and of a sugar-plantation; asserting that in common times the profits of the molasses produced on the latter would cover its current expenses. Unacquainted with the frauds committed in the reports manufactured for private purposes, and with the carelessness with which the statistics of the country are taken, by reason of the indolence or incapacity of the agents, he wonders at the marvellous results in the reports of mortality on the estates, and which are almost sufficient to make one wish himself a slave.

In fact there seems to lurk about the author of the 'Notes' a decided partiality for slavery, an evil which, in our age, is lamented even by those whose interest and safety require them to uphold it. He describes the slave as gay and happy; enumerates the laws in his favor, acknowledging at the same time that they are not enforced; attributes this mismanagement to the planters, whom he knows exert no influence in public enactments; and states that baptism and burial is all the negro receives in the way of moral and religious government; still maintaining that his condition is better than that of the European peasant and the manufacturing and mining class of England.

The author of the 'Notes on Cuba,' whose opinion appears vacillating, tells you that the slave-trade is a source of wealth to the island as it formerly was to Liverpool and Boston; that only two thousand blacks are imported annually, and that the whole country is in favor of its continuation. As the author in these particulars seems to have blindly adopted the slave-dealers' cant, it may not be amiss to show the gross delusion under which he labored. That Cuba has acquired her vast agricultural importance by means of imported negroes, is an undeniable fact. That by following another course she would have attained her present extensive though precarious production, remains to be proved. To insist however, at this late period, that her wealth is increased by the traffic, is more than absurd; it is absolutely false. It is well known that her real estate is, and had been for some time before the 'Notes on Cuba'

were written, fast declining in price, notwithstanding his report of its high value. It is also well known that the continuation of the slave-trade has a direct tendency to jeopardize every kind of property, and to depreciate more especially the value of slaves in the island. It is moreover a most pernicious calumny to assert that the country is in favor of its continuation, and is as little to be relied on as his statement of the number of the imported, which he greatly underrates. Neither are the rich and enlightened planters, who see the fabric of their fortunes tottering before them, desirous of sustaining it, howsoever the voice of public opinion may be assumed to be in favor of the selfish views of the few. An estate which eight years ago might be sold for \$100,000 would not at this day command \$25,000. A negro who could then have been purchased for \$500, is at the present time to be had for \$300. What then can be the sentiment of an intelligent community, had they the means of expressing it, (which the author of the 'Notes' grants they have not) other than in opposition to an economical and political error fraught with incessant danger? The Cuban planter is aware that while a stream of barbarians continually rushes in and mingles with their more civilized brethren, the work of civilization must be much obstructed, and that a restless race will ever be ready to second the machinations of wily plotters. The increase of the race by marriage is not feasible, and the warfare of the abolitionists will be most perseveringly prosecuted. They will not be deluded by the pretended humanity of the trade, such as we find on page 263 and others. The conviction of this truth has driven the more enlightened class from the markets, and lessened the price of a commodity, unfortunately so abundantly profitable, that it can bear great depression in price. The pretence that the slave-trade betters the condition of the bondmen, by rescuing them from the hands of cruel African masters, who enslave their conquered enemies, is an argument which our author was taught by slave-dealers, and is too barefaced to receive countenance from reflecting men, even in Cuba. If there were no purchasers and no demand, the object of making prisoners of war among a barbarous people would be removed. Nay, the wars themselves, without their tempting and profitable pecuniary results, would cease, and the missionary be enabled to proclaim the gospel in the wilds of Africa.

Had the learned physician consulted the more respectable class of inhabitants, whom he certainly would not meet where practical jokes are allowed, and who, long before his excursion to the island, had presented petitions to government, together with statements of the perilous crisis which awaited the country, he never would have ventured the following singular prophecy: 'Cuba has now nothing to fear from her slaves, whatever influence her increasing free-colored population may hereafter exercise on her safety.' He would not have been forced to add an appendix, even before the publication of his work, wherein his superficial view of the most serious matters is clearly exhibited. So unlucky was he, that he presumed to foretell that the free blacks would in any movement join the whites. And it is reasonable to suppose that while he wrote, the machinations of the free-colored of all shades, which have since come to light, were actually in progress. Had he drank at

purser fountains, we should, nevertheless, have been amused at his blunders, among which, his discovery of two represented classes is not the least—a veritable enigma. As yet I have been able to find no one that can say who is represented in the land.

The town of Cardenas has been denied direct commerce with foreign or even Spanish European ports. The production of sugar and the maintenance of all classes, so dependant on imports for most articles, were made to bear the additional expenses of a forced coasting shipment, because the administration considered it both expensive and favorable to contraband. The author of the '*Notes on Cuba*,' though confessing at times the absolute nullity of the inhabitants as to all public measures, boldly asserts, in relation to removing the burdens imposed on the Cardenas trade, that 'the merchants of Havana and Matanzas, who now export all its produce, have as yet had influence to defeat every movement for that object.' It was in order to do away the alleged objections to this arrangement that the population of Cardenas built the custom-house, not as an evidence of their readiness to pay its dues, as our author would have it. The convenience of the bay, the distances to other towns, the vision of the drunken Irishman charging the insurgents, and in fact all the information he obtained in the neighborhood of Cardenas, may be classed among the numberless fancies of his book. He erroneously estimates the duty on sales of real estate, called *Alcabala*, at \$4,000,000, and perhaps inconsiderately, and certainly with injustice, stigmatizes *all* the predecessors of General Valdez, by asserting, without an exception, that it was usual for Captain-Generals to receive a doubloon for every negro landed in Cuba. On the other hand he draws an uncouth picture of the police, as much at variance with itself as with truth. When in a flattering mood he represents it as so active and excellent, that if it had any system, or were any thing else than a perpetual miracle, and could be described, he would surely propose its adoption in the United States.

Let the work speak for itself: 'A country store had been broken open, and two or three men had been eased of their purses on the public road. The whole partido was aroused like a hive of bees against which a mischievous urchin had thrown a stone. The hitherto quiet inhabitants went about armed to the teeth, and there was great danger of their killing each other through mistake. The captain of the partido meanwhile was not idle. Visiting every dwelling in his jurisdiction, he compelled those who could not give a good account of themselves, and had not domiciliary passports, to quit the partido. Others on whom suspicion rested he sent as prisoners to Matanzas, there to prove their innocence; a mode of administering justice quite in vogue here, but which would depopulate many a section in other countries; and I would add, that must have perfectly satisfied those robbed in the highway.

'These petty judges,' he adds, with great truth, 'are with very few exceptions from Spain, a Creole being scarcely ever intrusted with the office, and being without salaries, like so many vultures they prey upon the unprotected within their jurisdiction.'

Is it credible that it is of the same country we read elsewhere in his work :

'Intoxication is very rare ; the dormant passions are not aroused by it, and the laws are enforced. With all the corruption of the bench in Cuba, the murderer very seldom escapes from punishment ; and so well is justice administered, in *certain cases*, that that foul excrescence on civilization, and most deliberate defier of the laws of God, the duellist, receives no mercy, and the crime is now unknown on the island.'

Make a law to expel every person who cannot give a good account of himself, on the commission of a crime ; name vultures for police agents ; place corrupt judges on the bench, and you are sure to be free from excrescence, i. e. murder and duelling !

Even in the appendix, written after the recent insurrection, which would never have extended so far had the island not been ruled without the concurrence of the land-holders, the author of the 'Notes' seeing that his prophecies had wholly failed, still adheres to the dark banner under which he had enlisted, and still seeks the means of palliating what has and can have no excuse among civilized nations. In extenuation of the acts committed in Cuba during the judicial proceedings, he cites the punishments inflicted by the English in Dublin half a century ago, and adds, that if greater excesses were committed in the Antile, it was because they could be committed with greater impunity. Whatever horrors it has been the fate of the latter to witness, let not the abolitionist ascribe them to slavery. Our author will answer them : 'Abandoned to the caprice of the sub-commissions that visited the plantations, the whole population, afraid to utter one word against their acts, in despair saw their property sacrificed, and were compelled to witness the most revolting scenes of cruelty.'

I omit a tedious examination of the judicial investigations of the insurrectionary movements, under the military law most oddly interpreted. Nor would I much blame the chief who was at the head of the administration. In the absence of all freedom of opinion, without legal access on the part of the people to their rulers, however enlightened they may be, they must exercise their unlimited power in matters utterly misapprehended by them, under the influence of a party, a party which occupies all the avenues to their authority, which covers its selfish and evil course with the plausible pretext of loyalty, and takes good care to persuade the metropolitan government that all who do not sustain that party is seeking the independence of the country. Is it to be expected that a soldier, unacquainted with the abundant resources and prosperity of the island before her public institutions had been undermined, and her free inhabitants reduced almost to a level with her slaves, should favor whatever had the appearance of nationality or loyalty ? To the violent and powerful slave-trade party must therefore be ascribed, in a great measure, the errors and excesses committed in the investigation of the negro plots. Let this fruitful source of future danger, like all the other evils which threaten Cuba, be attributed to that sordid class who, regardless of the welfare of the country, are wholly intent upon the acquisition of wealth.

As if to aid their unrestrained tyranny, the author of the 'Notes on Cuba' asserts, 'that in 1842 a few liberal-minded Creoles in Havana were exiled, under a pretence that they had formed an abolition society

and were in correspondence with the notorious Turnbull, thus rendering them odious in the eyes of their fellow citizens, whose liberation alone they were plotting.'

What the pretence might be on which an irresponsible authority expelled from the country one or more citizens, is of little import. That an American traveller should affirm that they were plotting the independence of the country, is very reprehensible. It is an undeserved and dishonorable attack by enemies, whose echo our author usually, perhaps unconsciously, has the misfortune to be. Had there been the least ground of accusation other than their reproof of abuses and opposition to the slave-trade, false pretences would have been unnecessary. Their case would have become notorious, and themselves have been subjected to the cognizance of a tribunal whose decision would have received unbounded applause. No: the Creoles, while keenly alive to the wrongs they have suffered at the hands, not of the generous Spanish nation, but from that of her rulers, well understand that their fate depends on the system which the Court of Madrid may hereafter establish. The barbarous and warlike slaves in the island, whose numbers fill the most courageous with dismal forebodings, the vicious character of the white, and the heterogeneous composition of the free population, the sad effects of political changes in all Spanish countries in both hemispheres, and the remembrance of the prosperity of the island under the mild and liberal administration of government during the absolute reign of Ferdinand, incline the natives to turn their eyes, as their last hope, to the land of their fathers, similar in habits and religion, rich with pleasing associations, and to expect from the young Queen a renewal of that connection of the mother country and its colonies which can be productive of good only when it is founded upon reciprocal advantages and based on justice.

Such a system, which it is not my part to delineate, would produce an immediate augmentation of the white population, forever quiet the aspirations of the blacks, lessen the burdens to which commerce is subjected, and interpose between the slave states of the American republic and the emancipated West India Islands a powerful European domination, which would serve as a bulwark against the future attempts of the blacks. An island fertile to excess, of which but one-fifth is under cultivation, needs only the fostering care of a liberal government, to call to its shores a flood of immigration.

I have extended my review of the 'Notes on Cuba' to a greater length than I at first intended, and must therefore defer to another occasion the promised general information, some part of which has, incidentally and at unawares, found its way into the preceding pages.

M A S C U L I N E A N D F E M I N I N E .

In England rivers all are males,
For instance, 'Father Thames';
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'nselles or dames.

Yes, here the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye;
And Mrs. SIFFY rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss SOUL.

SMITH.

F A R E W E L L T H O U G H T S .

TO MY COUSIN JANE.

THE young and unpractised writer who sends us the following lines, accompanies them with the expression of a doubt whether or no they may be deemed worthy of insertion in the pages of this Magazine. He intimates that they are the simple record of a few natural thoughts which arose in his mind upon taking leave of an esteemed female friend, with whom he had passed many agreeable and guileless hours. There are certain hieroglyphic characters, known to the initiated, which illuminate our correspondent's nom de plume: and we have felt too forcibly the pleasant 'esprit de corps' which they awaken, not to take his maiden communication under favorable consideration. If the lines be not very vigorous, they are mainly musical; and experience, we cannot doubt, will enable the writer 'better to satisfy himself and his readers in his future effusions.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

WHEN Fate relentless bids my footsteps roam
To other climes to seek another home;
To turn from scenes to boyhood always dear,
Fond ties to break, though not without a tear;
How oft shall Memory's magic spell renew
The joyous hours I've whiled away with you!
Too gladly, then, will fond remembrance dwell
On by-gone times I've ever loved so well.
And oh! such thoughts as words would ill portray,
Of happy hours, will chase all gloom away;
Hours, which with thee, like moments glided fast,
While I, scarce conscious how they all were past,
Ne'er from thy witching presence could be gone,
Till the 'sma' hours ayont the twal' drew on!

How oft sweet visions of my far-off home
Fill'd with such pictures of the past shall come!
As when the sun sinks in old Ocean's breast,
It gilds each wave-top with a golden crest,
So shall my thoughts in hues as bright be drest,
Solacing sadness, banishing unrest:
And through my sleep, sweet, blissful dreams shall glide,
Pure as a lily by some streamlet's side;
Sweet dreams by night, and 'waking dreams' by day
Shall cheer me onward through my lonesome way.

Think not, sweet coz! that I, with fickle mind,
Would e'er forget *some* friends I leave behind;
Ah, no! believe me, in that southern clime,
Where oft I wander, reckless of the time,
Along the paths of some rich orange grove,
Where wooing perfumes, sweet as lips of Love,
Shall soothe the spirit as my footsteps rove;
Believe me, then, at twilight's balmy hour,
Glad thoughts will rise, like fragrance from a flower,
Of one who, as a rainbow in the skies,
Allures awhile, then fastly fading dies;
Gladden'd my pathway a short month or two,
When, forced by Fate, I bade a sad adieu!
Alas! too soon that parting word will sever
Some ties I've hoped might cheer my lot forever:
Will break the spell that with kind Friendship came,
To blend with pleasure thy endearing name;
Such friendship as on earth man rarely finds,
Unknown to fools — most priz'd by noble minds:
How brief our union! yet we've shown what joy
May mark affection free from base alloy.

Was it too brief to prove how void of art
 Is every impulse of thy gentle heart?
 Ah, no! to thee 't is Truth that bids me say,
 That as the moon, with pure pellucid ray
 Sheds silvery radiance o'er untrodden snows,
 In some lone valley, where in still repose
 Her light falls calm as dew-drops on the rose —
 Sweet even thus the witchery of thy smile,
 As purely radiant, as devoid of guile.
 Each thought, each feeling of thy snowy breast,
 Enshrined in loveliness, with truth imprest,
 Beams forth as clearly from thy deep, dark eyes,
 As stars, at eve, illumine all the skies;
 Or when at day-light one by one departing,
 Soon from the east the sun's warm rays are darting.
 Ah, why so fleeting all the joy we know,
 As toward the grave with hurrying step we go?
 We grasp, and taste it but a little while;
 When, lo! 't is gone — 't is vanished like a smile!

With such experience is my memory fraught —
 Too gladly welcome, though so dearly bought:
 Since our first meeting, coz., hath nought occurred,
 In look, or action, or unkindly word,
 To make us nurse one feeling of regret,
 Or think 't were better we had never met!
 Alas! these memories, still to me most dear,
 Linger round thee and round this dying year;
 And with this year, which soon forever ends,
 Must I leave thee — thou loveliest of friends!

But 't were a weakness farther to prolong
 The sadness which increases with my song:
 Fancy's wild track no longer I'll pursue,
 It leads too oft to vanished scenes with you.
 Yet, though so soon, those parting words must come,
 Like sweet, sad music from a muffled drum;
 Though Fate soon bids me from thy presence turn,
 It ne'er can take from recollection's urn
 One thought of thee, which from the past shall roll,
 And with sweet visions still enwrap my soul.
 Whate'er the lot the Future for me bears,
 Though filled with sorrow, or with life's dull cares;
 Though Fortune frown, though bitter want annoy,
 And dark reverses banish every joy;
 Still in my heart I'll cherish one dear token
 Which from thy lips in kindly words was spoken;
 'How far away soe'er I dwell from thee,
 Thou 't sometimes think of absent, far-off me!'
 This, this alone the darkest hour shall cheer
 With hope undim'd, save by a joyful tear.

As oft the sun looks on some scene of love,
 While rain falls fast from scatter'd clouds above,
 This, this alone will often buoy me up,
 When called to drink of Disappointment's cup;
 This, this alone shall dissipate each sorrow,
 With rapturous glimpses of a brighter morrow:
 This ray alone shall light my doubtful track —
 I take all words of grief and sorrow back!
 Though years unknown I'm doom'd from thee to sever,
 I fain believe it will not be forever:
 Yet through them all, one thought shall e'er sustain —
 That we may meet once more on earth again:
 This thought even now doth my full bosom swell,
 As, lingering, I pronounce a fond FAREWELL!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE ON MEDICAL EDUCATION. Delivered to the Students of Geneva Medical College, October 1, 1844. By CHARLES A. LEE, A. M., M. D., Professor of General Pathology and Materia Medica in Geneva College. Published by the Medical Class. pp. 40. Geneva: ISA MERRELL.

WE desire to record in these pages our thanks to Dr. LEE for the many important truths, of interest not only to medical students and practitioners, but to the public at large, which he has condensed and infused into the discourse before us. We shall best evince our appreciation of the merits of the production, by asking the reader's attention to a few extracts, which we indicated with our pencil as we 'intently' followed the writer in his arguments and illustrations. In treating of the various incentives to the study of medicine which are supposed to actuate those who engage in it, Dr. LEE takes occasion to remark, that many do so because they esteem it more honorable and dignified than mechanical or agricultural pursuits; a view, he contends, which is altogether erroneous: 'Here, where we have no nobility but that of the mind, no immortality but that which springs from worthy thoughts and noble deeds, such a claim can no more be conceded than that of the divine right of kings, or the expediency of a hereditary nobility.' Is not the following well put?

'THERE is reason to suppose that some engage in the study of medicine, because they believe it will afford an easier mode of support than agriculture or the mechanic arts. But those who have been engaged for any time in the practice of our profession, whether in the city or country, will tell you that this is altogether a mistake; that there is no calling in which the body and the mind are so severely tried; none in which more arduous labor is demanded. Where is the trade or profession that requires more unremitting toil? in which the mind is so often painfully exercised? in which anxiety and responsibility are so constantly experienced? in which there is such frequent deprivation of rest and sleep? and where the duration of life is so uniformly shortened in consequence of the hardships, mental and corporeal, to which we are exposed, as that of medicine? There is perhaps no profession with which ours may, in this respect, with more justice be compared than that of arms. The trials and the hardships of both are very similar. The soldier and the physician are equally exposed to atmospheric vicissitudes—to all kinds of weather: storm and wind, heat and cold, sunshine and tempest, come alike to both: marching and counter-marching, by night and by day; the former at the command of his superior officer, the latter self-moved at every summons of suffering humanity; through miry swamp or tangled forest, following an Indian trail or on the macadamized road; it is all the same to both. Sleeping upon their arms, ready at the first alarm to seize their weapons and encounter the enemy, whether at a distance or in close, mortal combat; promptness, energy, courage and decision, alike necessary to both; to both a mind fertile in expedients, rich in the treasured resources of recorded experience, and actuated by the conviction of right, and the desire to discharge their whole duty; there would really seem but little difference between the two professions, and that so far as mere worldly ease and comfort is concerned, a man might as well be enrolled among the followers of Mars, as the disciples of *Æsculapius*. But here the similarity ends. If you follow the soldier into the practical application of his art and science, and the physician in his errands of mercy, you find them engaged in a very different manner; the one brings all his resources, his skill, his courage and his strength to bear upon the destruction of life, the other to preserve it: the one seeks to mar and destroy God's image, the other to build up and to save. The one racks his invention to contrive weapons of a more destructive kind; the other, the true conservative, to find means to prolong human existence. They are in short the antipodes of each other in every thing except toil and hardship, which are equally the heritage of both.'

After a merited castigation of those persons who engage in medical study from mercenary motives, with the view of merely acquiring wealth, and such poor distinction as it con-

fess, our author proceeds to show that there is no other profession that promises such extensive opportunities of being useful to one's fellow men, and that too in the hour of their greatest need :

'To the benevolent mind, to the heart that sympathises with human sorrow, what employment can possibly afford a more sincere delight, than that of binding up the broken heart; ministering to the body and the mind diseased; watching the returning glow of health, as it mantles over the lately pallid and sunken cheek; seeing the smile once more light up in the countenance; strength again invigorating the limbs; hope reanimating the breast; while joy and gratitude warm the heart? How paltry and insignificant to pecuniary considerations appear, when viewed in comparison with such rewards as these! Alas! as we pass along through life, and feel that the time may be at hand when we shall need the same services and the same attention that we have bestowed upon others, how cheering the reflection that, in the hands of Providence, we have been instrumental in relieving the distresses of our fellow men; of following, though at a distance, in the footsteps of our divine MASTERS; whose earthly mission was devoted to the cure of moral and physical disease. It will be a consolation, at such an hour, to know and to feel, that we have not lived altogether in vain; that we have been useful to mankind; that the world has been made happier through our humble efforts; that when we shall have passed away, and bid a last farewell to earthly scenes and earthly sufferings, we shall leave behind us a name and an example, of which our friends need not be ashamed.'

The extent and variety of attainment, the union of qualifications, necessary to the formation of an accomplished physician, are well set forth. 'The physician of to-day is not the physician of the last century, nor even of fifty years ago. What would then have served to qualify for the practice of the healing art, would now scarcely fit one for the office of an intelligent nurse.' The starting-point of to-day was the goal of our grand-fathers. Pathological and general anatomy have been created; methods of diagnosis have been improved; analytical and pathological chemistry have sprung into existence; numerous useful collateral sciences have arisen, and all have advanced with giant strides, under the guidance of the inductive philosophy. In treating of the more important preliminary branches of education which should be pursued by the medical student, Professor LEE pays a noble tribute to the value of classical attainments. 'When we consider,' he says, 'that the technology of our art has been chiefly derived from the Greek; that it has served for the formation of the different compound terms employed in science; that the ablest medical works of antiquity are locked up in it; that many thousand words in English are derived from the Latin through it; that the prescriptions in our medical works are generally written in Latin; that most of our anatomical terms are derived from this language; that the diplomas of our Colleges and Universities, (which those who receive certainly ought to be able to translate,) are couched in it; that it is a universal language with the learned, and one in which has been written a greater number of medical works than perhaps any other, it would certainly seem that medical men should acquire, if not a critical yet at least an adequate knowledge of these tongues.' Yet not only for their immediate practical utility, but for their influence in disciplining the faculties to persevering and patient inquiry, is the study of the Greek and Latin languages recommended. By their study the mental faculties are so disciplined and brought under control, that the individual can better apply them to advantage in the investigation of any other subject that may come before him. The subjoined remarks are worthy of especial heed :

'It may be said, as it has been, that there have been great men, men of eminent usefulness, who knew nothing of Latin and Greek, and yet who have distinguished themselves not only in the walks of science, but of polite literature. BEN JONSON tells us that SHAKESPEARE had 'small Latin and less Greek'; and WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, RITTENHOUSE, WATT, ARKWRIGHT, HUTTON, BAILEY, LESLIE, STEVENSON, PERKINS, FULTON, BUFFON, DAVY and CUVIER, had no knowledge of these languages. The celebrated Dr. ARMSTRONG was rejected by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of London, for his ignorance of Latin and Greek: and yet these are names that will ever shine on the scroll of fame, as brilliant examples of intellectual greatness, and as benefactors of their race. This is true; but yet who can say that even these men, eminent as they were, and useful as their lives have proved to mankind, might not have accomplished still more, had they enjoyed the advantages of early mental discipline, through the study of the classics? Beside, these and other similar instances should be regarded rather as exceptions to a general rule. A comprehensive survey of our species shows us that some men are born to greatness: that is, they have such an organisation impressed on them by nature, as easily to surmount all difficulties, and rise, as SAUL stood among the Israelites, head and shoulders above ordinary men. Such a man, preëminently, was WASHINGTON. He would have achieved greatness under almost any circumstances. His noble intellect would have shone forth even amidst the back-woods of Western Virginia, had not the blackness of war furnished such a favorable back-ground on which, as on a canvass, might flash forth the splendor of his genius.

But few such minds appear in a century ; and it is absurd to reason from these few to the many. We must take men as they are, and form such rules and principles as will apply to the masses. Because there are instances of natural talent so strong as to break through all barriers, and in the face of every conceivable disadvantage attain distinction in the different branches of science, or in civil, military or political life, where not only all facilities of education are wanting, but even access to necessary books denied; we certainly have no right to conclude that therefore all education is useless, and that time spent in mental culture and discipline is, for all useful purposes, wasted and thrown away. With equal propriety might we conclude that, because some men have rendered their names illustrious in the annals of our race, without a knowledge of the literature of the ancients, or the study of their languages, that therefore all such study is unnecessary, and destitute of all practical utility. Moreover, what a fund of enjoyment, what inestimable resources in the hours of fatigue and leisure, or of adversity, has that man who can turn to the pages of classic lore with ever-new delight, and feast upon the mental banquet that ever there lies open before him. Certainly, we may apply to them the language of the Roman orator on another occasion: 'These studies are the intellectual nourishment of youth and the cheering recreation of age; they adorn prosperity and are the solace and refuge of adversity; they are pleasant at home, and are no incumbrance abroad; they abide with us by night, go with us in our travels, and lend additional charms to the attractions of our rural retreats.'

With kindred ability the advantages of an acquaintance with the French and German languages are illustrated. 'They abound in medical works of the highest interest and value, which have not been translated into English, and they furnish the record of the most important discoveries and improvements in medicine. Indeed, no one can keep pace with the progress of medical science, unless he is able to peruse the works that are constantly being issued from the press in those countries.' We pass, as more especially interesting to the medical student, the remarks upon the various collateral branches of professional study, in which, among other things, a deserved tribute is paid to the great chemical discoveries of the present era; contenting ourselves with this synopsis of the requisites for a professor of the science of healing:

'It implies a knowledge of every other branch of medicine; a full acquaintance with the recorded experience of the past; great powers of discrimination, and actual opportunities for witnessing disease. She lays under contribution every department of nature; the animal, vegetable and mineral; she ransacks earth, ocean and air, and calls in the other sciences, as handmaids, to aid in her arduous work. Botany yields up her choicest stores at her command; mineralogy, from the lowest depths of the earth, gives up her earths and ores and metals: animals, from the icy pole or beneath the equatorial sun, are obedient to her call: chemistry seizes them, and by refined and delicate processes of art, extorts from them their hidden virtues; forces them to confess their secret source of action; and then science steps in and applies them all to the relief of human maladies and the cure of disease. Here is a noble field for study and investigation. Human ambition could scarcely wish a broader theatre for enterprise and action. Notwithstanding all that is known, how much yet remains to be discovered! What trophies are yet to be won, what victories achieved, in our conflicts with disease! The vegetable materia medica of our country remains as yet almost unexplored.'

We cannot more appropriately close our notice of this excellent discourse, than by quoting the conclusion of the performance:

'Ours is a privileged profession. When pursued with proper motives and a proper spirit, it improves the heart as well as the intellect; and the duties to which it calls us awaken the best emotions of our nature, foster the benevolent affections, and promote all the charities of social life. As there is no profession that holds out greater inducements for industry and honorable exertion than ours; none, the conscientious pursuit of which carries along with it so full and abundant rewards; so, also, there is none which offers such frequent opportunities of doing good; of manifesting that kindness and disinterested benevolence that blesses the giver more than the recipient. When prosecuted, I say, with correct feelings and motives, the study as well as practice of medicine is preeminently calculated to advance our moral as well as mental improvement. Who that has witnessed the remorse of the dying penitent, looking back on days mispent, time misimproved, and privileges abused and perverted, but will be prompted to faithfulness in the discharge of his own personal and relative duties? It would seem that he whose heart is not made better by scenes like those which we are constantly witnessing, would not be moved though one should rise from the dead. Every day, the practicing physician sees how vice carries along with it its own punishment; how the iniquities of the father are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation; how unbridled passions deform and break down the bodily tenement which temporarily shelters the immortal principle, so defaced and polluted; how, even in this world, virtue meets its just reward. Who, so often as the physician, is prompted to reflect upon the uncertainty of human health and human life? who so often reminded of its extreme brevity, 'so scantily proportioned to our moral wants and our intellectual aspirations?' Who so often beholds 'the silver cord loosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern?' And who, therefore, has greater reason to abide in the conclusion of the preacher: 'Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man?'

With this forcible and feeling illustration of the 'mission' of the true practitioner of the healing art, we take leave of the matter-full pamphlet before us; commending it, (if need be, after our liberal extracts,) to the heedful perusal of our readers.

THE WAIF: A COLLECTION OF POEMS. In one volume. pp. 144. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Press of JOHN OWEN.

THE purity and delicacy of the externals of this exceedingly handsome little volume, so creditable to the established taste of the worthy publisher, are in perfect keeping with its contents. Beside the contributions from the pen of the Editor, (which we suspect may be included as well in the designation 'ANONYMOUS' as in the proper name of 'HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,') there are gathered together a goodly number of delightful effusions, various in kind, combining fancy, feeling, pure affection, and pictures of natural scenes, and embodying the cherished thoughts, not only of the more eminent modern poets, English and American, but those of the glorious bards who 'illuminated the golden age of English song.' We are gratified, in looking over the pages before us, to find our own taste endorsed by so competent a judge as our accomplished friend. We remember to have transferred at different times, or copied passages from, a moiety at least of the charming poems that go to make up the collection, including Hood's touching 'Bridge of Sighs;' yet we have read them again with a renewed relish, while very many of them are entirely new to us. From the 'Proem,' by the editor, we take these admirable stanzas:

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start:

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

How sweet, how inexpressibly beautiful, are the following tender lines from the tender heart of THOMAS HOOD:

THE DEATH BED.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed;—she had
Another morn than ours.

We have no space, we are sorry to say, for farther extracts; and can only recommend all readers who desire an ornament to their libraries, in a double sense, to purchase at once the charming volume which we have been compelled so hastily to despatch.

CONVERSATIONS ON SOME OF THE OLD POETS. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. In one volume. pp. 263. Cambridge: JOHN OWEN.

MANY readers of this volume will recognize in a large portion of its contents the substance of a series of papers which appeared formerly in the 'Boston Miscellany,' a monthly magazine, which 'endured but for a season.' We remember to have read the articles with pleasure, and are not surprised to learn, from the author's preface, that in collecting them into a volume, he has only yielded to the solicitations of many friends, who in common with the public at large had received them with approbation. Mr. LOWELL, in the present volume, has thrown his essays into the form of conversations, after the manner of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, in order to give them greater freedom and an added interest. The author says of them, with equal modesty and felicity: 'I am not bold enough to esteem them of any great price. Standing as yet only in the outer porch of life, I cannot be expected to report of those higher mysteries which lie unrevealed in the body of the temple. Yet as a child, when he has found but a mean pebble, which differs from ordinary only so much as by a stripe of quartz or a stain of iron, calls his companions to behold his treasure, which to them also affords matter of delight and wonder; so I cannot but hope that my little findings may be pleasant and haply instructive to some few.' We annex two brief passages:

PHILIP.

'KEATS and TENNYSON are both masters of description, but KEATS had the finer ear for all the nice analogies and suggestions of sound, while his eye had an equally instinctive rectitude of perception in color. TENNYSON's epithets suggest a silent picture; KEAT's the very thing itself, with its sound or stillness.

JOHN.

'I remember a stanza of TENNYSON's which unites these excellences:

'A STILL, salt pool, locked in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore; which hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon led waters white.'

PHILIP.

'THAT is one of the most perfect images in any language, and as a picture of a soul made lonely and selfish by indulgence in over-refined philosophizing, it is yet more exquisite. But, if TENNYSON's mind be more sensitive, KEAT's is grander and of a larger grasp. It may be a generation or two before there comes another so delicate thinker and speaker as TENNYSON; but it will be centuries before another nature so spontaneously noble and majestic as that of KEATS, and so tender and merciful, too, is embodied. What a scene of despair is that of his, where Saturn finds the vanquished Titans!

'SCARCE images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgewise, like a dismal cirque
Of Druid-stones upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November.'

The subjoined thoughts upon death are impressive; but ah! they proceed from one who is yet upon the threshold of life, and who knows little whereof he speaks. What we *should* do and what we *can* do, present differences which we hope our young poet may be long in discovering. Let the beloved companion of his bosom fade from his sight; let an infant perish like a blossom from the maternal arms; let the dear departed go down into the dust together, together to sleep the dreamless sleep of the grave; and sure we are, that to 'welcome death' would be deemed a task too hard for poor humanity:

'WHY should men ever be afraid to die, but that they regard the spirit as secondary to that which is but its mere appendage and convenience, its symbol, its word, its means of visibility? If the soul lose this poor mansion of hers by the sudden conflagration of disease, or by the slow decay of age, is she therefore houseless and shelterless? If she cast away this soiled and tattered garment, is she therefore naked? A child looks forward to his new suit, and dons it joyfully; we cling to our rags and foulness. We should welcome Death as one who brings us tidings of the finding of long-lost titles to a large family estate, and set out gladly to take possession, though, it may be, not without a natural tear for the humbler home we are leaving. Death always means us a kindness, though he has often a gruff way of offering it. Even if the soul never returned from that charless and unmap-ped country, which I do not believe, I would take Sir JOHN DAVIES's reason as a good one:

'BUT, as NOAH's pigeon, which returned no more,
Did show she footing found, for all the flood,
So, when good souls, departed through death's door,
Come not again, it shows their dwelling good.'

'The realm of Death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and, sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.' . . . 'We look at death through the cheap-glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him for the monster which the flawed and cracked glass presents him.'

The volume, we should not omit to mention, to the credit of the publisher, is characterized by the same neatness of execution for which LONGFELLOW's 'Waif' is so remarkable.

AN ESSAY ON THE ANCIENT AND MODERN GREEK LANGUAGES: containing Remarks on the Accents, Pronunciation, etc.: to which is added Extracts from Modern Greek Authors. By CHAS-TOPHOROS PLATO CASTANIS, of Scio, Greece. Andover: 1844.

MR. CASTANIS, who has been delivering lectures on the Greek Revolution, calculated to awaken a strong interest in the minds of those who by taste and education are inspired with a love for the history and literature of Greece, has written a pamphlet with the above title. His remarks on accents, etc., will be interesting to the scholar, as well as his notice of some modern authors, examples of poetry, and kindred topics. The fires which blazed in olden times still glow in their ashes. The mountains are the home of freedom, and the nurse of men whose souls are filled with a love of liberty, and with a corresponding grandeur. And songs are still rife, noble as that of HARMODIUS and ARISTOGITON; while the same knell which told the death of HIPPIAS, has been lately made to ring exultingly through Greece. We have room but for an extract or two touching upon the Greek mountaineers:

'THE mountaineers often make the valleys and precipices echo with voices of melody, while they march along, or dance the Pyrrhica. They are generally tall, with very slender waist and lofty brow. Dark and sometimes light hair, growing long, as with the ancients, depends over their shoulders: Black and frequently blue eyes are found, distinguished by sharpness and brilliancy; their limbs are well formed, and they answer to the description of HOMER:

'The bright-eyed, well-booted, long-haired Achæans.'

'Their valor is connected with noble qualities of the soul, resembling the god-like traits of the primeval occupants of Olympus. Before battle, they practise the strictest temperance. They drink usually no stimulants, and abstain from all effeminate indulgence, entertaining an opinion that the least gratification of sense imparts to the enemy's ball or sabre a fatal effect. . . . With all their impetuosity, the Clepts are patient. NICOZARAS at the bridge of Pravi, on the river Carason, fought three days without provisions, under a driving snow-storm. A song commemorates the event. Before the fight that was fatal to MARCO BOZZARIS, he with his band, the same night, had in nine hours travelled forty-two miles over precipices, mountains and torrents, in a deluge of rain.

'The Suliotes and Pargariotes are less numerous than the Olympians and Parnassians, yet they have gained more credit by their bravery, among foreigners. BYRON says:

'On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line,
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
Such as the Heraclidan blood might own.'

'The Cleptic women, in general, have a fair complexion, slender waists, black and sometimes light hair, and dark or blue eyes. The female relatives of MARCO BOZZARIS are celebrated for their beauty. The dress of the Doric maidens is destitute of whale-bone and other artificial but destructive charms, and is usually more costly than the costume of the man. To display wealth, gold coins are strung for beads; the number of these specie neck-laces is an index of the lady's fortune. The prospects of the lover are exposed to view, without any deceit like that practised in other lands, where the maidens frequently make false pretensions to opulence, in order to ensnare an unsuspecting youth, in matrimony. . . . A large portion of ISRAHIM PASHA's army was routed by a party of Laconian women in the defiles of Taygetus. When they saw the descendants of PHARAOH advancing, they shouted, alluding to their marks of Ophthalmia, 'Death to the cross-eyed Egyptians!'

This 'Essay' is exceedingly well executed, in a typographical point of view; and is thus worthy alike of preservation and perusal; which is more than can be said of a large portion of the pamphlet-works of this 'cheap' literary age.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANCIENT TRAVELLERS IN THE EAST. — We have been permitted, through the kindness of Messrs. BARTLETT AND WELFORD, antiquarian book-purveyers in Broadway, to inspect some old and curious books of travel, which form but a few out of their splendid collection. The titles of some of these are as follows:

- 'THE Navigations, Peregrinations, and Voyages made into Turkie; by NICHOLAS NICHOLAY, (not NICHOLAS NICKLEBY,) Daulphinous. Lord of Arfeuila, Chamberlaine and Geographer Ordinarie to the King of France; containing sundrie singularities which the author hath there scene and observed; deuided into Foure Bookes, with Threescore figures naturally set forth, as well of men as women; with diuers faire and memorable histories. Translated out of the French, by T. WASHINGTON, the younger. Imprinted at London, 1585.'
- 'A Geographical Historie of Africa, written in Arabic and Italian, by JOHN LEO A MORE, borne in Granada, and brought up in Barbarie; wherein he has at large described not only the qualities, situations, and distances of the regions, cities, towns, mountains, etc. Translated and collected by JOHN POST, lately of Gonesuill and Caius College, in Cambridge. London, 1600.'
- 'THE Travels of Signor PIETRO DELLA VALLE, a noble Roman, into East India and Arabia Deserta. London, 1665.'
- 'SOME Yeares Travels into Africa and Asla the Great, especially describing the famous Empires of Persia and Indstant: as also diuers other kingdoms in the Orientall Indies and lies adjacent: by SIR THOMAS HERBERT. London, 1677.'
- 'THE Six Voyages of JOHN BAPTISTA TRAVERNIER, a noble man of France, now living, through Turkie into Persia and the East Indies. Finished in the year 1670. Giving an account of the state of those countries; illustrated with diuers sculptures, together with a new relation of the present Grand Seignor's Seraglio, by the same author; made English by J. P.; to which is added a description of all the kingdoms which encompass the Euxine and Caspian Seas: by an English traveller: never before printed. London, 1678.'
- 'THE Four Epistles of BUSEBEQUIUS, concerning his Embassy into Turkie; being remarks upon the religion, customs, riches, etc.; to which is added his advice how to manage war against the Turks. Done into English. London, 1694.'

These form but few of the titles of those antique volumes, with their eccentric figures and illustrations, their flourishes, and pictures designed in the bosom of initial letters, and their ponderous proportions covered with the dust of centuries; which, standing by the flip-pant duodecimos of modern travels, would make the eye of the antiquary roll over them with delight. In examining their pages we are struck with that delightful simplicity of narrative, and that hearty old Saxon, which distinguish them. The men of that comparative antiquity *told* their tale with that delightful *faiz* with which a child now-a-days would listen to a grand-father's stories. Both speakers and listeners are enveloped in the same atmosphere of romance, and carried along by the same spirit; and unwearied, unwearied, go on, charmed with each other's society, through the lengthened narrative. When Sir JOHN MAUNDEVILLE tells 'straunge Marveilles in Inde or in the Holy Londe,' where he journeyed many years, he does it with an unflinching trust in the reader's credibility; or when he prefaces his strangest curiosities with 'they seyn,' professing simply to give them at second-hand, he never pauses to bolster them up with proof or evidence, knowing full well that he has got the ear of his auditory; or with such common-places remarks, as

'This may appear incredible;' or 'Truth is stranger than fiction;' or 'We beg to assure the reader that this comes on the most undoubted authority;' or 'Did we not receive this from a friend on whom we could rely, we should be disposed to set it down as a mere fiction of the brain.' But with a faithful reliance, and severe gravity of countenance, he makes you his confidant, and indeed *does* tell some very 'hard ones;' but looks you in the face so candidly, that you are fain to receive them into good and honest hearts. How favorably does his straight-forward honesty, in simply spreading before you what he has seen or what he has 'heard tell,' contrast with the arrogance and assumption of our modern tourist, who is driven over the beaten ground, and after an absence of a few months, considerably wiser it may be than when he first set out, comes back to show you the penny that he dropped in Vesuvius, or the extremity of the noses chipped from the statues of Rome; to enlighten you on the subject of religion and manners by the addition of his superficial reflections to the novelty of his narrative. The patience of sensible men is exhausted in listening to these fellows, who would sneer contemptuously at SIR JOHN'S stories, yet convey more false impressions in a single page of their books than he in a whole volume: with no freshness to recommend them, but a deal of vanity; and their positive opinions prefaced with, 'When I was in England,' or 'When I was in France;' giving evidence of little enlargement of the mind; imbued with prejudice; stamped all over, like an American penny, with stars and liberty, and not worth a *cent*. We might mention a dozen such books, from recollection, or from simply letting the eye run over a catalogue or over a bookseller's shelves; but the task is invidious, and would scarcely serve any good purpose, at a time when the facilities of travel are so great, and that which is lightest and most 'full of emptiness' is first set in motion. These men gather distresses in Ireland, taxes in England, wonders and miracles in Spain or Italy, and manners in America. It is an easy matter now to 'get facts' and to build up statistics, and to make books, when the cost of transportation is only nominal; yet it is to be questioned if they are so honest, or ever so much to be relied on in the main, as in ancient times, when 'facts' were fewer, and with great difficulty arrived at, and were grasped by the eager traveller, to be carried to a great distance, by a most toilsome journey, before they had even grown into a small rumor. 'Facts' may now be had by the basket-full, or made to order of any new theory. Impressed with the superficial nature of modern travels, it was refreshing to read these ancient narratives, and especially to mark their Doric plainness of style and 'matter-full' pages, compared with the wordy and spun-out narratives of our peripatetic philosophers. Sir THOMAS HERBERT prefaces his travels to the 'famous Empires of Persia and Indusant, as also divers other kingdoms in the Orientall Indies and Isles adjacent,' with the following poetical address 'To the Reader:'

'HERE thou at lesser pains than he
Mayest behold what he did see;
Thou participat'st his gains,
But he alone reserves the pains.
He travelled not with lucre cotted;
He went for knowledge—and he got it!
Then thank the author: thanks is light;
Who has presented to thy sight
Seas, lands, Men, Beasts, fishes and birds,
The rarest that the world affords.'

'On Good Friday,' says our author, after stating that he took shipping at Deal, 'with six great and well-manned ships in company, in a few hours coasting close by the Ile of Wight, a sudden borasque or gust assaulted us, which after an hour's rage spent itself and blew us on the third day (double-solemnized that year by being the Feast of Mother and Son) upon the Lizzard's Point. The seven-and-twentieth day, sailing by Bilbo in Galletia, we launched into the Spanish Ocean, where we had no sooner entered but we descried seven tall ships, whom reputed enemies, we bore up to speak with; howbeit they proved friends, Hollanders out of the Levant, who drunk our healths, and saluted us as they passed with a roaring culverin, and we in return vomited forth a like grateful echo. Thus plowing the

liquid seas in merriment till the thirtieth day, made us the sport of danger, struggling with such mighty waves as oftentimes made us seem to climb up mountains of salt water, and straitway precipitated headlong as it were 'twixt cloven seas; a good while heaven and sea seeming undecided. This put me in mind of the third ode in the first *Lb.* of HORACE, where 'tis said:

'A HEART of brass that man had sure,
Who in a barque dost first endure
The raging seas, not valuing life,
Midst fierce south-west and north-wind strife.'

Of the Canary Isles he remarks: 'A word of what they were. They knew no God but Nature; were ignorant of the use of fire; shaved with flint-stones; gave their children to be nursed with goats; cultured the earth with the horns of oxen; abominated the slaughter of beasts; for

—'how can they be good
Who dare each day imbrue their hands in blood?'

no *meum* and *tuum*; lust and carelessness vailing them so, as little difference was 'twixt them and other animals. Some glimmering, one would think, they had of the immortality of the soul, for the dead they washed and kept erected in a cave, a staff in one hand and a pail of milk and wine set near him to support and comfort him in his pilgrimage to Elysium. At this day they are reduced to civility, and become Spanish Christians. Canariæ, so called, a *multitudo canorum*, saith PLINY, about which there is no small difference among writers, some placing them at the Azores, some at the Hesperides; but certain it is they were undiscovered, but more certainly uninhabited, till the year 1328, by one MACHAN, an Englishman, from whose relation one LEWIS DE CORDEZA two years after sailed thither.' Proceeding on his voyage, 'the air and ocean contending who should make the greater noise, nevertheless hoping in the LORD, and having the ships of our fleet, which were all disperst, meet joyfully at the Cape of Good Hope, I had better leisure to contemplate that ironique satire of JUVENAL:

'I nunc et ventis animam committe.'

The author rather doubts the limits of the dominion of that mighty potentate PÆSTER JOHN, concerning whom the Roman emissaries have spoken liberally: he will not call it a pious fraud, but they assumed too great a liberty in blazoning the success of their labors. After stating at much length the conclusive reasons for his belief, our author says: 'We may well question the extent of his empire, and give it equal credit as we do the library of the European friars found in the Castle of Amara, where, among the rest, were some MSS. of ENOCH and LIVY!' Of St. Helena he remarks: 'The Ile is hard to be ascended: not that the passage is craggy, but that it is so precipitous. The sailors have an ironick proverb, 'The way is such as a man may chuse whether he will break his heart going up or his neck coming down.' But being once up, scarce any place can yield a more large and delightful prospect. The land is very even and plain at the top, and swells no where to a deformed rising. Some springs above be sweet which below are brackish. The reason may be, that in their drilling descent they may relish of the salt hills through which it cuts its passage, so that they become salt both by their own composition and the salt breath which the sea evaporates. Nevertheless, there are but two noted rivulets, the one which bubbles down toward the Chappel, the other into the Lemon valley. There are also some ruins of a little town lately demolished by the Spaniards, in that it became a magazine of private trade, in turning and returning out of both Indies. No other monuments or antiquities are there found. Human inhabitants there are none, nor were of late, save that in the year 1591 Captain RENDALL, weighing anchor sooner than was expected, one LEGUR, a mariner, was accidentally left ashore. Eighteen months after, Captain PARKER coming to anchor, found poor LEGUR alive, but so amazed, or rather overjoyed, at his arrival, that he dyed suddenly; by which we see that sudden joy is not easily digested. *Houbeil of hogs and goats*, here are plenty who agree well-favouredly, and multiply

even to admiration ; happy in their ease and safety till ships arrive there for their refreshment.' He passes the islands called the Gorgades ; leaving these on a more westerly course, coasted part of the American continent, Guiano, Florida, Virginia, New-England. 'Desiring rather in this place,' proceeds the author, 'to vindicate the truth, which of long time has been either defamed, or so eclipsed, as the reality of the first discovery is not well known, being nevertheless attributed to COLUMBUS ; I shall therefore, in the first place, see what, either by prophetic pens or reason, otherwise upon record, that may point toward that great, nay greatest part of the world, which for upward of five thousand years, and during those mighty contests for an universal supremacy by the monarchs of the earth, was concealed ; so as, until the only wise God thought fit to give more perfection to navigation, it seemed totally unknown and undiscovered. PLATO, who was contemporary with ALEXANDER the Great, is one of the first. He, in his dialogue betwixt TIMÆUS and CRITIUS, discourses, but obscurely, of a large Occidental land, which being without a name, from the view he seems to make into the Atlantic seas, gives it the name of Atlas ; land in greatness comparable to Asia and Africa united. ARISTOTLE, his condisciple, approves of his conjecture, albeit he takes it only as a supposition. THEOPHRASTUS also, in his book of Rarities, published two thousand years ago, among other things, relates how that some merchants sailing through the Straits of Gybraltar, were by storm driven further west than they desired, by which accident they descried land, but found it unpeopled. It is the opinion of most that that land was the Azores, for the iles COLUMBUS first found out when he made his first discovery were fully planted.' The author then proceeds to discourse in an interesting manner of the landing of Welshmen upon these shores 'somewhere about the year 1100.' But of these antique travels more anon.

SANDS' 'BLACK VAMPYRE.'—Our closing passage of the 'Black Vampyre' left the African Prince, attended by his new wife ZEMBO, standing near the spot 'where her three husbands, several children, and the 'remains' of her first baby, were deposited in a row.' The story proceeds to describe the exhumation of the body of the late widow's last-buried son ; the extraction of the still fresh heart, from which the blood is pressed, and commended to the lips of the astounded mother. 'Swear,' cried the Vampyre, 'or if that is against your principles, affirm, by this dirty blood and bloody dirt ; by this watery blood and bloody water ; by this watery dirt and dirty water ; that you will never disclose in any manner what you have seen and shall see this night ! Swear and drink !' The affrighted woman declines taking the oath ; at which her new husband foams with madness, 'till the white slaver flows down his sable limbs.' He stamps violently on the earth, which seems to heave as with the throes of an earthquake : 'Immediately the tumuli yawned ! The ponderous stones and slabs were shaken from their ancient sockets ; and the ghastly dead, in uncouth attitudes, crawled from their nooks ; with their hair curling in tortuous and serpent twinings ; and their eye-balls of fire bursting from their heads ; while, as they extended their withered arms, and tapering fingers, furnished with blood-hound claws, their gory shrouds fell in wild drapery around them.' The lady now finds herself surrounded by spectres, and loses all consciousness. When reason returned, she found herself in the same place ; and it was also the midnight hour. She was lying by the grave of Mr. PERSONNE, and her breast was stained with blood. A wide wound appeared to have been inflicted there, but was now cicatrized. Imagine if you can her surprise, when, by a certain carnivorous craving in her maw, and by putting this and that together, she found that she was a—VAMPYRE ! and gathered from her indistinct reminiscences of the preceding night, that she had been then *sucked* ; and that it was now *her* turn to eject the peaceful tenants of the grave ! With this delightful prospect of immortality before her, and believing the Prince a potent magician, who could rouse the dead from their cerements and turn the planets from their courses, she obeyed his command to follow him. They prosecuted their

nocturnal march through closely-wooded and solemn groves, until they descended into a profound valley, where the light of the pale planet of magic adoration streamed and quivered. By continual descent, they seemed to have penetrated the bowels of a cavern, whose ramifications ran under the sea; as they heard a murmuring roar, as of the ocean, above their heads: 'Its largest chamber was, to speak catachrestically, so artfully concealed by nature, that no one, not instructed by an adept in its subterranean topography, could ever have detected the secret of its existence. It had been in former days a place of deposit and asylum for the Buccaneers; and its situation had been since known only to the professors of the Obeah art, who held here their midnight orgies. It seemed, at first view, a vast hall of Arabian romance; supported by immense shafts, and studded with precious stones; so various and beautiful were the hues which the different spars assumed, in the light of an hundred torches, blazing in every quarter, and illuminating the farthest recesses of the cave. The walls were decorated with other appendages, which added to the mystery, if not to the embellishment of the scene; being irregularly stained with blood; decorated with rude tapestry of many-colored plumage, and stuccoed with the beaks of parrots; the teeth of dogs, and alligators; bones of cats; broken glass and egg-shells; plastered with a composition of rum and grave-dirt, the implements of Negro witchcraft! At one extremity of the extensive apartment, on a kind of natural throne, sat several blackamoors in sumptuous Moorish apparel; whom, by their swollen forms, and remarkable eyes, Mrs. Personne knew to be Ghouls; and among whom she recognised her late husband. The whole range of this vast amphitheatre, sweeping from before the throne, was occupied by slaves, rudely attired, and imperfectly armed with clubs and missiles; a decent platoon of black-guards were posted before the Vampyre monarch; and in the centre, a band of musicians performed an exquisite symphony. The soft strains of the Merriwang; the lively notes of the Dundo; and the martial accompaniment of the Goombay, made, with their united noises, a discordant harmony, whose powers the lyre of Orpheus could not equal; and which would certainly be enough to frighten all the hosts of Pandemonium.'

The speech of the African Prince, which succeeds, we suspect to be a 'palpable hit' at the bombast which the Irish Counsellor PHILLIPS had at that time rendered so popular:

'THE oratorio being finished, the African Prince arose, and making an obeisance to the company, cleared his throat, and began to address them as follows: 'Gentlemen and Vampyres!'—but the Vampyres expressing their resentment against this breach of etiquette, he corrected himself: 'Vampyres and Gentlemen!'—but the negroes were no more willing to come last than the Vampyres, and a loud growl, accompanied by a slight hiss, again interrupted the orator. He was not, however, disconcerted, but like Mr. BURKE, thundered out an iteration of the offensive sentence. 'Yes,' said he, 'I repeat it, Vampyres and Gentlemen! Shall not the immortal precede the mortal? Shall not those whose diet surpasses the nectar and ambrosia of celestials, precede the ephemeral race who fatten on the unclean juice of brutes, the rank essence of esculent productions, or the nauseous liquor of the distillery? (*Applause—hear! hear! and see-boy! from the Vampyres—groans from the negroes!*) Gentlemen of color! I appeal to yourselves; shall not the descendants of the gods be named before the offspring of the earth-born image, whom TITAN impregnated with celestial fire? For PROMETHEUS was the first Vampyre. You must all know, as you have undoubtedly read ÆSCHYLUS, that the vulture which preyed on his liver was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He is called a dog, which makes him a quadruped; he is represented as creeping, which proves him an insect; and is said to have wings, which shows that he was a bird. Now, from this amphibious monster have descended the Crows, the Jackalls, and the Blood-hounds, the pirate Bat of Madagascar, and the man-killing Ivunches of Chilli; the Sharks; the Crocodiles; the Krakens; the Horse-leeches; the Cape-cod Sea Serpents; the Mermaids; the Incubi; and the Succubi! (*Loud cheering from the Vampyres.*) From TITAN himself, descended the Cyclopes, and all other ancient and modern Anthropophagi; and, in lineal descent, the Moco tribe of our own EZOES, to whom I have the honor of being related. These of you, too, are his posterity, who, after your deaths, return to your native land, the true Elysium; where the balmy bowl of the Coco, the soft bloom of the Anana, and the coal-black beauties of the clime of love, shall forever reward your fortitude, and steep in forgetfulness the memory of your wrongs. (*hear! hear! from the negroes.*) But none of these genera or species of our order must longer engage your dignified and charitable attention. I come to ourselves, full-blooded, unadulterated, immortal blood-suckers! To ourselves, whether Ghouls, or

Afrits, or Vampyres; Vroucolochas, Vardonlachos, or Broucolokas; to ourselves, the terror of the living and of the dead, and the participants of the nature of both; to ourselves, the emblems at once of corruption and of vitality; blotted from the records of existence, and replenished to repletion with circulating life; abandoned by the quick, and unrecognised by the dead; 'at once relics and relicts; rocked on the bases of our own eternities; the chronicles of what was—the solemn and sublime mementoes of what must be! (*unqualified approbation from both sides of the house.*) The estate of Vampyrism is a fee-tail, and may be docked in two different ways. The first mode is the sanguinary practice of perforating the subject with a stake; and this is final. The other is produced by the gentler operation of the narcotic potion you behold in this phial; by whose lenient and opiate influence the individual is restored to the plight in which he was previous to his death, or his becoming a Vampyre; it belongs to the Obeah mysteries. But to come to the object of our present meeting. Sublime and soul-elevating theme! The emancipation of the negroes! The consecration of the soil of St. DOMINGO to the manes of murdered patriots in all ages! No matter whether the bill of sale was scrawled in French or in English; no matter whether we were taken prisoners in a battle between the Leophares and the Jakoffs, or in a skirmish between the Samboes and the Sawpits; no matter whether we were bought for calico and cotton, or for gunpowder, or for shot; no matter whether we were transported in chains or in ropes, in a brig, or a schooner, or a seventy-four! The first moment we come ashore on St. Domingo, our souls shall swell like a sponge in the liquid element; our bodies shall burst from their fetters, glorious as a curculio from its shell; our minds shall soar like the car of the aeronaut, when its ligaments are cut; in a word, O my brethren! we shall be free! Our fetters discarded, and our chains dissolved, we shall stand liberated, redeemed, emancipated, and disenfranchised by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!' (*Unparalleled bursts of unprecedented applause!*)

Such was the report of this oration, 'taken down in short-hand by ZEMBO;' and with this we take our leave of 'The Black Vampyre.'

MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.—GRAHAM'S Magazine for January has a criticism upon the recently-published poems of Miss ELIZABETH B. BARRETT, which may perhaps surprise the readers of certain *other* criticisms upon the same work which have appeared in this meridian; unless indeed it should chance to be generally known why it is, that much praise may spring reciprocally from a very little. Volumes have sometimes been written upon a note. The germ being favorable, a 'large growth' is a natural consequence. The critique of our contemporary yields, as did the KNICKERBOCKER, ample credit to Miss BARRETT's genius; yet it is compelled to admit that she is a great offender against the laws of taste, and advises her to choose some mental ground where she can be met by the general mind. The subjoined is equally forcible and just:

'HER poetic feeling is greater than her poetic power. She has more of the vision than of the 'faculty' divine. Her poetry is the production of a mind reared in solitude, and keeping company chiefly with 'the great of old.' She has had little of the mental discipline which comes from a familiarity with the actual life of men and women. Her own existence has been passed chiefly in the world of thought and imagination. She has brooded, and studied, and meditated more than she has written, or conversed. She has not much skill in the use of language, nor much knowledge of those avenues to the heart and understanding through which the words of the poet must travel in order to reach home. She is continually offending the ear by harsh lines, and the eye with words that are coined or clipped of their rightful syllables. At times she even uses 'las! for alas! Her study of the Hebrew Prophets and ÆSCHYLUS has impressed her mind with a gigantic grandeur of feeling, which she can only express in a phraseology elaborately indefinite, or inartistically rugged. The formless and the unutterable she admires in their formlessness and unutterability. Sometimes a vague grandeur, a sublime obscurity, a mysterious and unspeakable something, which is substance without name or form, seems to weigh heavily upon her heart, and to crush her thoughts and fancies into a confused mass of half-shaped images and broken fragments of ideas. She often heaps words on words, and metaphor on metaphor, to no other purpose than to form a pile of magnificent language, which still does not reach up to the thought. Things swell into indistinct but colossal proportions as her eye lights on them, and their corporal substance is turned into huge masses of vapor. Some of her poems remind the reader of a cloudy day, without rain, occasionally lit by a keen flash of lightning or a warm burst of sunshine. Words are personified instead of things, and capital letters take the place of ideas. She hymns praises to the dark, and falls into raptures with the inscrutable. Her fancy resembles a sombre hall, through which occasionally a strain of sweet or powerful music winds or peals,

'And shapes, which have no certainty of shape,
Drift dusky in and out.'

CONVERSATION.—There is a freshness, a flash, a brilliancy of conversation, which is indescribable, when kindred spirits meet, and the time present seems like some happiest segment of a spiritual existence. But to keep up the impression; to chain down the lightning; to transmit or render abiding that unrestricted play of passion, wit, and sentiment, the eloquence which speaks directly from the heart, at the same time to render intelligible the quick and subtle transitions of thought—what rapid dexterity of Art can do it? And thus every day is a kind of treasure lost, of which the subtle charm escapes forever, and no vestige can be preserved from time. This is a destruction which none seem duly to estimate. For complete works of art, which are decayed or lost, we are scarcely consoled by the ample riches which remain. Many a noble poem has perished; many a splendid work is only known to have existed; many a fragment lies neglected in the dust, to show how glorious was the full conception; and when Alexandria shone with that baleful fire which consumed in one night the learning and poetry of ages, the eyes which looked on their destruction were suffused with tears, and the lamentation of the world has been a perpetual epitaph over their ashes. But none regard as things lost, or stop to compute their value if gained, of the bright intelligence and converse of the hour. Alas! are a few short and pithy sayings all which have come down to us of the wise men of Greece? Is the ‘*know thyself*’ of SOLON, and the several adages of CHILO, PITTACUS, BIOS, PERIANDER, CLEOBULUS and THALES, all the wisdom which escaped from their lips at times when they spoke not as professed teachers, but whatever the occasion prompted? We know DEMOSTHENES at the bar, CICERO at the forum, CÆSAR on the battle-field; what would we give to know them where the hard-earned, impetuous diction of the first, the profuse polish of the second, the versatile attainments of the latter, and the studied art of all, should forget themselves; all frigid ceremonial be banished from the social board, and thought burst from the rules and precepts which bind it down, and soar away into a more elastic element? Conversation may be erratic though brilliant; it may be hard to appreciate its fine connexion; it may pour forth volumes in an hour, garnered from every treasury of knowledge; but if the links are many, the chain may be all golden. It admits of every variety, adapts itself to all tastes, and begets more novelty and splendor than the hardest study can infuse into composition. It exhibits gems brighter than those of poetry, reasonings deep as the logic of the schools, eloquence more transcendent than the orator’s; but better than all, it is too sudden, too natural, to admit of any disguise; it involuntarily reveals the whole inner structure and affections of the heart. No wit is apt to be so subtle, no pathos so touching, no fancy so daring, as that which does not ‘smell of the lamp,’ and which the very occasion brings forth. Even as in music, the tenderest and most passionate is not that which has resulted from some fixed determination to compose it, but which has never been written down in notes, simply because it was impossible. It does not consist in themes varied by great masters; not in the crash of instruments; not in the anthem which rolls like thunder through the cathedral arches; not in the overwhelming chorus; not in the utmost passion which art feigns upon the strings; but that which, from some instant impression upon the heart, the brain, is born in an instant, like the blush of modesty or the tints of the rainbow, which is no sooner past than obsolete. One sits down to an instrument, and would express some feeling too deep to be told in words. The time, the hour, may be one which disposes the mind to tenderness, when twilight melts into the evening shades, and memory calls up some dear image from the dead. The strings are passive. A few chords are waked; artless, but understood. Then some spirit seems to arouse, like that of an Æolian harp, which swells like a blast of the wild wind, and dies away in the sweetest murmurs. Like that *Miserere* which is played during Passion Week at Rome, which begins sadly and scarce audibly in the darkness of the cathedral, and has not rapt you into transport until the whole place is blazing with light. We have often thought how much impassioned music has vanished forever into air with the ecstasy which gave it birth. What combinations! what

sudden chords! what quick thoughts of genius conceived, expressed, filling the soul brim-full; then gone beyond recovery! So in conversation. It is the merit of preserving so much of the passing hour, that has rendered BOSWELL's book the most charming of its kind. The written works form but small part of the emanations of a great mind, of the sparks and scintillations which attrition kindles. There is the flash of wit, so sudden and so subtle in its elements, that its very nature is to evanesce; the apt thought, which must not be changed in its apt expression; the spontaneous eloquence, which gathers its passion from the passing object; from the thunder-cloud which breaks that instant overhead, from the sunshine which bursts suddenly on the valley, from the voice of a small bird, or the expanding beauties of a flower; there are the gorgeous visions, painted by a single dash of description; the inspiration, enkindled in a moment, but which vanishes like the early cloud or like the morning dew. Who is there that can watch a man so closely as to lose nothing of the divine essence of genius which is continually escaping, as a candescent body throws off its particles of light?

GOMIF WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — It is not our wont to stretch the contributors to this Magazine upon a Procrustean bed; to make them say *precisely* what we should wish them to say, upon all subjects. It is sufficient for us, if the purpose which they aim to serve is a desirable one in the main. In this regard it was, that we placed unclipped in the hands of the printer the initial paper of the present number, which we deem somewhat too sweeping and general in its conclusions; and yet the national cheerfulness and independence which it would inculcate, and the tendency to ultraism in every thing, for which as a country we are remarkable, which it condemns, will receive the approbation of all candid and sensible minds. . . . THANKS to a favorite contributor for the following sketch of an odd 'philosopher'-friend of his. The theme is 'done to a turn' in the individual specimen: 'To 'draw out' certain characters where you find them distinctly marked, and distinguished from the common herd (especially if their *matériel* be somewhat soft and ductile), is a capital amusement, though it may be a little cruel; yet it is excusable, on the same ground that you run a pin through 'specimens' of insects. Some men have so many traits entirely original, that you scarce think of them in connection with the genus *homo*. They stand aloof. You forget that they have many hidden points of resemblance; that they have like passions; you only notice that in them which is different. As you would not call a monkey a man, so you hardly think of those who possess these mental eccentricities as fellow-beings. Such a one is not a man: he is 'a TOMPKINS.' There goes 'a BRUMMEL.' I have been inspecting 'a BILCOX' to day. What is a *Bilcox*? What I have in view is the very shallowest philosopher. The current has no depth, and scarcely covers, much less conceals, the pebbles. Yet it has a certain sparkling vivacity. With a thin stream it goes squirming about; meets a big stone, and runs around it; encounters a stick, and is confounded a moment; then runs on in precipitate haste, and glories in its shallowness; comes foul of an opposing current and dances round, then on again; and however checked, somehow gets beyond the obstacle, and bears upon its surface a smile and a dimple of eternal complacency. Such is the small-beer philosophy which makes so many corks to pop, and contains within it such an 'industrial principle;' an exemplification of which I saw 'working' on a hot Sunday last August. An old woman, who kept a stand by Washington-Square, had a regular pitched battle with one of her bottles, which got spreeing on sassafras-roots. Pop! whiz-x! phix-x-z-zz! — down it fell on the pavement, and the unruly element gushed out; snatched in her arms, it flew cascading into the willow tree; and after a sharp contention, she got her thumb over the stopper, whence it succeeded in forcing itself out laterally, and flew into her eyes, until the unruly spirit was exhausted. That fume, it is to be feared, cost the old lady sixpence! But to return to BILCOX. He is not worth a brass farthing; nay, he is 'extremely indebted' to all his friends;

done their worst. Thoughts of childhood, of days of innocence, of affection and love, shall torture him no more. 'Nothing can touch him further!' . . . WE have glanced with a good degree of interest through the pages of a pleasant, gossiping poem by JAMES C. RICHMOND, entitled '*The Country Schoolmaster in Love*,' or *Life in New-England*, a college poem. It is published at a very low price by Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, and will well repay perusal. The notes are especially amusing. The writer gives the reply of a fellow-student to a question of a college president, whether he was ever in love: 'Why yes, Doctor, I've experienced a kind of puppy-love, or what the Yankees call a 'sneaking notion,' but nothing more.' Our school-master's services must have been required in the place where he was first engaged, if we may judge from the answer of one of the examining committee, when asked, 'How many people are there in your town?' 'Why, we are not very popular; about three hundred, I guess.' The children were on a par with their parents in that region. A great girl, over twenty years of age, in reading the distribution of college honors, spoke of 'the degree of Forenoon' (A. M.) being conferred upon a graduating gentleman! . . . 'THERE is nothing,' says some modern English essayist, (and where we have quite forgotten,) 'there is nothing so *associate* as sound. There are tones which our heart in its youth has heard, that never leave it; that lie hushed from the wild tumult of the world we live in, until some sister-sound bids it start to life, and with it recalls not only the time but the feelings we enjoyed or suffered when first we heard its music.' Now it is quite impossible for us to designate *what it is* in the performances of OLE BULL that sometimes quite takes the heart captive; but we will wager a ducat that there is scarcely a man of common sensibility in town who can listen to the 'Niagara,' the 'Solitude of the Prairie,' or the 'Psalm of DAVID,' without often feeling the moisture stealing into his eyes. There are notes of such exquisite plaintiveness, such 'lingering sadness,' that they waken a sort of internal sobbing. It is the soul transfused into sound. One receives, in listening to OLE BULL's instrumental strains, much the same impression that is conveyed by the great *maestro* while engaged in animated conversation with you; the unmistakable *heart* gleaming from the eye, flashing in the countenance, and wreaking itself upon selected words from a sparse but forceful vocabulary. There are *some* persons, however, to whom even OLE BULL's music is 'caviare.' The other evening, at his crowded concert at the Tabernacle, in the instant hush that heralded the storm of applause which followed the 'Solitude of the Prairie,' a sensitive 'human' sitting near us remarked, with evident feeling, 'Well, there's a deal o' fidlin' into *that* piece-t, any how!' He 'was n't a common-sewer in music much,' he said; adding: 'but d — n my sister's cat! if I han't heerd as good playin' as *that* 'fore yet!' Such ignorance as this, it strikes us, is *not* bliss. If a lack of feeling betokens wisdom, however, we admit that it is 'folly to be wise.' . . . LOVERS of the Fine Arts, in passing down Broadway, would find much enjoyment in stepping into the establishment of Mr. EDWARD DECHAUX, 'Artist's Colorman,' near the north-east corner of Duane-street. The best materials of every description, for the use of artists of all kinds, are here to be found; and what is of more interest to the general public, the rarest pictures, prints, and articles of taste and *virtu*, which are received as fast as they appear in the capitals of France and England. We know of no place where an hour can be passed so pleasantly; and we fancy that courteous attention, and the sight of beauty in all forms of art, result usually in profit to the proprietor. It certainly should not be otherwise. . . . Did it ever happen to you, reader, at an otherwise pleasant dinner-party, to be placed by your host next to a man who had not a spark of wit, humor, or conversation, and yet who *would* keep pouring into the porches of your ears a 'steady stream of talk'?

— 'Good cheer
Such hardship cannot soften;
To listen to the self-same dunce,
At the same leaden table, once
Per annum 's once too often.'

So says HORACE SMITH; and all who have suffered in this kind, we are sure will readily agree with him. His advice, and example on occasions of this sort, are worthy of especial attention:

'SHUN sitting next the wight whose drone
Borea, *sette voce*, you alone
With flat colloquial pressure;
Debarred from general talk, you droop
Beneath his buzz, from Orient soup
To occidental Cheshire.

'He who can only talk with one,
Should stay at home and talk with none—
At all events to strangers;
Like village epitaphs of yore,
He ought to cry, 'Long time I bore,'
To warn them of their dangers.

'There are whose kind inquiries scan
Your total kindred, man by man,
Son, brother, cousin joining;
They ask about your wife, who's dead,
And eulogise your uncle NED,
Who swung last week for coining.

'When joined to such a son of prate,
His queries I anticipate,
And thus my lee-way fetch up:
'Sir, all my relatives, I vow,
Are perfectly in health—and now
I'd thank you for the ketchup!'

THE country friend who essays to discuss '*White vs. Black Neckcloths*' is wasting powder. There is very little 'variety of opinion on the subject in metropolitan circles.' We have had occasion to observe, at the most fashionable and crowded houses during the entire opera-season, that not more than one or two persons in the house, in any one audience, sported a white neck-cloth; and in these cases, complexion, etc., rendered the change a fitting one. It is quite the same thing in the general society of the best circles. . . . We have received several communications, touching the remarks which we ventured to offer in recent numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER upon '*Legal Nomenclature and Tautology*.' We wait however to hear from our courteous correspondent, to whose previous communication we readily gave place. Boz has somewhere pleasantly illustrated a branch of our subject in one of his parish-sketches: 'Under a half-obsolete statue of one of the EDWARDS, the court were empowered to punish a person who should be proved guilty of the crime of 'brawling' in any church, or vestry attached thereunto. It appeared that on a certain night, at a certain vestry-meeting, in a certain parish hereinafter more particularly set forth, the party of the second part had made use of and applied to the party of the second part the words, '*You be blowed*;' and that on the said party of the first part remonstrating with the said party of the second part, on the impropriety of his conduct, the said party of the second part repeated the aforesaid expression, or words, '*You be blowed*;' and furthermore desired and requested to know whether the said party of the first part 'wanted any thing for himself,' or words to that effect; adding, that if the said party of the first part *did* want any thing for himself, he, the said party of the second part, was 'the man to give it to him;' at the same time making use of other heinous expressions, all of which came within the intent and meaning of the act!' Apropos of legal lore, and its sinuosities: We would like some gentleman 'learned in the law' to expound the following case, which a friend has handed us 'at this present sitting': JIM SWIPES took a mortgage for one thousand dollars on a house and lot worth two thousand, dated January first, 1844, which he neglected to place on record. On the *tenth* of the same month, JOHN SMITH, (an old and highly-seem'd citizen,) obtained a judgment of one thousand dollars, which was docketed, and became a lien on the same house and lot. On the *fifteenth* of the same month Jo BOWERS took a mortgage on the same lot for one thousand dollars, and put it on record. As the value of this property will admit of the payment of but two of these claims, which has the preference? *That's the question.* To those not acquainted with legal matters, it may be necessary to state, that the first mortgage, not having been put on record, was superseded, 'in preference,' by the second mortgage, which *was* placed on record; while the judgment, being older in date than the last mortgage, was entitled to preference over it. How is the affair to be settled? 'Ay, marry, tell us *that*, and unyoke.' . . . WHEREVER you are, reader, and observe the concerts of our friend DEMPSTER announced, *fail not* to go and hear him sing '*The May-Queen*,' by TENNYSON. It was from a suggestion one night in our sanctum, that he subsequently set that noble performance to noble music; and we venture

intended for your edification have we written, reader, while we were vexed and 'perplexed in the extreme' with the *black snow-storm* that was falling silently from the chimney of our camphine reading-lamp, upon every thing around us; smooching fair works of art, covering 'elegant literature' with lamp-black, and tasking the temper almost beyond endurance. For four years we have borne with the offending vessel; for sometimes it would behave with propriety, and give promise of amendment, which however was seldom redeemed. We have therefore cast it from us; and there now stands in its place on the editor's table one of *Cargel's Mechanical Lamps*, manufactured in Paris expressly for the dépôt of the American agents, Messrs. DIACON AND SEXTON, at Number Twenty, John-street. We have tested this lamp, and have found it *the very thing*. Simple and concealed machinery pumps the oil up to the wick in regular and regulated supply; the light is abundant, clear, and widely diffusive; there is no smoke, no smell; and with trifling care, it is liable to no disorder. These lamps may be had in every variety in which artificial light is used; they are tastefully 'got up;' and in some of their forms, are most exquisite ornaments of the drawing-room table and the mantel-piece; the supporting vases, the globes and shades, being often of the richest workmanship and design. We commend them, in the sense of conferring a favor upon our readers, to all who want light upon any subject, that can be examined at night. . . . We have read Bishop SOUTHWATE's 'Letter' in reply to a recent pamphlet from certain American Missionaries at Constantinople, with mingled emotions. That the writer's bearing toward his fellow-laborers in the Oriental vineyard of the LORD was in the main court-ous and gentleman-like, we conceive to be established; that there was disingenuousness on the part of his accusers, and what a layman would be apt to term '*sneakishness*,' is abundantly evident from the labored 'dictated' letters of their secretary. But why should Mr. SOUTHWATE apologise for, or seek to excuse, the act of partaking the Sacrament with his evangelical brethren? 'I had been two years without the Sacrament,' he says, 'and was suffering inexpressibly from the privation. I therefore communed with my Congregational brethren. But I did it at the moment with considerable hesitation, and regretted it as soon as it was done. I resolved, moreover, never to do it again.' Indeed! And was *this* the spirit in which you sought to proclaim to the 'benighted' Orientals the doctrines of the PRINCE OF PEACE! Could not forms and creeds be suspended on an occasion such as that? Why did not the Bishop call to mind the REDEEMER's own words, so well paraphrased in the stanza:

'In memory of your dying Friend,
Do this, 'he said,' till time shall end;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.'

The fact upon which we are animadverting is one of the things whereof Bishop SOUTHWATE 'humbly prays that he may have grace to speak with plainness and sincerity.' Without assuming to insult the majesty of Heaven by asking its endorsement of an act of Christian illiberality, we may yet humbly hope to be forgiven for characterising such an offence as we think it deserves to be characterized. . . . THERE is one consolation for our 'Ann-Arbor' correspondent. His life is insured, so long as he has the fever and-ague; since it is perhaps one of the worst features of that most contemptible disorder, that no one ever dies of it. We can only give our correspondent the advice of Hood's doctor's-maid: 'Take bark; the best form is the canine pill.' If this proves effectual, we shall expect the second half of the 'Border Tale.' We are reluctant to make a commencement until we have secured the conclusion. This remark will also apply to several other half-finished communications, which it is unnecessary more particularly to designate. There should be '*a oneness*' in papers submitted for consideration. . . . SINCE the clever satire of MARRYAT upon the novels of the modern Italian school, wherein the hero, ASSENTA-SSENTINI, 'feels his way along the slimy wall,' and kills seven midnight antagonists in succession, each of whom 'expires without a groan,' we have not encountered a better thing in its kind than the following, which we transfer from a late number of the 'New-York

Emporium.' It hits to a nicety the style of one who has probably written more 'works' (unmistakeably his own) than he has ever read of other authors:

THE PHANTOM CLAM-SLOOP.

A ROMANCE IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY FRAY. J. M. I — M.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been very much lauded by the public, but not half so highly as I deserve. My 'L—itte,' my 'Captain K—dd,' my 'Burt-n,' are the finest things ever written, except the following. I am willing to stake my reputation upon the thrilling, exciting, magnificent, sublime, glorious pages of the 'Phantom Clam-Sloop.'

VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

'T WAS a horrible night; wild shrieked the storm-spirit above the mad waves; the foam was white; the wild lightning leaped from the abyssal vaults of Heaven; and the tempest howled like a tiger stung by a spider. Heaven! is that a vessel upon the gloomy waste of waters!

CHAPTER II.

'Ho! brace the helm, there! Let go the main-sheet! Furl up the clue buntines: Ha! ha! we'll yet baffle the storm!'

These words proceeded from the mouth of one who stood upon the main-truck of the 'Phantom Clam-Sloop.' Dark was his complexion, but clear; his eye keen and flashing; his teeth white and well-set; his smile was the smile of an angel, and his glance the glance of a fiend! These peculiarities were revealed by the lurid gleam of the lightning.

CHAPTER III.

FAR in the distance could be seen a frigate approaching rapidly.

'Ha!' said Eugenio de la Oysterelyo, 'think they thus to take the Phantom Clam-Sloop! Ho! clap on all sail, till the spars bend to the strain!' He was obeyed!

CHAPTER IV.

THE chase now became exciting; the frigate gained rapidly upon the little vessel of Eugenio, which was now approaching a ledge of rocks. These rocks stretched entirely across the straits through which the vessels were hurrying; their tops could just be seen above the black waters. Fast came the frigate; nearer drew the Phantom Clam-Sloop to the rocks. Oysterelyo called his crew, and in a few words informed them of, and prepared them for, his project. They were almost upon the rocks, and the frigate was almost upon them.

'Now!' shouted the buccaneer, and at the word the men darted from the prow to the stern; thus raising her bows entirely out of the water; at the same moment a wave seized the vessel and uplifted her.

'Now!' shouted Eugenio again; and the men sped back to the bow; and by this manœuvre, and the strength of the wave, the vessel leaped clear over the ledge of rocks.

'Ah! ha!' said the deep voice of Oysterelyo. The frigate struck upon the reef, and all were lost! High above their shriek of death, pealed the exulting shout of the buccaneers:

'*Vive la Phantom Clam-Sloop!*'

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

'SWEEP Jolliadelliana,' said de la Oysterelyo, 'I love thee with an overwhelming passion. The frantic tigress, bounding from her lair, not so loves her cub. The soaring eagle bears less affection for its young!'

'Ah,' she murmured, 'I am sad — sad, sad, Eugenio!'

'Why art thou sad, my soul?' he asked.

'When I think of my home, from which thou has lured me; my father — ah, Heaven! and she struck her white forehead passionately. 'O Oysterelyo! my brother is a captain in the navy. If ye should meet —'

'Nay, chase away thy gloom, sweet love, with the hunting-hounds of song!'

And she sang:

SONG.

My life is like a withered rose,
That's felt the lightning's blast;
My soul is as the air that blows
Around the tapering mast.

And sad, ay, sad, O very sad,
This trembling heart of mine;
Great Heaven! O let me not go mad!
But why should I repine!

A gun sounded.

'Ha!' said Eugenio, 'that calls us to the sea! Come, Iolliadelliana, let us embark!'

CHAPTER II.

SCARCELY had they left the shore, when they saw a man-of-war — which first fired a broadside and then gave chase.

'I know her!' screamed Iolliadelliana; 'tis the Scorpion of the Seas! 'tis my brother's ship!'

Whereupon she immediately fainted!

'Ha!' said Eugenio, 'bear her to the cabin, and run up the black flag!'

The vessels met. In a moment they were locked yard-arm and yard-arm. And face to face stood Eugenio de la Oyateriyo and the brother of Iolliadelliana.

'Turn thee, ravisher!' yelled the captain.

'Ah! ha!' shouted Eugenio, and their swords met; but in the midst of the battle, the fair girl rushed from the cabin, flung her arms round the neck of the buccaneer, and exclaimed:

'Hold! hold, Plantagenet, I love him yet;' but at this moment the sword of the brother pierced the pirate's side — and at the same moment, the sailors gained possession of the sloop.

'I will baffle ye yet!' shouted Eugenio; and clasping Iolliadelliana, he sprang upon the main-truck. One moment the form of the pirate was revealed by the lightning; he dashed his matted hair from his forehead, clenched his teeth, shook his fist, and jumped overboard.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day he was found far out at sea, upon a raft, with nothing on him but a flannel-shirt, sitting on a tea-box, playing the flute. Upon the tea-box was written the words — 'PHANTOM CLAM-BLOOR!' This was all that remained of that ill-fated vessel!

FINIS.

WE lament, in common with all who knew either the departed or his writings, the untimely death of the late MATTHEW C. FIELD, Esq., co-editor with his brother JOSEPH, of the 'St. Louis Reveillé.' 'PHAZMA' was always a favorite of ours, although we never saw his face. He wrote prose and verse with equal facility. His poetry was remarkable for its melody of versification and the deep feeling which pervaded it; and such of his prose-sketches as we have encountered were characterised by great faithfulness of description and picturesqueness of scene. We are not surprised to learn, from those who knew him most intimately, that he was a kind and gentle spirit: all his writings indicate the fact. 'The Sea his body but Heaven his spirit holds.' Our sympathy is with his surviving friends. . . . OUR Hartford correspondent, in his sketch of '*The Yankee in 'York*,' tells us, in a very graphic manner, how he was 'done' one pleasant morning in October last, at a mock-auction 'saloon' in Chatham-street, and again in the afternoon at the Beacon-course, Hoboken, 'by a very pleasant-spoken man, who had a great many persons about him, while he was rolling something around on his knee!' Verdant individual! He was victimized of 'an X,' by one of those professional gentlemen, who with three thimbles and a pea on a propped-up leg, 'astonish the by-standers with: 'Here's the sort o' game; three thimbles and vun little pea; with a vun, two, three, and a two, three, vun; catch him who can; look on, keep your eyes open, and never say die! Never mind the change and the expense: all fair and above board; them as do n't play can't win, and luck attend the daring sportsman. Bet any gen'l'man any sum of money, from ten dollars up to a quarter, that he does n't name the thimble as kivers the little joker.' Here some green-horn whippers his friend that he distinctly saw the pea roll under the middle thimble; an impression which is immediately confirmed by a gentleman standing by, and who in a low tone regrets his own inability to bet, in consequence of having unfortunately left his purse at home, but strongly urges the stranger not to neglect such a golden opportunity. The 'plant' is successful; the bet is made; the stranger of course loses; and the gentlemen with the thimbles consoles him, as he pockets the money, with the assurance that 'it's all the fortin o' war: this time I vin, next time you vin: never mind the loss; do it up in a small parcel, and break out in a fresh place. Here's the sort o' game, gen'l'men; three thimbles and vun little pea; with a vun, two, three, and a two, three, vun; catch him who can,' and so-forth. . . . WE are struck with the following remarks of LONGINUS in his Ninth Section on '*The Sublime*.' 'We ought to spare no pains to educate our souls to grandeur, and impregnate them with generous and enlarged ideas. But how, it will be asked, can

this be done? Why, I have hinted in another place, that the sublime is an image reflected from the inward greatness of the soul. Hence it comes to pass that a naked thought without words challenges admiration, and strikes by its grandeur. Such is the silence of *AJAX* in the *Odyssey*, which is abundantly noble, and far above expression. To arrive at excellence like this, we must needs suppose that which is the cause of it; I mean that an orator of the true genius must have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking; for it is impossible for those who have grovelling and servile ideas, or are engaged in the sordid pursuits of life, to produce any thing worthy of admiration, and the perusal of all posterity. Grand and sublime expressions must flow from them and them alone whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness. And hence it is that the greatest thoughts are always uttered by the greatest souls. When *PARMENIO* cried, I would accept these proposals, (*viz.*: those made by *DARIUS* of his own daughter and half his kingdom to purchase peace,) if I was *ALEXANDER*. *ALEXANDER* made this reply: 'And so would I, if I was *PARMENIO*.' His answer showed the greatness of his mind.' . . . 'SPEAKING of the sublime,' as *OLLAPOD* would say, we have reached the highest pitch of exaltation in company of some cockney tourists. The *London and Westminster Review*, speaking in a late number on the charity of *MR. COOPER* for not retorting in his 'Gleanings' upon *MRS. TROLLOPE* and other writers of her class, brings to light the following gems, selected from many others, not on account of their peculiar claims to merit, but 'because the authors had the astounding impudence publicly thereunto to affix their names.' The first is written at Chamouni:

'BEHOLD those towering mounts of snow,
And the glaciers high and low!
Looking like a frozen sea
Radiant with sublimity.
Who can scan the mountain's height?
Who can plumb the chasm's depth?
An awful sight above—below,
Making the heart rock to and fro!
One awful footstep, and you glide
Towards the judgment seat of God.
These are things that make men think
When pausing onto a precipice brink! (*Great Phœbus!*)
Until the weary spirit slumbers,
Lulled by the avalanche's distant thunders.
Adieu, Chamouni!—farewell, farewell!
When next I'll see thee, who can tell?

'Who indeed?' quoth the *Review*. This brilliant composition, far beyond the reach of criticism, bears the signature of one 'SCOTT.' There is another, from the pen of a sporting baronet, written at Airolo, in the *Val Bedretto*, who draws the attention of the public to a little *affaire du cœur*:

'If chance denies us e'er to meet again
In this tormenting world of constant pain,
I hope to meet you in the realms above,
Where it will be adjudged no crime to love.
Where fortune cannot frown or friends dismay,
But all be everlasting joy thro' one eternal day.
FRANCES, I cannot say adieu—oh no!
The very thought is madness—oh no!

These tenderly-solemn verses must have been inspired on Mount *Parnassus* rather than in the *Val Bedretto*. . . . WE are gratified to perceive the exertions that are making to alleviate the condition of 'all prisoners and captives' in our penitentiaries, as well as to provide an asylum and employment for those who are at length liberated from confinement. Not unfrequently the unhappy wretches are set at large by Death, 'opening the prison-doors to them that are bound.' We read but recently in a morning journal of a barrel being accidentally sent to a cooper's shop, in some obscure street of the metropolis, which on being opened was found to contain the emaciated body of a man, clad in the state's-prison garb, who had been compressed into the cask, and despatched to a relative in this city for burial. Poor shell of humanity! Confinement, toil, privation, hope deferred—all have

present, as in all the previous numbers of the series, all the new words which occur in each reading lesson are formed into a spelling lesson, each word being divided, accented, pronounced, and defined, so that the scholar will be able to read *understandingly*. The author has also taken great pains to select such pieces as had a tendency to improve the *heart* as well as the *head*; for, as he observes, 'The youth of our country cannot enjoy the blessings of our free institutions, or aid in perpetuating them, unless they are *morally* as well as *intellectually* educated.' At the close of each reading-lesson, are questions, intended for exercising the scholars upon what they have read, for the purpose not only of calling into action their thinking and reasoning powers, but also of impressing deeply on their minds the principles inculcated in the lessons thus read. We commend the work cordially to public acceptance. . . . A VERY acceptable and timely little volume has been issued by Messrs. STANFORD AND SWORDS, entitled 'Halloween, a Romaunt; with Lays, Meditative and Devotional.' It is from the pen of Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COKE, author of 'Christian Ballads,' etc., a poet of much versatility and fire. . . . FROM the new publishing house of FARMER AND DAGGERS, Number Thirty, Ann-Street, we have a new edition of Mrs. MARY CLAVERS' last admirable work, 'Forest Life;' GALT's entertaining 'Life of LAWRIE TODD,' with a new and characteristic preface by GRANT THORBUURN, (who in a late 'original' essay 'cribs' without acknowledgment a certain 'Quaker' story of ours;) 'The Book of British Ballads,' edited by S. C. HALL, a rare and costly work in the English edition, yet complete in the present at a moderate price, with the addition of a well-written introduction by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq.; and the Poems of Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, collected and arranged by C. DONALD MACLEOD. The collection is made from his novels, dramas, and poems, and embraces nearly all that is worthy the writer's poetical reputation. The works to be issued by Messrs. FARMER AND DAGGERS are to be chosen by Mr. PARK BENJAMIN; whose known taste and experience will insure a good selection from the better publications of the day. . . . MR. SCHOOLCRAFT's 'Ouéota' has reached its fifth number. This is a production of *value* as well as of *interest*. Every thing in relation to the Red Race, from the pen of this gentleman, may be relied upon as entirely authentic. The traditions, tales, legends, descriptions of customs, etc., which are here to be found, were gathered from the lips of the aborigines themselves, or from personal observation during a residence of more than twenty years among them. The work will, when completed, supply a most important desideratum in the history of those who were once 'monarchs of all they surveyed' on this great continent. . . . We have just been glancing over a long mislaid copy of Mr. HORACE GREELEY's 'Address before the Literary Societies of Hamilton College,' in July last. We have encountered enough however, even in a cursory perusal, to convince us that the orator of the occasion urged, with his usual directness and force, the true dignity of honest labor; and that in all his inculcations, he had at *heart* the best interests of his kind. We commend the performance, thus hastily despatched, to the attentive regard of all our readers. . . . 'The Monthly Rose' is the pretty title of a pretty periodical, sustained by the present and former members of the Albany Female Academy, the first number of which lies before us. The articles are well written, both the prose and verse, and the editress-es perform their new duties with grace and apparent ease. Sweet young ladies! if you would but admit Mynheer DEIDRICH into your editorial councils, you should have all the aid of his long experience in your profession, in consideration of the simple gratification which a glance at your sparkling eyes and bright faces would afford him. Dear fellow-laboress-es! 'is it a vote?' . . . GOLDSMITH's 'Gems of Penmanship,' a large and handsome quarto, containing numerous specimens of his plain and ornamental writing, will attract public attention to his professional merits. His plain round hands, fine and coarse, are excellent examples for learners; we trust, however, that he does not generally teach his 'flourishing' style in his flourishing academy. Such a hand-writing, in the eyes of a business-man, would seem like the 'ornamental touches' of a French dancing-master, 'eliminated' or thrown off in a walk along Broadway. Mr. GOLDSMITH's essay upon 'The Pen,' and his remarks upon, and directions for, good penmanship, are sensible, and well put forth. . . . SOME of our weekly contemporaries are putting on beautiful garments with the new year. The 'ALBION,' so long established, and so favorably known throughout the United States, has donned a very handsome dress, and added to its other attractions an agricultural department, under the supervision of Hon. J. S. SKINNER. Apropos of the 'ALBION,' its last engraving is a full-length likeness of the great NELSON, a superior work of art, of very large dimensions, and in all its accessories truly admirable. It is alone worth a year's subscription to the popular journal which it adorns. . . . MESSRS. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN, Boston, have published the 'Life of GODFREY WILLIAM VON LEIBNITZ,' on the basis of the German work of Dr. G. E. GUHRANER. By JOHN MACKIE. It is for sale in New-York by Mr. MARK H. NEWMAN, Broadway.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 3.

SKETCHES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY LEWIS C. THOMAS.

MONKS' MOUND, ST. CLAIR COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

ABOUT six miles from the Mississippi river, in an eastwardly direction from St. Louis, in St. Clair county, Illinois, is situated a remarkable group of mounds, which rise out of the level prairie of the American Bottom, at a distance of two or three miles from the bluffs, or high-lands, and range semi-circularly with the margin of the prairie. The greater one, or Monks' Mound, is in the form of a parallelogram, and is estimated to be one hundred and twenty-five feet high. Its top is flat, and presents an area of about two acres, laid out in a garden, planted with fruit and shade-trees, and containing the residence of the proprietor. On the south side of this mound is a terrace, about two hundred and fifty yards long, and ninety in width, perfectly level, and elevated about forty-five feet above the surface of the prairie. At the distance of a quarter of a mile to the north-east, Cantine creek enters Cahokia creek, and the latter winds around within one hundred and fifty yards of the northern base of the mound. To the west, some two hundred yards, on a small mound, was formerly the principal residence of a community of Monks of the Order of La Trappe, from whom the place took the name of 'Monks' Mound.' Southwardly there are two mounds, about sixty feet apart at the base, and sixty feet high. One of them rises very steeply in a conical form, and has a large tree growing near the top of it. At a distance it looks not unlike a large helmet-cap of a dragoon, with a feather in the side. On the west of these mounds, and immediately at the base, is a large pond; and it requires but a very little stretch of the imagination to suppose that all the earth used in elevating the mounds was taken from the bed of the pond. The mounds altogether on the American Bottom have been estimated at two hundred in number. They are of various forms and sizes, and some of them are crowned with trees, that must have been growing for centuries. They are all composed of the same kind of earth, without any stones in them, except

small broken pieces of flint. The earth of which they are formed is precisely the same sort of alluvial now hourly deposited by the Mississippi upon its banks. None of them are in any way occupied, except Monks' Mound, and one other, which has been converted into a 'Mount Auburn,' enclosed with palings, and covered with marble memorials of the dead.

We are not aware that any of these mounds have been opened, with a view of examining their structure and contents; but in digging a well to the depth of sixty feet, about half way up the west side of Monks' Mound, a few decayed bones, and some flint arrow-heads and broken pieces of pottery were found. From the surface of the small mound from which the view was taken, an artist and the writer, in the space of a few minutes, picked up about half a peck of broken bones, and pieces of pottery and flint. One of the bones, which is nearly perfect, is evidently the arm-bone of a human being. The pottery is of the same material as the urns found in the mounds of Ohio, and mentioned by Atwater, in his work on American Antiquities, and when entire, doubtless formed urns of a similar shape. A few years since a mound near Florissant, Missouri, resembling in appearance several of those on the American Bottom, was opened by a party of gentlemen, and in the centre of it they found a human skeleton in a sitting posture. Its skull is of different conformation from the heads of the present race of Indians, indicating lower cheek-bones and higher forehead, and the general features of the Caucasian race. This skull corresponds with one in the possession of the writer, which was taken from a mound on the south-western border of Missouri, near Arkansas, and which exactly resembles one found in a mound in Peru, South America, and presented to Professor J. N. McDowell, of the St. Louis Medical School, by Mr. Delafield, author of some interesting treatises on the antiquities of this continent.

The American Bottom was evidently at one time, a lake, and has been overflowed since the country was settled by the whites. Marine shells in vast quantities abound, in the sides of the bluffs, which form its eastern and southern boundaries. The Mississippi must formerly have poured its mighty torrent over the whole plain; and, whether these mounds were formed by deposits of alluvion from the retreating eddies of its current, or whether the plain was an ancient Waterloo, where the rival armies of a by-gone race contended, and on which the conquerors raised these mounds, to perpetuate the achievement of a great victory, or to commemorate their heroic dead, are questions which can only be answered by conjectures.

Monks' Mound, when viewed from the west, presents strikingly the appearance of a strong castle or fortress, which time has just begun to mark with ruin. The muddy creek of Cahokia that winds near its base can easily be fancied a moat, and the rude platform of planks by which it is crossed transformed into a draw-bridge; while the terraces, which on this side rise with considerable regularity above each other, look as if they were intended for armed hosts to parade upon, and appear as though 'no jutting frieze buttress, nor coigne of vantage,' had been omitted in their construction. From the top of the mound the

view is one of exceeding beauty. The wide prairie stretches for miles its carpeting of green, gemmed with the most beautiful flowers, and dotted at intervals with clusters of trees, that look in the distance like emeralds embossed in a rich embroidery ; and where formerly the wild buffalo ranged, and the war-yell of the savage ascended, now herds of domestic cattle are grazing, and

‘Peace is tinkling in the shepherd’s bell,
And singing with the reapers.’

To the west, at a distance of six miles, rise the domes and spires of St. Louis ; to the north a dense forest, with Cahokia creek, like a huge silver serpent, winding in and out of it, and here and there a glimpse of the cottages in the settlement of Cantine is caught, with the blue smoke ascending straightly to the clear sky. Six or seven miles across the prairie, to the south, a large lake gleams in the sunshine, with the big pelicans flapping their lazy wings over it, and the white houses of ‘French Village’ studding its margin ; back of these, and extending semi-circularly to the east, rise the bluffs, in some places perpendicularly, with their bare sides of rock and clay, and their summits crowned with majestic oaks, forming an impregnable wall, guarded by its forest sentinels, in their rich autumnal livery of green and gold.

During the French Revolution a community of Monks, of the Order of La Trappe, emigrated from a place of the same name near Paris, into the Gruyeres Alps, from whence they sent a colony to Amsterdam, who, finding that the French motto of ‘Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,’ extended even there, and threatened the country with the doctrines of Atheism, then pervading in France, they determined on seeking an asylum in the United States. Arriving in Baltimore, after a tedious voyage, much reduced by starvation, they were hospitably entertained by Archbishop Carroll and Dr. Chatard, who administered to them every thing necessary to their comfort. They sought for a while a resting place in Pennsylvania, from whence they went to Kentucky, and located on a farm ; and after a short residence there, and losing their stock and crops by a freshet, they removed to Florissant, near St. Louis, where they remained about eighteen months, and finally located at the Mounds, on the American Bottom, in Illinois, in 1807. A large tract of land was given to them, and they soon had nearly one hundred acres enclosed and cultivated, and well stocked with horses and cattle. They erected a horse-mill, and several log cabins for dwellings and work-shops, and also a church, of logs. Of their buildings there is now scarcely a vestige remaining. Their design was, to educate youth in all the branches of Literature, Agriculture, and the Mechanic Arts, on gratuitous terms. A number of pupils from the neighboring towns resorted to them for instruction, some of whom are now among the most accomplished merchants and artisans in the western country. The first discovery of coal in the bluffs was made by these monks in one of the mines from which St. Louis is in a great part supplied. Their blacksmiths complained of a want of proper fuel ; and on their being informed that the earth, at the root of a tree which was struck by lightning, was burning, they went to the spot, and on digging a little below the surface, discovered a vein of coal.

The number, that originally came to this country, consisted of six monks and seven lay-brothers, under the paternal guidance of the Rev. Urban Guillet: it was however increased by additions from France, and from different parts of the United States, to thirty-six persons in all. Every thing seemed prosperous and happy about them, when suddenly they were assailed with a malignant fever, which carried off three of their number in one night. The country around them continuing unhealthy, in 1816 those remaining broke up the establishment, re-conveyed the land to Mr. Jarrot, the donor, and returned to France. During their residence at the Mounds, the monks pursued the same system of austerity instituted at La Trappe, by John le Bouthillier de Rance, the rigid Reformer of the Cistercian order. No one was ever allowed to speak to another, or to a stranger, except in cases of absolute necessity; neither could he address the superior, without first asking his permission, by a sign, and receiving his assent. They were allowed to receive no letters or news from the world, and were compelled to obey the least sign made, even by the lowest lay-brother in the community, although by doing so they might spoil whatever they were at the time engaged in. Their dress consisted entirely of woollen; they eat no flesh, and had but two meals a-day; their dinner was of soup, of turnips, carrots and other vegetables, with no seasoning but salt, and their supper, of two ounces of bread with water. They slept in their clothing upon boards, with blocks of wood for pillows, but in winter were allowed any quantity of covering they desired. When a stranger visited them, he was received with the utmost kindness by their guest-master, his wants attended to, and every thing freely shown and explained to him; and whenever he passed one of the monks, the latter bowed humbly to him, but without looking at him. They labored all day in the fields or in their work-shops in the most profound silence, the injunction of which was removed only from the one appointed to receive visitors, and those engaged in imparting instruction. When one of them was taken ill, the rigor of their discipline was entirely relaxed toward him, and every attention and comfort bestowed upon him; and if he was about to die, when in his last agonies he was placed upon a board, on which the superior had previously made the sign of a cross, with ashes, and the rest gathered around him to console and pray for him. The dead were wrapt in their ordinary habit and buried without a coffin in the field adjoining their residence. As soon as one was buried, a new grave was opened by his side, to be ready for the next who might need it. About twenty-five years have elapsed since these austere fathers abandoned the mounds; but the older inhabitants of the neighborhood still speak of their many acts of kindness and charity, and cherish their memories with the most filial affection.

GRAND TOWER, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

NEARLY equally distant from St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, on the west side of the Mississippi, is Grand Tower. It is a column of solid rock, about fifty feet in diameter, rising fifty feet in height above the ordinary surface of the water, and crowned with a luxurious

growth of stunted trees and shrubbery. Higher up, on the Illinois shore of the river, is a mass of rock, nearly sixty feet high, which from its peculiar shape, and from an aperture in the southern side, has obtained the appellation of 'The Devil's Bake-Oven.' This latter appears to have been, by some violent means, separated from the adjacent cliff which overhangs it. In descending the Mississippi, on approaching Grand Tower, there will be noticed in its neighborhood several other masses of rock, resembling columns or towers; these, however, are not isolated, but are connected with the shore, whereas the tower stands alone in the river, in the centre of a deep channel, breasting a current that is here stronger than any where else on the river, below 'the Rapids.' In the vicinage, on both shores, are several other curiously formed rocks, which have obtained fanciful appellations, as the 'Devil's Pulpit,' 'Devil's Grave,' etc. A few miles farther up, on the Missouri shore, are the 'Cornice Rocks,' so called from the appearance of their tops, which look as if regularly wrought into a cornice. These rocks extend to the height of one hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly above the surface of the river. They form a solid wall, which rises right out of the water, and stretches along its margin for a considerable distance, marked the whole way by the *cornice*, which seems to have been produced by the abrasion of a mighty current that formerly swept near the top of the rocks. The Cornice Rocks, Grand Tower, etc., on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, form what may be termed the spur of the Merrimack hills, a line of highlands that extend north-westwardly to the Gasconade river. The Devil's Bake-Oven, diagonally opposite the Grand Tower, is the abrupt termination of the 'Illinois Bluffs,' those stupendous cliffs, averaging one hundred and fifty feet in height, which enclose the American Bottom and extend semi-circularly from above the mouth of the Missouri to this point, having all the way the same cornice, or water-marks, which characterize the Cornice Rocks. These facts have led many to adopt the theory, that the Mississippi was once dammed or blocked up at the Grand Tower, and that here was a water-fall more mighty than that of Niagara; that the American Bottom and much of the Missouri shore formed the bed of a large lake, fed by the river, whose upper current wore the cornices in the rocks, until by some violent convulsion, a channel was forced through at the tower, and the lake was in a great part drained, leaving its bed to form the rich alluvion of the American Bottom. The fact that pine and other trees have been found, in digging for water, in the neighborhood of St. Louis, fifty feet below the surface of the earth, is also an argument in favor of this theory.

Before steam navigation was introduced, Grand Tower was one of the most dangerous places to the navigator on the whole Mississippi. The current being remarkably swift, the voyagers in keels and barges had to ascend the river bank in advance of their vessels, which were then drawn by ropes through the swift current, that would not admit of the ordinary means of 'poling' against the stream. The boats were not only in great danger of being wrecked against the rocks, but they also ran great risk from pirates or robbers, consisting of renegade whites and Indians, who had their haunts in the neighborhood of the Tower, and

recall and fix the attention upon the by-standers here depicted! It is the struggle of the will to regain its ascendancy:

——— 'PRAY, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind,
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child, CORDELIA.'

It would have melted a heart of stone to hear MACREADY give this passage, in his personation of LEAR. . The third number of the 'American Journal of Insanity,' from the State Asylum at Utica, sustains the high character which we predicted the work would acquire. Among its many valuable papers, is one by our old correspondent, PLINY EARLE, M. D., Physician to the Bloomingdale Asylum, upon 'The Poetry of Insanity'—well written, and full of variety and interest. It seems hardly possible that poetry so tender and touching as the 'Address to Melancholy,' should have been written by an insane female. We annex a brief specimen:

'SPIRIT of darkness! from yon lonely shade,
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring;
Spirit of darkness! hear thy favorite maid,
To sorrow's harp, her wildest anthem sing.
Ah! how has Love despoiled my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind!
Ah! how has Love flung o'er the trophied tomb
The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind!
High rides the moon the silent heavens along;
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;
Soft steals the lover, when the morning song
Of wakened warblers through the woods resound.
Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand;
Again my lyre unstrung I sadly sweep,
While Love leads up the dance, with harp in hand.'

'HAIL, Melancholy! to yon lonely towers
I turn, and hail thy time-worn turrets mine,
Where flourish fair the night-shade's deadly flowers,
And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.'

The poetry of *all* lunatics, however, is not quite as good as this; as is proved by several cited 'samples;' among them some stanzas of NAT LEE, which are as guiltless of all connection as any thing from the disordered brains of our modern 'original' bardlings:

'I GRANT that drunken rainbows, lulled to sleep,
Snort like Welch rabbits in a fair maid's eyes;
Because he laughed to see a pudding creep,
For creeping puddings only please the wise.'

'Not that a hard-roed herring dare presume
To swing a tithe-pig in a cat-skin purse;
Cause of the great hail-stones that fell at Rome,
By lessening the fall might make it worse.'

Some of the fancies of the inmates of the Bloomingdale Asylum are amusing enough; for example: 'Instances are not wanting, in which the unfortunate subject of maniacal delusion has supposed himself to be the Father of all Evil. 'Hoo!' exclaimed one of these, as I approached him, 'hoo! I am the DEVIL; I am the DEVIL; what time is it?' Being informed that it was about four o'clock, he ejaculated, 'Four o'clock! I've engaged to be in hell at six!' . . . A GREAT number of communications are awaiting immediate examination; several, in prose and verse, are filed for insertion; among them, 'The Ranger's Adventure' and the 'Chapter on Lines.' 'Dark Ellsabeth's Life-Tale,' which will be found to be as weird and wild as 'Glimpses in the Mountains,' a story in the same vein, from a late English magazine, will be concluded in two more numbers. We hint it with some trepidation, but we suspect that AMBROSINE will prove to be 'the very DEVIL himself!' We shall soon know all, however.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, ETC. — MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have laid the public under obligations to them for a very beautiful edition of CAMPBELL's poems, with his life by WASHINGTON IRVING. The volume is printed upon the best paper, in the best manner, and is illustrated by very numerous and excellent engravings. The same enterprising publishers have forwarded to us a specimen-sheet of the new and voluminous work of Lieut. WILKES, a 'Narrative of the Exploring Expedition.' Truly, this will be a great national work; and the beauty and quality of the typographical execution and matériel, and the *superb* character of the engravings, afford abundant evidence that its externals are to be in good keeping with the rare and interesting character of the varied subject-matter. . . . We have lately, from the 'high house of the HARPERS,' among other publications, the following: 'Wilton Harvey, and other stories, by Miss SEDGWICK,' being a collection of tales and sketches, heretofore published in American annuals and magazines, (the KNICKERBOCKER among the number;) the whole forming a volume replete with interest and valuable 'lessons of life;' a new edition of 'ALISON on Taste,' a work too well known to require comment; BURKE on 'The Sublime and Beautiful,' to which the same remark will apply; 'Arthur Arundel, a Tale of the English Revolution,' by the Author of 'Bramblety-House;' 'The Nevilles of Garretstown,' by LEVER; 'Married and Single,' and 'Lovers and Husbands,' two excellent moral little volumes, by T. S. ARTHUR; and an excellent 'Discourse on the Restoration of the Jews,' by our friend Major NOAH, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. . . . Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY have sent us a small but corpulent volume, containing an admirable 'History of the French Revolution, its causes and consequences, by F. MACLEAN ROWAN: the same work in two volumes is included in the same publishers' 'Library for my Young Countrymen;' 'The Life and Correspondence of Rev. THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., of Oxford University,' by ARTHUR PENRYN STANLEY, M. A.; the first American from the third English edition; and is also another new volume, blending instruction with entertainment, entitled 'PHILIP RANDOLPH, a Tale of Virginia.' 'The Two Apprentices, a Tale for Youth,' by MARY HOWITT, from the same house, is a little work full of interest, and conveying most valuable lessons. It contains two excellent engravings. . . . Messrs. SORIN AND BALL, Philadelphia, have just issued a remarkable work, which we can barely announce, at the late period in the month at which we receive it. It is from the pen of JOHN B. GORMAN, M. D., and is entitled, '*Philosophy of animated Existence, or Sketches of Living Physics*,' with discussions of philosophical physiology, and a medical account of the middle regions of Georgia. The author of this volume approached and has prosecuted his task with an evident sense of the dignity and weight of his great themes. In a glance, necessarily cursory, over the pages of the work, we are led to fear that the writer has indulged too freely in the use of high-sounding or uncommon words, where the employment of simpler terms would have expressed his meaning with more force, and been far more acceptable to the general reader. We may take another occasion to refer more particularly to the volume. . . . THE DOUAY BIBLE, publishing in numbers by Mr. EDWARD DUNNIGAN, Fulton-street, is one of the most admirably illustrated editions of the Catholic Bible that we have ever encountered. The engravings, which are numerous, are executed on steel, in the finest style of the art, from pictures that are almost immortal; the cover is exquisitely designed and printed in colors; and the pages of the work are impressed with a clear and well-cut type, upon paper of an excellent color and texture. The enterprise deserves, and we are glad to learn receives, the amplest encouragement. The same publisher has issued a valuable work for Catholics, containing the lives of, 'Saint IGNATIUS and his first Companions,' by Rev. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D., a fine scholar and able writer; whom by the way we are sorry to see employ such a word as '*lengthy*' in his preface. An educated gentleman like himself should be a '*strengthy*' advocate of correct English. . . . AMERICAN works are beginning to be appreciated as they deserve to be abroad. The excellent translation of the 'Letters and Despatches of CORTES,' by Hon. GEORGE FOLSOM, State-senator, which was received with such favor in this country, has proved equally popular in England. We perceive by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM's late 'circular, that a new edition of the work has been called for, to supply the increasing demand for it in England. . . . Mr. LYMAN COBB has just published his '*Fifth Reader*,' which completes his Series of Reading Books, of which favorable mention has heretofore been made in the KNICKERBOCKER. The selections in this work are made almost entirely from the writings of *American* authors; and Mr. COBB, in his preface, very justly remarks: 'The United States have political and civil institutions of their own; and how can these be upheld and sustained, unless the children and youth of our country are early made to understand them, by books and other means of instruction?' In the

present, as in all the previous numbers of the series, all the new words which occur in each reading lesson are formed into a spelling lesson, each word being divided, accented, pronounced, and defined, so that the scholar will be able to read *understandingly*. The author has also taken great pains to select such pieces as had a tendency to improve the *heart* as well as the *head*; for, as he observes, 'The youth of our country cannot enjoy the blessings of our free institutions, or aid in perpetuating them, unless they are *morally* as well as *intellectually* educated.' At the close of each reading-lesson, are questions, intended for exercising the scholars upon what they have read, for the purpose not only of calling into action their thinking and reasoning powers, but also of impressing deeply on their minds the principles inculcated in the lessons thus read. We commend the work cordially to public acceptance. . . . A VERY acceptable and timely little volume has been issued by Messrs. STANFORD AND SWORDS, entitled 'Halloween, a Romaunt; with Lays, Meditative and Devotional.' It is from the pen of Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, author of 'Christian Ballads,' etc., a poet of much versatility and fire. . . . FROM the new publishing house of FARMER AND DAGGERS, Number Thirty, AND-Street, we have a new edition of Mrs. MARY CLAVES' last admirable work, 'Forest Life;' GALT's entertaining 'Life of LAWRIE TODD,' with a new and characteristic preface by GRANT THORBUAN, (who in a late '*original*' essay 'cribs' without acknowledgment a certain 'Quaker' story of ours;) 'The Book of British Ballads,' edited by S. C. HALL, a rare and costly work in the English edition, yet complete in the present at a moderate price, with the addition of a well-written introduction by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq.; and the Poems of Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, collected and arranged by C. DONALD MACLEOD. The collection is made from his novels, dramas, and poems, and embraces nearly all that is worthy the writer's poetical reputation. The works to be issued by Messrs. FARMER AND DAGGERS are to be chosen by Mr. PARK BENJAMIN; whose known taste and experience will insure a good selection from the better publications of the day. . . . MR. SCHOOLCRAFT's 'Onéota' has reached its fifth number. This is a production of *value* as well as of *interest*. Every thing in relation to the Red Race, from the pen of this gentleman, may be relied upon as entirely authentic. The traditions, tales, legends, descriptions of customs, etc., which are here to be found, were gathered from the lips of the aborigines themselves, or from personal observation during a residence of more than twenty years among them. The work will, when completed, supply a most important desideratum in the history of those who were once 'monarchs of all they surveyed' on this great continent. . . . We have just been glancing over a long mislaid copy of Mr. HORACE GREELEY's 'Address before the Literary Societies of Hamilton College,' in July last. We have encountered enough however, even in a cursory perusal, to convince us that the orator of the occasion urged, with his usual directness and force, the true dignity of honest labor; and that in all his inculcations, he had *at heart* the best interests of his kind. We commend the performance, thus hastily despatched, to the attentive regard of all our readers. . . . 'The Monthly Rose' is the pretty title of a pretty periodical, sustained by the present and former members of the Albany Female Academy, the first number of which lies before us. The articles are well written, both the prose and verse, and the editress-es perform their new duties with grace and apparent ease. Sweet young ladies! if you would but admit MYNHEER DEIDRICH into your editorial councils, you should have all the aid of his long experience in your profession, in consideration of the simple gratification which a glance at your sparkling eyes and bright faces would afford him. Dear fellow-laboreess-es! 'is it a vote?' . . . GOLDSMITH's 'Gems of Penmanship,' a large and handsome quarto, containing numerous specimens of his plain and ornamental writing, will attract public attention to his professional merits. His plain round hands, fine and coarse, are excellent examples for learners; we trust, however, that he does not generally teach his 'flourishing' style in his flourishing academy. Such a hand-writing, in the eyes of a business-man, would seem like the 'ornamental touches' of a French dancing-master, 'eliminated' or thrown off in a walk along Broadway. Mr. GOLDSMITH's essay upon 'The Pen,' and his remarks upon, and directions for, good penmanship, are sensible, and well put forth. . . . SOME of our weekly contemporaries are putting on beautiful garments with the new year. The 'ALBION,' so long established, and so favorably known throughout the United States, has donned a very handsome dress, and added to its other attractions an agricultural department, under the supervision of Hon. J. S. SKINNER. Apropos of the 'ALBION': its last engraving is a full-length likeness of the great NELSON, a superior work of art, of very large dimensions, and in all its accessories truly admirable. It is alone worth a year's subscription to the popular journal which it adorns. . . . Messrs. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN, Boston, have published the 'Life of GODFREY WILLIAM VON LEHNITZ,' on the basis of the German work of Dr. G. E. GUHRNER. By JOHN MACKIE. It is for sale in New-York by Mr. MARK H. NEWMAN, Broadway.

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SKETCHES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY LEWIS C. THOMAS.

MONKS' MOUND, ST. CLAIR COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

ABOUT six miles from the Mississippi river, in an eastwardly direction from St. Louis, in St. Clair county, Illinois, is situated a remarkable group of mounds, which rise out of the level prairie of the American Bottom, at a distance of two or three miles from the bluffs, or high-lands, and range semi-circularly with the margin of the prairie. The greater one, or Monks' Mound, is in the form of a parallelogram, and is estimated to be one hundred and twenty-five feet high. Its top is flat, and presents an area of about two acres, laid out in a garden, planted with fruit and shade-trees, and containing the residence of the proprietor. On the south side of this mound is a terrace, about two hundred and fifty yards long, and ninety in width, perfectly level, and elevated about forty-five feet above the surface of the prairie. At the distance of a quarter of a mile to the north-east, Cantine creek enters Cahokia creek, and the latter winds around within one hundred and fifty yards of the northern base of the mound. To the west, some two hundred yards, on a small mound, was formerly the principal residence of a community of Monks of the Order of La Trappe, from whom the place took the name of 'Monks' Mound.' Southwardly there are two mounds, about sixty feet apart at the base, and sixty feet high. One of them rises very steeply in a conical form, and has a large tree growing near the top of it. At a distance it looks not unlike a large helmet-cap of a dragoon, with a feather in the side. On the west of these mounds, and immediately at the base, is a large pond; and it requires but a very little stretch of the imagination to suppose that all the earth used in elevating the mounds was taken from the bed of the pond. The mounds altogether on the American Bottom have been estimated at two hundred in number. They are of various forms and sizes, and some of them are crowned with trees, that must have been growing for centuries. They are all composed of the same kind of earth, without any stones in them, except

small broken pieces of flint. The earth of which they are formed is precisely the same sort of alluvial now hourly deposited by the Mississippi upon its banks. None of them are in any way occupied, except Monks' Mound, and one other, which has been converted into a 'Mount Auburn,' enclosed with palings, and covered with marble memorials of the dead.

We are not aware that any of these mounds have been opened, with a view of examining their structure and contents; but in digging a well to the depth of sixty feet, about half way up the west side of Monks' Mound, a few decayed bones, and some flint arrow-heads and broken pieces of pottery were found. From the surface of the small mound from which the view was taken, an artist and the writer, in the space of a few minutes, picked up about half a peck of broken bones, and pieces of pottery and flint. One of the bones, which is nearly perfect, is evidently the arm-bone of a human being. The pottery is of the same material as the urns found in the mounds of Ohio, and mentioned by Atwater, in his work on American Antiquities, and when entire, doubtless formed urns of a similar shape. A few years since a mound near Florissant, Missouri, resembling in appearance several of those on the American Bottom, was opened by a party of gentlemen, and in the centre of it they found a human skeleton in a sitting posture. Its skull is of different conformation from the heads of the present race of Indians, indicating lower cheek-bones and higher forehead, and the general features of the Caucasian race. This skull corresponds with one in the possession of the writer, which was taken from a mound on the south-western border of Missouri, near Arkansas, and which exactly resembles one found in a mound in Peru, South America, and presented to Professor J. N. McDowell, of the St. Louis Medical School, by Mr. Delafield, author of some interesting treatises on the antiquities of this continent.

The American Bottom was evidently at one time, a lake, and has been overflowed since the country was settled by the whites. Marine shells in vast quantities abound, in the sides of the bluffs, which form its eastern and southern boundaries. The Mississippi must formerly have poured its mighty torrent over the whole plain; and, whether these mounds were formed by deposits of alluvion from the reacting eddies of its current, or whether the plain was an ancient Waterloo, where the rival armies of a by-gone race contended, and on which the conquerors raised these mounds, to perpetuate the achievement of a great victory, or to commemorate their heroic dead, are questions which can only be answered by conjectures.

Monks' Mound, when viewed from the west, presents strikingly the appearance of a strong castle or fortress, which time has just begun to mark with ruin. The muddy creek of Cahokia that winds near its base can easily be fancied a moat, and the rude platform of planks by which it is crossed transformed into a draw-bridge; while the terraces, which on this side rise with considerable regularity above each other, look as if they were intended for armed hosts to parade upon, and appear as though 'no jutting frieze buttress, nor coigne of vantage,' had been omitted in their construction. From the top of the mound the

view is one of exceeding beauty. The wide prairie stretches for miles its carpeting of green, gemmed with the most beautiful flowers, and dotted at intervals with clusters of trees, that look in the distance like emeralds embossed in a rich embroidery; and where formerly the wild buffalo ranged, and the war-yell of the savage ascended, now herds of domestic cattle are grazing, and

‘Peace is tinkling in the shepherd’s bell,
And singing with the reapers.’

To the west, at a distance of six miles, rise the domes and spires of St. Louis; to the north a dense forest, with Cahokia creek, like a huge silver serpent, winding in and out of it, and here and there a glimpse of the cottages in the settlement of Cantine is caught, with the blue smoke ascending straightly to the clear sky. Six or seven miles across the prairie, to the south, a large lake gleams in the sunshine, with the big pelicans flapping their lazy wings over it, and the white houses of ‘French Village’ studding its margin; back of these, and extending semi-circularly to the east, rise the bluffs, in some places perpendicularly, with their bare sides of rock and clay, and their summits crowned with majestic oaks, forming an impregnable wall, guarded by its forest sentinels, in their rich autumnal livery of green and gold.

During the French Revolution a community of Monks, of the Order of La Trappe, emigrated from a place of the same name near Paris, into the Gruyeres Alps, from whence they sent a colony to Amsterdam, who, finding that the French motto of ‘Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,’ extended even there, and threatened the country with the doctrines of Atheism, then pervading in France, they determined on seeking an asylum in the United States. Arriving in Baltimore, after a tedious voyage, much reduced by starvation, they were hospitably entertained by Archbishop Carroll and Dr. Chatard, who administered to them every thing necessary to their comfort. They sought for a while a resting place in Pennsylvania, from whence they went to Kentucky, and located on a farm; and after a short residence there, and losing their stock and crops by a freshet, they removed to Florissant, near St. Louis, where they remained about eighteen months, and finally located at the Mounds, on the American Bottom, in Illinois, in 1807. A large tract of land was given to them, and they soon had nearly one hundred acres enclosed and cultivated, and well stocked with horses and cattle. They erected a horse-mill, and several log cabins for dwellings and work-shops, and also a church, of logs. Of their buildings there is now scarcely a vestige remaining. Their design was, to educate youth in all the branches of Literature, Agriculture, and the Mechanic Arts, on gratuitous terms. A number of pupils from the neighboring towns resorted to them for instruction, some of whom are now among the most accomplished merchants and artisans in the western country. The first discovery of coal in the bluffs was made by these monks in one of the mines from which St. Louis is in a great part supplied. Their blacksmiths complained of a want of proper fuel; and on their being informed that the earth, at the root of a tree which was struck by lightning, was burning, they went to the spot, and on digging a little below the surface, discovered a vein of coal.

The number, that originally came to this country, consisted of six monks and seven lay-brothers, under the paternal guidance of the Rev. Urban Guillet: it was however increased by additions from France, and from different parts of the United States, to thirty-six persons in all. Every thing seemed prosperous and happy about them, when suddenly they were assailed with a malignant fever, which carried off three of their number in one night. The country around them continuing unhealthy, in 1816 those remaining broke up the establishment, re-conveyed the land to Mr. Jarrot, the donor, and returned to France. During their residence at the Mounds, the monks pursued the same system of austerity instituted at La Trappe, by John le Bouthillier de Rance, the rigid Reformer of the Cistercian order. No one was ever allowed to speak to another, or to a stranger, except in cases of absolute necessity; neither could he address the superior, without first asking his permission, by a sign, and receiving his assent. They were allowed to receive no letters or news from the world, and were compelled to obey the least sign made, even by the lowest lay-brother in the community, although by doing so they might spoil whatever they were at the time engaged in. Their dress consisted entirely of woollen; they eat no flesh, and had but two meals a-day; their dinner was of soup, of turnips, carrots and other vegetables, with no seasoning but salt, and their supper, of two ounces of bread with water. They slept in their clothing upon boards, with blocks of wood for pillows, but in winter were allowed any quantity of covering they desired. When a stranger visited them, he was received with the utmost kindness by their guest-master, his wants attended to, and every thing freely shown and explained to him; and whenever he passed one of the monks, the latter bowed humbly to him, but without looking at him. They labored all day in the fields or in their work-shops in the most profound silence, the injunction of which was removed only from the one appointed to receive visitors, and those engaged in imparting instruction. When one of them was taken ill, the rigor of their discipline was entirely relaxed toward him, and every attention and comfort bestowed upon him; and if he was about to die, when in his last agonies he was placed upon a board, on which the superior had previously made the sign of a cross, with ashes, and the rest gathered around him to console and pray for him. The dead were wrapt in their ordinary habit and buried without a coffin in the field adjoining their residence. As soon as one was buried, a new grave was opened by his side, to be ready for the next who might need it. About twenty-five years have elapsed since these austere fathers abandoned the mounds; but the older inhabitants of the neighborhood still speak of their many acts of kindness and charity, and cherish their memories with the most filial affection.

GRAND TOWER, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

NEARLY equally distant from St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, on the west side of the Mississippi, is Grand Tower. It is a column of solid rock, about fifty feet in diameter, rising fifty feet in height above the ordinary surface of the water, and crowned with a luxurious

growth of stunted trees and shrubbery. Higher up, on the Illinois shore of the river, is a mass of rock, nearly sixty feet high, which from its peculiar shape, and from an aperture in the southern side, has obtained the appellation of 'The Devil's Bake-Oven.' This latter appears to have been, by some violent means, separated from the adjacent cliff which overhangs it. In descending the Mississippi, on approaching Grand Tower, there will be noticed in its neighborhood several other masses of rock, resembling columns or towers; these, however, are not isolated, but are connected with the shore, whereas the tower stands alone in the river, in the centre of a deep channel, breasting a current that is here stronger than any where else on the river, below 'the Rapids.' In the vicinage, on both shores, are several other curiously formed rocks, which have obtained fanciful appellations, as the 'Devil's Pulpit,' 'Devil's Grave,' etc. A few miles farther up, on the Missouri shore, are the 'Cornice Rocks,' so called from the appearance of their tops, which look as if regularly wrought into a cornice. These rocks extend to the height of one hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly above the surface of the river. They form a solid wall, which rises right out of the water, and stretches along its margin for a considerable distance, marked the whole way by the *cornice*, which seems to have been produced by the abrasion of a mighty current that formerly swept near the top of the rocks. The Cornice Rocks, Grand Tower, etc., on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, form what may be termed the spur of the Merrimack hills, a line of highlands that extend north-westwardly to the Gasconade river. The Devil's Bake-Oven, diagonally opposite the Grand Tower, is the abrupt termination of the 'Illinois Bluffs,' those stupendous cliffs, averaging one hundred and fifty feet in height, which enclose the American Bottom and extend semi-circularly from above the mouth of the Missouri to this point, having all the way the same cornice, or water-marks, which characterize the Cornice Rocks. These facts have led many to adopt the theory, that the Mississippi was once dammed or blocked up at the Grand Tower, and that here was a water-fall more mighty than that of Niagara; that the American Bottom and much of the Missouri shore formed the bed of a large lake, fed by the river, whose upper current wore the cornices in the rocks, until by some violent convulsion, a channel was forced through at the tower, and the lake was in a great part drained, leaving its bed to form the rich alluvion of the American Bottom. The fact that pine and other trees have been found, in digging for water, in the neighborhood of St. Louis, fifty feet below the surface of the earth, is also an argument in favor of this theory.

Before steam navigation was introduced, Grand Tower was one of the most dangerous places to the navigator on the whole Mississippi. The current being remarkably swift, the voyagers in keels and barges had to ascend the river bank in advance of their vessels, which were then drawn by ropes through the swift current, that would not admit of the ordinary means of 'poling' against the stream. The boats were not only in great danger of being wrecked against the rocks, but they also ran great risk from pirates or robbers, consisting of renegade whites and Indians, who had their haunts in the neighborhood of the Tower, and

committed frequent depredations upon traders on the river. The narrowness of the Mississippi at this point, and the peculiar character of the shore on either side, gave to the freebooters great advantages, and they became the scourge and terror of the early navigators.

THE PRAIRIES.

NOR the least remarkable features in the Great Western Valley are the Prairies, which are found in every direction over the face of its vast territory. They are of two kinds, the swelling or rolling, and the level or flat. The former consist of undulating fields, broken into swells or reaches of various lengths and breadths, extending sometimes to an altitude of sixty or seventy feet. Between these swells are sloughs, or 'sloos,' which are generally marshy, and in many instances contain small lakes or pools, and some, which are dry, exhibit the appearance of funnels, and answer a similar purpose in carrying off water into the caverns beneath, the existence of which is indicated by the soil above. The flat prairies are plains of rich alluvion, grown with long lank grass, and occasionally presenting a lake, and often studded here and there with groves of the wild crab-apple, and clusters of forest trees, that look like emerald isles in a sea of waving green.

The Prairies are of various extent, from one mile to hundreds of miles. The largest are in the far-off West, the home of the buffalo and the red hunter. Wherever they are partly cultivated, as most of them are, in the 'States,' and where the annual fires are discontinued, they soon grow up with timber. The soil is, with very few exceptions, entirely alluvial, and yields immense crops of Indian corn and other coarse grain. When they exist in the neighborhood of settlements, they afford excellent pasturage for horses and cattle, and fine ranges for swine, and are traversed by herds of deer, the number of which increases near the plantations, when not in too close proximity, as their greatest enemies, the black and prairie wolves, decrease as cultivation advances. Wild turkies, ducks, prairie fowls or grouse, and quails, and rabbits, also abound on the prairies, and afford great amusement to sportsmen. Numerous other animals, as the gopher, the opossum, the racoon, etc., etc., are found in them, or on their borders.

The wayfarer over these wide savannahs will sometimes be startled by a sound as of hounds on the hunt, and anon a noble 'buck of ten tines' will leap past him, followed by a pack of hungry wolves, yelping as they run in hot pursuit; but he will look in vain for the sportsmen of the field: he can but fancy that invisible hunters, 'horsed on the viewless couriers of the air,' are tracking their game, and urging the wild chase. Some theorists believe the Prairies to have been very anciently the beds of lakes or of the sea. This opinion finds arguments in the alluvious character of their soil, and in the marine shells, which are invariably found embedded in the limestone of the adjacent bluffs.

When the grass is thoroughly ripe, in the autumn, toward the close of November, most of the Prairies are burned. The fires sometimes originate by accident, but more often from the design of the hunters, to facilitate them in the destruction of game. The dry grass, which then

is often as high as the head of a man on horseback, burns with a fierce and terrible rapidity, and extends the flames for miles in a few minutes, impressing the beholder with the idea of a general conflagration. If the wind chances to be high, tufts of the burning material dart like flaming meteors through the air; and, far as the eye can reach, a pall of black smoke stretches to the horizon and overhangs the scene, while all below is lighted up, and blazing with furious intensity; and ever and anon, flaming wisps of grass flash up, revolving and circling in the glowing atmosphere, and lending to the imagination a semblance of convict-spirits tossing in a lake of fire. The birds, startled and bewildered, scream wildly, and tumble and roll about above the flames; the affrighted deer leaps from his covert and courses madly away, and the terrified wolf, forgetful of the chase, runs howling in an adverse direction.

When an experienced hunter finds himself upon a prairie, to which fire has been applied, he immediately kindles a fire near him (as did the old trapper in Cooper's novel of 'The Prairie,') and the wind bears the flames onward, burning a path before him, which he follows to a place of safety, and thus escapes a horrid fate, that but for his sagacity would have been inevitable. A prairie on fire can sometimes be seen at a distance of fifty miles. The fire continues until the grass is all consumed, and not unfrequently it is carried by the wind into the adjacent forest, which it blasts and devastates, until checked by a water-course. Early in the spring, the prairies renew their verdant clothing, and long before their next autumnal burning, all vestiges of the preceding conflagrations are gone, unless perhaps some worm-eaten and sapless tree, in one of the island-like clusters, may show by its blackened trunk and leafless branches that the flames have been there.

In no possible condition can the prairies be seen, without exciting feelings of a peculiar and most lively interest. They are gloriously beautiful or awfully terrible, according to the times and seasons in which they are beheld. When viewed in the broad glare of day, they seem like large lakes, gently undulating in the breeze, and their variegated flowers flash in the sun like phosphorescent sparkles on the surface of the water. Seen by moonlight, they appear calm and placid as the lagunes of Venice, and the beholder almost wonders why they do not reflect back the starry glories of the sky above them. In storms, the clouds that hang over them seem to 'come more near the earth than is their wont' in other places, and the lightning sweeps closely to their surface, as if to mow them with a fiery scythe; while, as the blast blows through them, the tall grass bends and surges before it, and gives forth a shrill whistling sound, as if every fibre were a harp-string of *Æolus*. In the spring they put forth their rich verdure, embossed with the early wild-flowers of many hues, spreading a gorgeous carpeting, which no Turkish fabric can equal. At this season, in the early dawn, while the mists hang upon their borders, curling in folds like curtains, through which the morning sheds a softened light, 'half revealed half concealed' by the vapory shadows that float fitfully over the scene, they appear now light, now shaded, and present a panorama ever varying, brightening and darkening, until the mists roll up, and the uncurtained sun re-

veals himself in the full brightness of his rising. In the summer, the long grass stoops and swells with every breath of the breeze, like the waves of the heaving ocean, and the bright blossoms seem to dance and laugh in the sunshine, as they toss their gaudy heads to the rustling music of the passing wind. The prairies are however most beautiful when the first tints of autumn are upon them; when their lovely flowers, in ten thousand varieties, are decked in their gorgeous foliage; when the gold and purple blossoms are contrasted with the emerald-green surface and silver linings of their rich leaves, and all the hues of the iris, in every modification, show themselves on all sides, to dazzle, bewilder and amaze. Bleak, desolate, and lonely as a Siberian waste, the prairie exhibits itself in winter, pathless and trackless; one vast expanse of snow, seemingly spread out to infinity, like the winding-sheet of a world.

The traveller to the Rocky Mountains may rise with the early morning, from the centre of one of the great prairies, and pursue his solitary journey until the setting of the sun, and yet not reach its confines, which recede into the dim, distant horizon, that seems its only boundary. He will hear, however, the busy hum of the bee, and mark the myriads of parti-colored butterflies and other insects, that flit around him; he will behold tens of thousands of buffaloes grazing in the distance, and the savage but now peaceful Indian intent upon the hunt; and he will see troops of wild horses speeding over the plain, shaking the earth with their unshod hoofs, tossing their free manes like streamers in the wind, and snorting fiercely with distended nostrils; the fleet deer will now and then dart by him; the wolf will rouse from his lair, and look askance and growl at him; and the little prairie-dog will run to the top of its tiny mound and bark at him before it retreats to its den within it. No human being may be the companion of the traveller in the immense solitude, yet will he feel that he is not alone; the wide expanse is populous with myriads of creatures; and, in the emphatic language of the red man, 'THE GREAT SPIRIT is upon the Prairie!'

T H E W E E P E R ' S D R E A M .

YE STREEN at midnight hour I crept
Forlorn to my lonely bed,
For the carking cares of this weary world
Lay on my heart like lead.

And on my pillow, bitter tears
Of sorrow fell like rain,
Till balmy slumber kindly stole
The poison sting of pain.

And then methought my buried love,
With brow of blissful calm,
Came softly in, as she was wont
At hour of evening psalm.

And down beside my couch she sat,
As if to list my moan;
While close I held my breath to drink
Her words' celestial tone.

Oh WILLIE, wherefore weep ye sad,
And wherefore do ye pine?
And is the sacred lore forgot
Ye taught to me lang syne?

Leave sordid cares to sordid souls,
The earth to earthly men,
And lift thy open brow to heaven
With faith and hope again.

And God in heaven shall be your guide,
His seraphim your guard,
And earth shall turn to heav'n, and heav'n
Shall be your blest reward.

Keep hands unsullied, heart unstain'd,
Nor mammon worship more,
And I shall meet you, WILLIE dear,
On yonder blissful shore.

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JOHN WATERS, HYS SPRINGE.

THE following lines, found at the bottom of a chest of ancient and long-neglected manuscripts, have been at some cost of time rendered into legible words; the original orthography being partially retained.

YN Malden, on a wayve of lande,
A slope, a calme declivite,
There standes — or whilom used stande —
The hollowed tronke of what was erst an oake tree.

Gone was y^e tree: both stocke, and limbe;
Leafe, verdoure, branche, lyfe, harte, and core;
But y^e scoopt tronke then formde y^e brimme
Of nature's cuppe; whereoute, alle musicalle, did poure

The Waters of a livynge fountayne!
Cleare! — as dyamonde of Golconda;
Chrystalle of Brazilian mountayne;
Cleare as — whatever els for clearenesse is a Wonderre!

High bendynge o'er, fro' heichte above,
The willowe wayves its rycheeste shade;
Dearelye soche trees soche fountaynes love —
Spontaneous grewe these sylverie ones, 'twas sayde.

Dropp'd leafe, or wythe, or stalke, or branche,
Yppon y^t pure, deepe, dyamonde Fonte!
Down y^e quicke streame, in instante Launche,
As grieffe fly' th hope; nicht, morne; to floate was aye it's wonte.

Nought was mere pure, agayne Ile synge,
Ffite draughte for Fancie's daughterres;
The honest manne that ownde y^t springe
Chaung'd a fayre name, to calle hymselfe, John Waters!

How stooode y^e cattelle in y^t shayde,
Moyst'ning their hooves in y^e coole streame!
Car'd they for foode? Their choyce was mayde,
Like those who dreame of love, and love agayne to dreame.

The traveller bleas'd it as hee came;
Prays'd y^e flatte stones y^t rounde it stooode;
It's mossy tronke: 'Had it no name?' —
Hee quaff'd agayne — 'WATERS! the verie name is goode!'

And alle was goode; arounde, above;
Verdounte y^e moysten'd meades; y^e trees
Alle redolente; y^e birdis alle love;
And, as it swept y^t waye, alle joyous grewe y^e breeze!

Oft beam'th this vision o'er my harte,
For soche is CYRA. As y^e leafe,
Stalke, wythe, and branche, fro' founte disparte,
Soe, fro' her mynde serene, driffie care and selfishe grieffe.

As Fountayne to y^e parchéd soule
Of pilgrim-manne o'er aryde Earth, —
Soe dothe her goode my wante make whole,
Th' unkill'd, but onely balme; of everie weale, y^e onely worthe.

The spreadynge streame with verdoure there
 In wyde refreshmente clothes y^e grounde ;
 Here, y^e lorne widowe, in her prayre,
 Blesses y^e harte y^e makes her helpelesse flocke abounde.

The old moss'd tronke am I, it seems
 At tymes ; too happie to be thought hers ;
 And often, i' the midst of daye-dreames,
 I starte, and calle, and nowe will wryte myselffe,

JOHN WATERS.

THE RANGER'S ADVENTURE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

EIGHT or ten years ago, when I was a Freshman in college, a class-mate took me off one summer to his home in the west of Massachusetts, to help him catch trout and get up pic-nics ; both amusements equally novel and agreeable to a raw Boston boy. Though quite inexperienced, I had a relish for oddities, and some quickness of observation, so that I could appreciate that singular collection of characters common in New-England country villages. There was the old negro, staunch in his advocacy of temperance, and regarding the rising generation with a universal paternal interest. Though now twisted out of all proportion by a fifty years' rheumatism, he had once been a soldier, alternately shouldering his musket and cooking the officers' dinners ; and had endless stories to tell about Gates and Burgoyne ; always dwelling with peculiar gusto on details of the hideous wounds he had seen, and whereof he had assisted in the cure, by holding the sufferers during the operations of the camp-surgeon. Then there was a self-taught geologist, who had filled a back room of his old farm-house with several tons of specimens, gathered from the mountains far and wide ; and who, dexterously placing his chair against the door, would entertain his imprisoned guests with geological discussions, and theories of the earth, new alike to the Vulcanians and the Neptunians. Beside these, there was the travelling book pedlar, better acquainted with the world, but not less eccentric and amusing than the others ; and more likewise, who need not be dwelt on.

One hot Sunday afternoon, excusing ourselves from church, we scandalously solaced our leisure with Marryat's sea novels, then in high vogue at Harvard ; heedless of the glances of the spectacled old lady, who was reading her Bible at the next window. When we thought the service must be almost over, we resolved to walk out and meet the girls as they came from church. So we sauntered a long time about the little white meeting-house ; now stealing under the windows to catch the deep tones of Parson Smith's voice ; now sitting on the fence listening to the locusts, and the refreshing tumble of the river Agawam down in the sultry meadow. The longer we waited the more loud and earnest grew the minister's exhortation. In those days, neither of us had as yet learned patience ; we were too true collegians for that ; so my friend

proposed to go and see old Dr. Blank, as the mode of killing time the most agreeable to me that he could think of.

The doctor was the oldest man in town. His tottering, double-roofed, unpainted house, stood on a hill, with two ancient elms before it, and a well hard by, from which the water was raised by a sweep instead of a windlass. I readily consented to go, glad to see any thing in the shape of a 'curiosity,' for as such my friend described the doctor; so we painfully climbed the hill, gazing back at times upon the quiet and sultry landscape.

One of his numerous grand-daughters opened the door, with a stout infant of her own in her arms. The old man was, as usual, in his private sanctum, to which my friend led me, through various lumbering passages; and respectfully knocking, entered. It was a long narrow room, with a very venerable and somewhat dilapidated air. On one side was a little counter, with a pair of rusty scales hung over it, and behind a number of shelves of dusty vials and gallipots. At the farther end, which was rather dark, appeared a low bedstead, with a faded curtain, supported by a rickety frame, the whole scarce big enough to accommodate a Lilliputian. There was a fire-place at one side, in which were stowed two enormous yellow pumpkins, with expanded cheeks, bright as the flame that roared up the wide chimney in December. Over head hung bunches of parching-corn, and various natural curiosities, while some antediluvian pictures garnished the walls.

The tenant of this extraordinary apartment seemed as true a fragment of the old world as the place itself. He was a very small old man, with long white hair falling to his shoulders. He wore the gray breeches and buckled shoes of the olden time, which very well became a pair of exceedingly good-looking little legs. His face though thin, was eminently handsome, considering that it had weathered more than ninety years, which had sunk his large lively eyes deep in their blackened sockets. He had some papers on a desk before him, which he was turning over when we came in.

My friend, putting his mouth to the doctor's ear, roared out my name in a voice that made the dust fly, and filled the old man with indignation at the implied reflection on his powers of hearing. He soon got over his displeasure however, and in a quarter of an hour was sweeping along on the full tide of reminiscences, delighted at finding so attentive a listener as myself. He needed no spur, but talked on without a pause, except at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, when he would bury his countenance in a large mug of molasses-and-water for a few moments; then set it down, draw a long breath, and resume the thread of his story with, 'Well now, what was I telling yer on?' Had I the enviable power of recording his tales in his own phraseology I think, Mr. EDITOR, that your readers would confess themselves edified, as I certainly was; although it must be acknowledged that certain passages of his discourse were particularly long-winded and monotonous. He well repaid us when he spoke of his personal experiences; for the withered disciple of Galen had been a soldier in his youth, and the martial spirit had not quite deserted his shrivelled carcass yet. One of his sto-

ries is rooted in my memory. I will tell it as well as I can. I wish you could have heard the doctor!

At nineteen years of age, he joined the army of the provinces, that in 1755 essayed to take Crown Point from the French. He marched to the lakes with Colonel Ephraim Williams, than whom a more gallant man never breathed the air of New-England. The doctor fought under his command at Lake George, on the memorable eighth of September; saw, or imagined he saw, the fall of his brave leader; and is quite sure that he put a bullet into the French officer, Mons. St. Pierre. The next year he joined Rogers' company of Rangers, and was stationed with a party of them at Fort Ann, not far from where Whitehall now stands. But at that day it was a 'dark and bloody ground;' a frontier station in the forests, which were filled with rival savages attached to France or England.

One day, in mid-winter, eight rangers, with a serjeant, were ordered out on some service; the doctor did not know what, but probably to seize some straggling Frenchman about Ticonderoga or Crown-Point, and bring him to the fort, for the sake of obtaining intelligence. He was himself of the party. A narrow road, or rather path, led northward toward Canada, and they followed it for several hours. There had just been a very heavy fall of snow: all the pines and hemlocks of the forest were loaded thick with it; and as the afternoon was still and clear, only occasional flakes or light masses dropped from the burdened boughs like feathers. These circumstances were stamped on the old man's mind, seeming like a constantly-recurring dream. The rangers waded in Indian file through the snow, and as danger was apprehended, a man was placed some rods in advance, one on each flank, and another behind. This last was the doctor himself, 'and this was the gun I carried,' said he, taking a short heavy piece from a corner. They saw no signs of the enemy: there was no sound but the note of the little 'chick-a-dee-dee,' so familiar to the pine woods in winter.

At length, they descended into a hollow: the frozen sheet of Lake George lay not far on the left, and a steep hill on the right. The ground a short distance before them, was quite low and swampy, and a little brook had spread itself out on the path, making a frozen space, free from trees, across which their advanced man was now slowly tramping, clashing his boots into ice and water at every step. He paused suddenly, turned sharply round, and gave the low whistle appointed as the signal of alarm. He had seen the tracks of many moccasined feet in the fresh snow beyond. There was not time to think; the loud report of a gun broke the stillness. The ranger gave a shrill scream, leaped four feet into the air, and fell flat. Instantly the Indian yell burst from the woods on the left and front, followed by the stunning rattle of more than fifty guns, and not a man of the rangers but one ever moved alive from the spot where he stood transfixed with surprise at the sudden death of his comrade.

That man was our hero, whose position, far behind the rest, saved him. He remembered the panic felt at the fierce burst of yells and musketry, and the sudden rush of the savage swarm from their ambush, upon his fallen comrades: and, in the next instant, that his memory

could recall, he was flying back toward the fort. He heard sharp, sudden yelps behind him, and glancing back, saw two Indians bounding on his track. He ran a mile, he should think, without turning or hearing a single sound ; then turning his head, saw an Indian leaping, silent as a spectre, within a few rods of him. With admirable coolness, he turned quickly round, and raising his gun with a steady hand, fired with such good effect that the Abenaki pitched forward to the ground, and his shaven head ploughed up the snow for yards, by the impulse of his headlong pursuit. The young soldier turned and fled again, and as he did so he heard the report of the other Indian's gun, followed by the loud humming of the ball. So alert and attentive were his faculties, that he observed where the bullet struck upon a loaded bough in front of him, scattering the glistening particles of snow.

The path now led downward with a steep descent : at the bottom an ancient pine tree had fallen across it, whose sharp broken branches rose up perpendicularly from the prostrate trunk four or five feet from the ground, blocking up the way, like a bristling chevaux-de-frise. The rangers had previously turned aside into the woods to avoid it. There was no time to do so now. The doctor's limbs were small and light, but active as a deer's, and the Indian's tomahawk was close behind. Without hesitating, he ran down and sprang into the air. His foot caught, so that he fell on the other side ; but he snatched up his gun and ran again. In a moment, he heard a wild and horrid cry, and turning as he ran up the opposite hill, he saw a sight that has murdered his sleep for many a night. The daring savage had leaped like him, but had not succeeded so well ; he had tripped, and one of the broken branches had caught and impaled him on its upright point, passing upward into the cavity of his chest ! He saw the starting eye-balls, and the painted features hideously distorted, and paused to see no more.

About sunset the sentinels of Fort-Ann saw him emerging from the woods, running as if the Indians were behind him still. A strong party sent out next morning found the bodies of the rangers stripped, and frozen in the various positions in which they had died, so that they appeared like marble statues. On a tree close by, the French officer who commanded the Abenakis had fastened a piece of birch bark, inscribed with an insolent and triumphant message to the English. The bodies of the two Indians had been removed, although the white snow around the old pine tree retained ineffaceable marks of the tragedy that had been enacted there, and was beaten hard by the moccasins of a crowd of savages who had gathered about the place.

This taste of war was enough for the doctor's martial zeal. He did not take the field again till twenty years afterward, when he came to WASHINGTON'S camp at Cambridge, armed with probe and balsam, instead of musket and powder.

RETORT LEGAL.

- 'WHAT with briefs and attending the court with my clerk,
I'm at my wit's end,' muttered DRONE, the attorney :
'I fear 'tis a medical case,' answered SHARK,
'You're so terribly tired by so little a journey !'

A N I N V I T A T I O N .

COME out and sit with me, dear wife, beneath these branching trees,
And let our little children come and clamber on our knees ;
It is a sweet, soft, pleasant morn, the loveliest of May,
And their little hearts are beating fast, longing to be at play.

The shadows here are thick and cool, the South wind stirs the leaves,
The martin sings a merry note upon the ivied eaves ;
The thick grass wears a richer green, from yesterday's soft showers,
And is jewelled thickly over with the rarest of your flowers.

The odors of the jasmines and the roses fill the air,
And the bees, refreshed by night's sweet rest, again begin to bear
Rich freightage to their palaces under the locust trees,
Rejoicing in the influence of this sweet summer breeze.

The humming-birds are busy through the flower-encumbered vines,
Where the golden honey-suckle from our own green woods entwines
With its paler foreign sisters, mid whose dark-green glossy leaves
The flowers profusely clustered there entice the tiny thieves.

Where the coral woodbine flauntingly displays its crimson blooms,
And our native yellow jasmine pours abroad its rich perfumes,
Where the climbing roses cluster, painted rich with every hue,
And stem and leaf and bud and flower are glittering with dew.

A hundred snowy doves upon the grass have settled down,
Like a drift of stainless snow upon a green hill's sunny crown :
They wait to be, as usual, by our little children fed,
Who, idle ones ! are playing here under the trees instead.

The mocking-bird, for many a week so busy, now can rest,
For yesterday I saw him give the last touch to his nest :
His eyes shine brightly now with joy, his song rings loud and shrill,
Now here, now there, in mad delight, he 's not a moment still.

Behold, just overhead, his mate is sitting on the nest,
You can see above its edges the gray feathers of her breast :
Ah, happy bird ! but we, dear wife, are happier than she,
For our young carol round us now, in childhood's merry glee.

The sun's first rays are shooting up above the eastern woods,
But here, among these circled trees, no prying light intrudes :
Five sturdy oaks there are around ; five children round us throng,
And after each we 'll name a tree that shall to each belong.

This tallest one for HAMILTON, our little manly boy,
Whose dark and thoughtful eyes are now so radiant with joy :
This WALTER's, whose bright, dancing eyes with merry mischief shine,
But still, affectionate and kind, the image are of thine.

This for our silent little girl, the quiet ISIDORE,
Who sits demurely working at her doll's new pinafore ;
This for our blue-eyed LILIAN, the merriest of all,
This smallest, for the babe that by his father's name we call.

Life's spring has passed from us, dear wife ! its summer glides away,
And autumn, melancholy autumn comes, robed in its vesture gray :
We may linger on till winter, we may die before we 're old,
But these young trees will live and thrive, when we are dead and cold.

We have been very happy; dear, for more than ten long years,
(How short, as we look backward, that long space of time appears!)
And if these dear ones all are spared, around our hearts to cling,
The autumn of our life will be as happy as its spring.

For many a pleasant year, perhaps, to bless us they may live,
A solace and assistance to our feeble age to give:
May help us totter out beneath these interlocking trees,
Enjoying, as life fades away, the pleasant morning breeze.

We will make them virtuous, honest, true, kind, generous; and when
They are grown to lovely women, and true-hearted, gallant men;
Then, having done our duty, we, without a tear or sigh,
With cheerful resignation shall be well content to die.

And after we are dead and gone, and buried many a year,
They, with their children gathered round, may sit as we do here;
New flowers will bloom around them then, though these like us will fade,
But these green trees we planted still will bless them with their shade.

Then shall they think of us, dear wife! with love and grief sincere,
And sadly on our memory bestow a silent tear:
Let this our consolation be, while life shall swiftly wane,
In our sweet children's virtues we shall live and love again.

Little Rock, (Arkansas,) 1844.

ALBERT PIKE.

A R A C E O N T H E B A H A M A B A N K S .

BY NED BUNTLINE.

FANCY yourself, reader, cloud-borne over a boundless forest of thick-growing, broad-branched trees, each leaf, bud, flower and bough being formed of purplish-golden light, which like diamonds in clear star-light, glitters and sparkles in the dark blue of the night. Fancy your mist-formed chariot to be gliding along through these tree-tops of light, like a waving breeze; and as it moves ripplingly along, a gentle swell precedes it, breaking buds and flowrets from the thin boughs. Look at each little gem of light sinking from your touch, and fancy if you can that you hear a low, sweet music, as of many water-drops, beating up on thin pearl shells, while the growing red-branched coral in its island-makings, crackles a merry castanet accompaniment! Can you paint these wild fancies upon your mind's canvass? If so, you can fully appreciate a night-sail on the Bahama Banks.

Come, and seat yourself with me out upon our arching bowsprit, and glance over the gilded prow of my swift-gliding craft, out upon the flashing waters. The sea over which we are sailing is about six fathoms in depth, and on the ocean-bottom you will perceive a perfect forest of sea-fans, purple-branched, and interlaced with each other; a meadow of pinken coral, with here and there interspersed a dark, chestnut-colored sponge, on which the mermaids seat themselves when they gather shells, pearls, and wreck-gems with which to deck their jetty locks, and contrast their peerless charms. Our vessel, built like a dolphin, seems to

sit in the arms of the blue ocean as the dark pupil of a gay woman's azure eye floats in the soft iris which surrounds it. Aloft, from the thin peaks of our bending spars, our banner floats, looking like a reflection of the azure star-lit sky, tinged with pink and white above it. Around, the horizon is measured by our eye-sight, and not even a speck is there to destroy its curvilinear grace. Above, beneath, around, all is as God has made it; beautiful! — unpaintably beautiful!

Another fancy, reader. Do you see yonder stream of slow-moving silvery light, a few fathoms in advance of our bows? It looks like a lengthened reflection of dim fire-flame cast upon the drifting current. It is a light which would flash fearfully quick and bright, were you or I to topple from our seat down into the gleaming waters. It is a shark! His rapid motion agitates the waters, which are filled with phosphoric animalculæ, causing his wake to look like a stream of silvery light. The shark keeps on, ever near us: he is hungry, and waits for a victim.

Now look within the spray-gemmed circle of our bows. Do you see here and there, like the quick, bright flashings of 'heat-lightning' before a summer-night's shower, fast-moving rays of brightness? Behold the hues — how changeable! Now palish blue, now gold-and-green, and now pinken as the reflected smiles of sunset. 'Tis the merry dolphin, sporting in our path.

Far out upon our larboard bow, do you not hear a sound like an arrow's rushing flight through the air? Observe the slender thread of flashing water rising between you and the blue, thread-like horizon, even as a draught-ray of the sun, linking sky and sea. It rises like a fountain jet, and then dissolving into a thin, smoke-like mist. It is the porpoise, gamboling in his awkward way; for all things leap with joy upon the 'Banks' in a bright summer's night.

In the fall of 1839 I took my last cruise upon the 'Bahama Banks.' I hope it may not be the last, for as a sick infant yearns for its mother's smile, as it longs for her gentle rockings, as it pines to hear her low, love-toned voice of kindness, so does my land-bound heart sicken for the flashing face of old Ocean, its lofty heavings, and its wild converse! Oh God! save me from dying on the land!

I have a strange, wild, yet I think pleasant theory; one which I never before have uttered, although in many a fevered hour at sea I have cherished it as a young lover cherishes hopes of future bliss. When a sailor dies he is enwrapped in many a snowy fold, and if he be one of Liberty's sons, he is entwined in her own star-spangled drapery. Then, with heavy weights he is ballasted deep and well; God's holy blessing is invoked, and he is given to the ocean-sepulchre. The waters open, bubble for a moment, and with a gurgling echo fall asleep again. The body sinks far down; down beyond the dominion of sharks, or whales, or living things; down where the liquid mass becomes too dense to permit of decay or decomposition; too dense for it to sink farther below, and the weight alone is too great to permit it ever to rise. There, in the blue depths of the sea, will it remain enveloped in an imperishable shroud, until Gabriel's trump shall sound the muster-roll for all! Then, if he died in youth's blossom-time, with the pencillings of beauty in his face, and the lines of grace in his

manly form, even as he died, unaltered, in the freshness of life's spring, will he arise from his deep blue quiet grave, to meet the countless crowds who come from their dusty, mould-curtained sepulchres of earth. Yes! even as he died; in youth's uncounted hours, or in the slowly-measured time of age, so will he rise at the last gathering. Wonder not then, reader, that believing all this, I should pray for an ocean death and burial. But this is all foreign to the 'Race,' of which I am to spin my yarn.

On such a night, over such a sea, lighted up with phosphorescent flame, such as I have described in my commencement, we were sailing in the sloop-of-war Boston, in the latter part of September, 1839. I had the 'first watch' on deck, and was pacing up and down, counting my own footsteps, and thinking of Mrs. Buntline that was to be, when the look-out on the starboard night-head sung out, 'Sail ho! Close aboard, Sir, on the weather bow!'

I raised my night-glass, and at once discovered the stranger. She was a corvette, like ourselves, and had apparently hove to, right in our track, for the purpose of speaking to us. In a moment after we had discovered her, our main-top-sail was hove aback, and coming up in the wind, we found ourselves within hail. But an instant elapsed, when a full clear voice sang out through a trumpet from the stranger:

'Sail ahoy! What ship is that? Where is she bound to, and where from?'

Our captain, who had hurried on deck, enveloped in his storm-jacket and sou'-wester, seized the trumpet and answered:

'The United States' sloop-of-war Boston, Captain Edward B. Babbitt; from a cruise to windward; bound to leeward. Who are you? where from? and where bound to?'

'This is Her Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war Nimrod, Lord Paget, commander; Rear-Admiral Douglass passenger; bound to Vera Cruz. Will you keep company? Ours is the fastest sloop in the English navy; we have never been beaten in sailing.'

'Then, by the bloody Turks! *I'll try you!*' said our old captain, who knew his ship better than I know my little Diégo wife, and wanted to test the truth of the Englishman's boast.

As we squared away before the wind, the English officer again hailed our captain, and asked his opinion of the weather, stating at the same time that his barometer was falling.

'I never trust them bloody things in this latitude,' said Babbitt; 'I keep a good look-out, and leave the rest to luck: but we shall have a cap-full before we reach the blue part of the Gulf.'

'Well, Sir, crack on; we'll let the people at Vera Cruz know that you are coming. Be sure to come and dine with us on *fresh* grub when you get in,' said our English friend.

'Certainly, if you *should* get in first,' said the old man; 'but friend Johnny, look out for *'wicy-warcy,'* as the land-sharks call it. Aloft there, top-men! shake out the reefs in the top-sails; loose to'-gallant-sails and royals; rig out the studding-sail booms, and pile on the rags! Two quarter-masters at the helm; all hands on deck to trim ship; tell the master's-mate to heave the log!'

The old skipper was in earnest ; and our spars bending and our hull creaking, as we leaped through the water, soon told what we were doing. The master's mate reported eleven knots, and then the skipper's eye began to lower.

'Run aft the two for'ard guns ; start ten of those water-tanks, and set the ring-tail !' shouted he.

It was done, and the log was again hove. She ran thirteen-four, and was evidently doing herself justice. The Nimrod, in the first start-off, had gained slowly, but now we gradually closed up, and finally passed her, while her full band played 'Brittania rule the Wave,' and drum and fife answered with 'Yankee-Doodle.'

The wind was freshening, and both crafts were dragging a fearful press of sail, which, with the heavy ground-swell, made us pitch and jump like dying whales. The night was not entirely clear, the sky being filled with light fleecy clouds, some of which, as they passed over the face of the moon, would throw dark shades upon the water, hiding the English ship completely from view. When the clouds cleared away, she would again appear close in our wake, her tall spars bending like reeds before the gale, her dark hull rising and falling on the foam-covered waves, now lifting as if to touch the sky, again sinking out of sight in the trough between the huge rollers. Thus, during the night, we drove madly on, heading out for the Gulf-Stream, on our course for Vera Cruz. In the course of three or four hours' sailing we completely lost sight of the Englishman, he being left far in our wake, in spite of his premature boast. The Boston was one of the 'last war models,' and much faster than she looked to be.

When my watch-hour was out, the excitement of the race caused me to stay on deck, instead of seeking my birth, and I carelessly threw my sea-cloak around me after we had lost sight of the corvette, and cast myself down on the fore-castle. It lacked probably about an hour of day-light, and I was half asleep, when my ear caught a sound like the distant rushing of a mighty storm. I listened an instant, started to my feet, and looked around and aloft, but saw nothing ; but the noise increased, and then — Great Heaven ! — I saw it all. We were bearing down under full sail, with speed like the wind, upon boiling breakers !

'Hard down the helm ! tack sheets and braces ! stand by to shorten sail !' I shouted, with a voice that rang like thunder through the ship.

The helmsman obeyed ; the ship came up in the wind, but the seamen were not quick enough at the braces ; we were thrown flat back. The strain upon the lighter spars was immense. Studding-sail booms, royal and top-gallant masts with their sails went by the board, and hampered up with broken spars and tangled rigging, we lay broadside to the sea, as helpless as a log upon the water.

Day-light began to pale the east, and fully showed us the horrors of our situation. We were drifting bodily down upon the rocks, which were not more than half a mile distant ! We saw at once, by the huge black pillars of rock, which were enshrouded in foam, that we were near

the spot known as 'Dead-Man's Reef.' There was no possible prospect of escape. Our men worked with the energy of despair to clear the wreck, that we might endeavor to beat up to windward. But all appeared to be in vain; each moment swept us nearer the rock, from which, if we struck, death was inevitable. The Englishman saw, but could not aid us. His slowness saved him. Even he had barely time to shorten sail and haul his wind.

During all the terrors of our situation, Captain Babbit had kept perfectly cool and collected; but to me it seemed the forced calmness of despair. I was mistaken. He was one who never permitted danger to daunt or palsy his judgment. His quick eye caught one possible chance of escape; the only one on which hope for a moment might linger. We thought him crazy when he ordered the helmsman to 'put the helm up' and square the yards to go off before the wind. The rocks were right before us, the huge waves breaking against them, throwing sheets of foam hundreds of feet in the air, sounding like continued thunder in our ears. We were in the foam and flying through the midst of it right down upon the rocks. I tried to pray, but I could not; I looked for the sky, and the spray threw itself in rainbow-hued wreaths between my vision and the clouds. I dared not breathe, so sure did I feel our approaching destruction.

As we neared the rocks, our captain sprang aloft upon the fore-yard. His voice could not be heard, yet he pointed the helmsmen their course with his hand. I then saw his plan. Scarce as wide as our ship was the distance between the two high rocks; one hand's breadth from our course would dash us to atoms; yet through this terrible pass, our ears deafened with the breakers' roar, our eyes blinded with foam, were we to pass, or to die!

Our suspense was dreadful, but it was short. Like an eagle amidst rushing storm-clouds, we dashed into the gorge; one instant, and our very yard-arms grazed the high black rocks; the next, we were in safety! There was no cheering then; no word was spoken as we glided from the boiling danger into the calm sea under the lee of the rocks; but I believe that every man on board our craft uttered a prayer, even if he never had prayed before. It was a silent, yet oh! what a thankful moment!

We soon had new spars sent aloft and new canvass bent. We laid our course for Vera Cruz, under a press of sail, while our English friend had to beat up to windward, and work around the reef. The time thus gained, and our own speed, enabled Captain Babbit to pay off the '*wicky-warsy*' with which he had answered the Englishman's boast.

We had been several days at anchor off the fort 'San Juan de Ulloa,' before the Nimrod made her appearance in the offing. When at last she dropped anchor in the harbor, the writer of this article was ordered by Captain Babbit to take a boat and go along side of her, bearing his respects to Lord Paget and Admiral Douglass, with an invitation for them to partake of some roast-beef and fresh fruit on board the Boston at the usual dinner hour. The dessert was our skipper's '*wicky-warsy*.'

THE ADVENTURE.

We sat alone in a trellised bower,
And we gazed on the darkening deep,
And the holy calm of that twilight hour
Came over our hearts like sleep;
And we dreamed of the 'banks and bonny braes'
That had gladdened our childhood's early days.

And he, the friend at my side that sat,
Was a boy whose path had gone
O'er the fields and flowers of joy, which Fate
Like a mother had smiled upon;
And we thought of the time when hopes have wings,
And memory to grief like a syren sings.

His home had been on the stormy shore
Of Albion's mountain land;
His ear was tuned to the breaker's roar,
And he loved the bleak sea sand;
And the torrent's din, and the howling breeze,
Roused all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had told him tales of the sunny lands
Which rose over Indian seas,
Where gold shone sparkling from river sands,
And strange fruit bent the trees;
They had lured him away from his father's hearth,
With its tones of love and its voice of mirth.

Now, the fruit and the river-gems were near,
And he strayed 'neath a tropic sun,
But the voice of promise which thrilled in his ear
At that joyous hour, was gone;
And the hopes he had chased 'mid the wilds of night
Had melted away like a fire-fly's light.

Oh! I have watched him gazing long
Where the homeward vessels lay,
Chasing sad thoughts with some old song,
And wiping his tears away:
Oh! well I knew that weary breast,
Like the dove of the deluge, pined for rest.

There was a 'worm i' the bud' whose fold
Defied the leech's art;
Consumption's hectic plague-spot told
The tale of a broken heart.
The boy knew he was dying, but the sleep
Of death is bliss to those who watch and weep.

He died!—but memory's wizard power
With its ghost-like train had come
To his heart's dark ruins at that last hour,
And he murmured '*Home! home! home!*'
And his spirit passed with that happy dream,
Like a bird in the track of a bright sun-beam.

Oh! talk of spring to the trampled flower,
Of light to the fallen star;
Of glory to those who in danger's hour
Lie cold on the fields of war;
But ye mock the exile's heart, when ye tell
Of aught but the *Home* where it loves to dwell!

THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

NUMBER ONE.

BEFORE obtruding myself upon the public in the columns of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, I conceive that propriety requires me to state my purposes and my pretensions. I have spent much of my life, (not that vanity will permit me to allow what divers kind and considerate acquaintances are so amiable as to suggest, that I have yet fallen into the sere and yellow leaf,) in walking over sundry portions of the earth as a mere unpretending and silent spectator; taking small share in its turmoils, its eventful throes and dissensions; following the troubled or calm currents of life, and my fortunes, into the retired and out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the world; watching the actions and springs of action of mankind, and gaining a knowledge of human nature, which I would fain believe may at some time be useful to myself if not to my friends. Here and there a gray intrusive hair may be seen ostentatiously endeavoring to obtain notice by looking out among my once black locks; and therefore I may be allowed to pretend to some small portion of experience. These are my humble pretensions.

My purposes are, to discuss, under the title which I have assumed, all subjects that may offer themselves to me, or be suggested; to lash the follies and faults of mankind; to apply the caustic of contempt to vice, and to hold up virtue for approval and imitation. Nor shall I be always grave and serious. I propose to relax at times into a laugh; to give here a satire and there an essay. Always aiming to do good, I shall hope for no reward but the approbation of my readers, and the silent but valuable praise of my own conscience. I am neither poet nor philosopher, transcendentalist nor politician. I look for no gift at the hands of power; for no honor or fame by the vote or award of the world. I am simply an ardent lover of every thing good and beautiful, of nature and mankind. I enjoy with a deep and quiet happiness the incessant hymn of the green forests; the calm repose and grandeur of the arched sky; the swan-like motion of the light clouds; the low thunder of the unquiet sea pulsing upon its shores. Nor do I less love man; the universal family, of which I am one. I scoff at those who decry and revile human nature. I find much that is noble, much that is generous, much that is unselfish, much that is pure and precious, in the nature of man. The roughest and rudest hearts, even like the barren desert, often produce the rich flowers of true and deep affection, of noble and disinterested friendship; and amid a thousand faults, we may always discover some redeeming or qualifying virtue. The dark and deep recesses of the heart may be choked with rank and noxious weeds; selfishness may have rested there, with its benumbing and palsying influence; passion and vice may have seared it as with a hot iron; but there is still always some trait to show that the lost man is yet held in the bonds of human fellowship. For what, after all, is mankind but a portion of nature, a link

in the great chain, a part of one universal harmony? He who loves nature must love man; and though he may see much baseness, much duplicity, much oppression, and more slavishness, in the world, still he cannot regard man as a mere blot on the face of creation, an incumbrance to the fair universe. All that is noble, generous and holy in man is not an anomaly and contrariety in his nature, or an exception to the general baseness and viciousness of his character. What! is there no majesty in human nature! Let Time scatter the falling years as the autumnal wind hurls down the dry forest leaves; let generation tread in the footsteps of generation, until the earth grows gray and totters to decay and dissolution; yet still the undecaying and eternal monuments of human majesty and intellect will survive, laughing to scorn the attacks of the mighty and destroying wanderer, Time!

We hardly feel inclined to enter upon any regular subject to-day. We should dislike grievously to be tied down to the superb magniloquence of Johnson or the labored equality of Addison. Let us ramble as we like, for we are in a rambling and irregular humor. We prefer to write as we should talk, if you, reader, were by our side. January has begun here as sunny and warm as May; and one longs to escape into the woods, sleep under the broad shade of the trees, and let Time go by without counting his strides. The old gray-beard is no laggard though, if he does sometimes seem unnecessarily to delay. No laggard; for, looking back on our past life, how very short it seems to us! Even we, and we are not old, look on it as a dream, and can hardly convince ourselves that it is a sad reality. Time goes on silently, but the trace of his constant, steady footstep is to be found in gray hairs, and withered hopes, and a corroded heart. We have stood—it is some time since, but for reality it might have been yesterday—we have stood on the edge of the sea, and watched a great ship careering out upon the ocean, with all her sails expanded, bending down to the waves. A glorious sight! And we have seen her, after a time, return to port with her sails rent and blackened, masts stricken and splintered with lightning, and hull battered and defaced. It reminded us of the course of human life. The youth leaves his home; hope is warm at his heart, the world looks bright before him, and hope and confidence cheer him on. He returns in after years, his heart seared by misfortune and scathed by sorrow. He has trodden the rough ways of life with bleeding feet: he has trusted and been deceived; and he returns only to lay his bones in the soil of his father-land.

But let Time plod on; we will enjoy the fleeting moment, and our blood shall never chill while we have kind friends to greet us, and bright eyes to cheer us, as we wander graveward. We are to grow gray, and old and babbling, unless we die early; but what need of grief therefor? We will enjoy ourselves. The philosopher may sneer, and the austere man may reprove; nevertheless, we will enjoy ourselves.

There are men who have improved upon utilitarianism; ultra-Benthamites, who hate every thing that is not useful to the pocket. They love not poetry, and will not care for the lucubrations of the Walking Gentleman. 'There is no use in such things,' they cry; as if it were not useful to speak to the better and nobler sympathies of our nature;

as if men must always plod on, through the broad highways of life, in dust and turmoil, never turning aside into the green lanes of poetry, or indulging in recreation and amusement. Such men would have made us a fine universe, if its manufacture had been entrusted to them! There would have been no flowers, no green leaves to sing in the wind, no stars, but the whole heaven would have been written over with algebraic characters and Egyptian hieroglyphics. We pity such men, for we know the value of enjoyments which they cannot appreciate.

We do not undervalue the more solid, and as they are termed, useful portions of literature and learning; but surely much of it is useless and vain, tending neither to exalt the mind, purify the feelings, increase our happiness, or lift us above the cares and troubles of the world. Man is vain; and the mathematician, the astronomer, the searcher into abstruse philosophy, naturally praises and exalts his own science: but after all, many of these pursuits, many of these nocturnal vigils, in which oil hath been wasted and brains worn away, many of these ponderous tomes, wrought by great intellects, have bestowed no lasting good on the world, nor increased the happiness of mankind. One page breathing friendship for man and love of nature is worth them all: and, to our mind, Burns was a far more real benefactor to the human race than Newton. If this be heresy, fire cannot burn it out of us. We will die in it at the stake.

A subject suggests itself to me; a rambling one, which will just suit my present humor. Behold then, reader, without more preamble, an essay on

KNOWING CHARACTERS.

It would be entirely useless for me to set myself seriously to work to enumerate the various classes of knowing characters which come within one's ken, in his rambles around the world. That would be an Herculean labor, the result a cyclopædia. It would be to number up and describe by their distinctive marks all the mental varieties of man. It is no such labor that I propose to myself. I desire merely, in a quiet and unpretending way, to give you a few samples of some of these varieties gathered up by me, and stored away as old acquaintances. Mere crayon-sketches these, noted down in my common-place book this many a year, among other odds and ends; a curious *mélange*, but a store-house whereinto I plunge now and then for the sake of old reminiscences.

There is something really refreshing in meeting with an oddity. One gets tired of travelling in the same beaten track, day after day, meeting the same good, steady, sober, matter-of-fact faces; and the study of human nature becomes a wearisome, dry matter. Give him an oddity, and he lives again.

There was my old friend Tom Hanson. I find him marked down in my book as a rare example of the *genus* of which I am treating. He was a merchant: a thin, slender, red-haired, acute and talented fellow; then a fair painter, and now an excellent one. In the first place, Tom possessed an indisputable knowledge as to the qualities of goods; and where his customer was his friend, always assisted in selecting his endowments for him. He persuaded me once into the rash purchase of a

suit, from a piece which he professed to have selected with especial care for himself. The tailor told me that it was good for nothing. 'Tom knows,' was the only answer his suggestion received. Consequently, at an extortionate price he made it up. In three days I fell upon the ice, and ruined the pantaloons as if they had been brown paper. The coat turned red and brown, and in two months I gave it away. But Tom was honest in the matter. He had only been preposterously cheated.

He was a performer on the flute, touched the piano a little, and sang bass in the Unitarian church. When he was in the choir, I noticed that every body else, organ included, were out of tune. Especially, he prided himself, on driving a gig, and never would allow me to take the reins. 'Look here,' said he once, as we were getting along at a rapid pace, through a narrow street, *ma Phatone*, (my pocket suffering for horse-hire,) 'you do n't understand driving. Let me show you.' So he took the reins, and gave the horse an additional touch. The reins were 'rigged,' as a sailor would say, 'with block-and-tackle,' but it was all of no use. On went the horse like lightning. It was a descending street, and as we neared the bottom, Tom said, 'Now just observe how I turn that corner; just skim it, d'ye see.' Just then round we went. The gig took a flight through the air in a segment of a circle, for about ten feet, and I found myself deposited on a huge feather-bed, in front of a crockery merchant and upholsterer's establishment. Tom described another segment, still holding to the reins, and landed feet-first in a big crate of glass-ware, wherein he wrought great destruction. The horse was 'brought up' all in a heap, and having snapped off the shafts, sat squatted on his haunches, looking at the wreck of matter and the crush of crockery. That business cost us a pretty sum; but still, Tom was a great driver: tandem, double, quadruple, it was all the same to him.

He was a great sailor too; unrivalled, so he swore, as the steersman of a pleasure-boat on the broad bosom of our noble blue river, for we lived within three miles of the ocean. We sailed out down the river, and I carried a rifle. I was sitting forward, and the boat after a time yawed slightly. That was enough. Tom displaced the helmsman, a good, quiet, easy friend of ours, and deposited himself in the stern. Directly I saw a seal, and shot at it. I always believed I killed it. Tom, however, stood to the contrary. 'Just grazed his back,' said he; 'hand me the gun, and I'll pepper this black-nosed fellow over the stern here.' I loaded; he cracked away, and his shot missed by about three feet. 'Close shot, any how, if I did miss,' he cried. 'Luff, Tom, or you'll be on a mud-bar,' cried one of the party, mate of an East-Indiaman. 'Shut your shells!' answered Tom, in high dudgeon, and kept this course, and in about a minute we grounded. The tide was running out, and we had to wade ashore through the mud, and walk to town; but for all that, Tom maintained, in his own opinion, his character as a steersman.

He was a universal critic. Poetry, music, the dress of ladies, every thing, was liable to be subjected to the test of his judgment. Well, he was a noble fellow! Would that the world was full of men of his true goodness of heart, magnanimity, liberality, and affection! Tom! in im-

agination I give thee a cordial shake of the hand. Thou wast the best of knowing characters.

Will Caucus was a political knowing character. He was not a hot partizan. On the contrary, he magnanimously refrained from throwing the weight of his powerful influence into either scale. He was only occupied in diffusing light on the machinery of government, and into the heads of the frequenters of coffee and pot-houses and nine-pin alleys, concerning that machinery. He was familiar with the details of politics for twenty years before; and it was a dead loss to the country of fifty thousand a year that he was not in congress. Will, poor fellow! *had been* a prosperous and respectable merchant. He married a young and beautiful wife; he had a good business, but he would talk politics. He would stand behind his counter and talk; and then adjourn to the coffee-house or restaurateur's to have his argument out. One day, about noon, his store was closed. He saved something out of the wreck of his fortune, but his wife broke her heart, and the grass and flowers grew over her. Then his father died, and left him a small sum, of which he could only touch the interest. He did not become a sot or vagabond. He lounged about low places, but it was only to talk politics. He did not, with a torn coat and rusty hat, hold to the button of his listener; but still kept up the melancholy appearance and manners of a gentleman.

Old Hugh Homilie was a religious knowing character. I remember him as though I had seen him but yesterday. He was a deacon in the Congregational church; a fat, burly butcher, of fifty-five. Once every month, of a Tuesday evening, it came to his turn to make a long prayer in the chapel. This was his glory; and for a fortnight beforehand, you could see him with a dictionary and prayer-book, selecting here and there, and *jointing* the excerpts together with a little of his own. This he committed to memory, and uttered on the appointed evening, with exceeding unction. Hugh was peculiarly versed in biblical lore; and could repeat an extract of any length from any part of the book. He could tell you exactly how much you wanted of being fit for the kingdom of heaven; and knew all the steps for producing a revival, and all the operations of regeneration. He it was who once said in a prayer, that he would not presume to dictate, but would *suggest the propriety* of having a revival of religion in the place! He was a furious bigot, and always prayed to be delivered from Arianism, Socinianism, Antinomianism, and four or five other *isms* which I cannot now recollect. If a new preacher made a single step from Old Hugh's system of doctrine, the old butcher damned him, without delay or appeal, as a heretic. He was a member of the school-committee, and invariably regaled the boys on examination days with a long discourse on some such lucid subject as election or regeneration. Enough of him. There is too little of the milk of human kindness in my feelings toward him, for me to think of him with pleasure.

'Honest old Harry Killbuck!' the true-hearted, genuine, glorious western pioneer and hunter! What of him? Many such men enrich the Great West: enough to make one love that broad, great country, of which I am an adopted son. Harry is supreme in the knowledge of

all field-sports; and in shooting at a mark, and in hunting in all its shapes, or in fishing, no man beats him. He will tell you precisely how to kill a buffalo or a bear, a wolf or a panther; and as to deer, fire-hunting, still-hunting, or up in the fork of a tree by night, at a lick, it is all one to Harry. He will tell you all about it, if you will go, any time, and camp with him, in his neat house by his cool spring just under a hill, where the sunshine, the rain and the dew, combine to keep his heart green. Do n't tell him about a shot-gun or a short rifle. Praise the long barrel, if you would gain his favor. You may sit and listen to his tales of war and hunting, sipping his good old liquor, or you may go and pilfer from his bees, or fish or hunt, or talk with his two beautiful and educated daughters, full of their father's own unquenchable nobleness of spirit. Shall I tell you where he lives? Not I! Search him out. He is worth the trouble. Would that the world held more such men than it does; bold, plain, simple and generous hunters. They are a treat even to look upon, to one who comes journeying from the East, and on the prairies and hills of the West, shakes off the fetters of care and toil which bowed him down in the pent city. They make one love the West, these old stern hunters.

There is another class of knowing characters, yet to be gently touched upon: young men, clerks, shop-boys, attorneys' students, who, living on the sea-board, and in the noise of crowded cities, peer out with indistinct gaze into the distant wide regions of the West. They hear of towns and villages, and hither they come. Here we find them, in the extreme West, dandies, half-read lawyers, merchants — heaven forgive me for abusing the word! — trading on credit, and now and then an office-holder. They have come to the West with the idea that Eastern manners and Eastern learning would be prodigies in this barbarous clime; that the people of the West are altogether an illiterate and rude set. They think to astonish. They try to become leaders. Some take to politics, and are soon eschewed by both sides. Some aim to lead in fashions, and fall beyond the pale of society; some in literature, and their borrowed plumage is soon plucked from them. These mistaken and deluded men soon learn that there is no lack of talent and knowledge in the West. So we have found it. 'My son,' said an old man to his boy, who was just leaving home for the West, 'you will see a great many people where you are going. Remember they all went from *some-where*.' The supercilious air, the assumption of importance, the attempt to lead in any thing, without good claim, will not do in the West. Merit has a fairer battle-field here than almost any where else. Foot to foot, shoulder to shoulder, a clear field and no favor, is the rule here. Let him who does possess merit, press on with a stern and constant resolution that he will succeed, and if he has the mental power, *he will*. But wo to the *knowing characters*! The voice of the people, and that potent magic, the influence of woman, will soon thrust down all mere pretenders to knowledge or fashion.

And by the by, inasmuch as we — does n't that sound better than 'I,' dear reader? — we the Walking Gentleman! Upon *our* word, *we* shall adopt this as *our* phraseology. But excuse us, for we really feel buoyant of spirit this evening, like a lark let out of his cage, winging his

way up into the blue and glittering depths of the vibrating heaven, among the dissipating clouds, into the clear presence of the sun, while the song that rings out of his heart peals round the sky, and is heard even among the low cottages of the earth which he spurns. We shall not say what causes our lightness of heart, because that is a matter of our own; but the reader will excuse us an outbreak of joy now and then, as we are no stern and severe mentor, but a true lover of humanity.

But, as we were saying, inasmuch as we have mentioned the women of the West, we shall take occasion to say that no commendation of ours can add to their charms or their virtues. We are proud of them, and only wish we could induce any one of them to be proud of us, because our kettle would boil for two. There it is again!

After all, there is a moral to this loose talk of mine. If you would please and be pleased, avoid the reputation of a knowing character. Never shine, nor make of yourself a show, nor engross a conversation. Listen, chime in, talk but little, assent, and you will please every one. Bolting out all your opinions is no way to gain favor or friends. What are your opinions, more or better than those of the rest of the world? Look at your brilliant young men; your obstinate, positive, dogmatical old men, always forcing their opinions down the throats of others; they are always disliked. You think you are superior to the rest of the world. Every body thinks the same of himself; but you need not be eternally reminding the world of it. The world takes such a thing as it would pills, and you lose at last. Study how to *converse*. It is the most important branch of education. You may be the finest poet in the world; you may stand on the bald forehead of the cliff, while the stars shine over you, and the moon and white clouds; or while the lightning and thunder are leaping alive among the rocks and crags; you may go out through the forest and listen to the springs and the leaves; and then you may weave your thoughts into a web of poetry, and scatter it through the world, and be admired; and yet, if you cannot converse well, any churl can win more smiles from beauty's eye than you.

S O N N E T.

'MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.'

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncross'd
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean toss'd,
Brighter than Eastern skies at day-break strew'd
With fancied roses; than the unblemish'd moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth! Yet some I ween
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconcil'd in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

R E Q U I E M .

'Lay her in' the earth,
And from her unspotted flesh may violets spring.'

How sad on the heart falls the sound of the bell,
As the loved and the beautiful pass from the sight;
As the tone and the smile we have cherished so well,
Pass away from the earth like a dream of the night.

How lonely the home to which we are turning,
With a sorrowing heart and a tear-bedimmed eye;
How tender the thoughts in the soul that are burning,
As we pine for the lov'd one, and ask but to die!

Let her rest in her grave, 'mid the flowers of the earth!
Ever mourned she their fading, and joy'd in their bloom;
They shall spring from her mould, and the place of their birth
Shall enhance their soft beauties, their fragrant perfume.

And thus, with the dews that are falling above her,
To quicken the flower-buds that nod o'er her rest,
Shall arise her dear self, to the angels who love her,
And await for her smile in the bowers of the blest.

New-York, June, 1844.

HIRST GRANVILLE.

B O R N H O L M .

A SKETCH: TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KARAMZIN, BY A. C. BECKER.

FRIENDS! the magnificent summer has passed; the verdure has faded; the trees are bare of leaf and fruit; the dew-clouds tower above each other like the waves of the sea; the snow covers the cold earth; let us take an affectionate farewell of nature, until a happy meeting in spring. Come, let us retire into our quiet chamber; the time shall not hang heavily; we know a remedy against *ennui*. Friends! the oak and the birch crackle in our fire-place. Let the wind howl and rage, the snow clog our windows; we will lie down around the cheerful blaze, and entertain each other with stories and anecdotes.

You are aware that I have travelled in foreign lands, far away from my home, far from you, my beloved; and that I have seen and heard many strange and wonderful things. Much of this I have told you already, and yet not nearly all. Listen now, and I will relate to you a true story.

England was the end of my journey. 'There,' I said to myself, 'thy father land and thy friends expect thee; it is time for thee to settle quietly in the midst of them; it is time for thee to hang thy pilgrim's staff on the highest branch of the tree in whose shade thou hast played

in thy youth.' I therefore went on board the ship 'Britannia' to be carried to the beloved fields of Russia.

We shot like an arrow along the charming shores of the majestic Thames; the endless sea already appeared on the horizon; we already heard the noise of its waves; when suddenly the wind changed, and compelled us to cast anchor at the village of Gravesend, there to await a more favorable moment for prosecuting our voyage. I went with the captain on shore. With a light heart I strolled through the green fields, adorned by nature and art. At last, exhausted by the heat of the sun, I threw myself on the grass, in the shade of a large and venerable tree, and lay gazing at the blue waters before me, and watching the play of the waves. Thus pensively musing, I yielded myself to that delicious inactivity of the soul, during which all thoughts and feelings are quieted and soothed, and which is somewhat like the freezing of the fountain's waters, or rather a striking and poetical image of death.

Suddenly I heard a rustling sound of the branches and leaves above my head. I looked up, and beheld a pale, emaciated young man, more like a ghost than a human being. In one hand he held a guitar, while with the other he plucked leaves from the bough, as if unconsciously, for his gaze was steadfastly bent upon the sea, and in his dark expressive eyes beamed the last rays of the light of life. I could not make my glance meet his; his feelings seemed paralyzed and insensible to all that surrounded him. He saw and heard nothing. 'Unhappy young man!' thought I; 'I know thee not, nor whence thou comest, but I know thee to be unfortunate.' He sighed and looked up to Heaven, and then toward the sea; then leaving the tree, he seated himself upon the grass, and drew from his instrument some very plaintive accords, his eyes ever fixed on the east; and with a trembling voice he sang the following strains, in the Danish language:

'Laws condemn the object of my love,
But who, oh heart! can withstand thee?
What laws are nobler than the sentiments
Instilled into us by Nature?
What power is greater
Than that of love and beauty?
I love, and ever shall I love,
Though my passion be condemned
By pitiless souls and hard hearts.
Holy Nature! thy fond friend and son
Is innocent in thy eyes. Thou gavest me a heart;
By thy kind gift was she made beautiful.
Oh Nature! thou hast ordered
That LILIA should be beloved by me!
Thy thunder rolled over us,
But harmed us not
While we delighted
In the embraces of love!
Bornholm! beloved Bornholm!
My heart longs incessantly for thee!
But I shed my tears in vain.
I languish and sigh; but a parental curse
Has forever driven me from thy shores!
Dost thou, oh LILIA! still live
In thy sorrows, or hast thou ended
Thy life in the foaming wave?
Appear, appear to me, beloved shade!
I will bury myself with thee in the raging sea!'

At this moment I felt irresistibly inclined to approach the stranger, and throw my arms about him, when suddenly the captain grasped my

hand and told me that a favorable wind was filling our sails, and that we had no time to lose. We went on board, and I observed that the young man followed us with his eyes, while strong excitement appeared in his manner, until, by a bend in the river, we lost sight of him.

The waves foamed under our rudder as we rapidly distanced the shores of Gravesend; and by degrees the coast appeared like a narrow streak on the horizon. At length all disappeared, and the birds, which had been hovering about the vessel, left us and returned to the shore, as if afraid of the vast and mighty deep. The noisy waves beneath us, and the cloudy sky above, were the only objects for our eyes to rest upon; a sublime and awful spectacle! Friends! in order fully to realize the hardihood of man, it is necessary to have been on the open sea, where life and death are separated only by a thin plank; where the brave and experienced sailor hurries on with full sails, and in his imagination already discovers the shining gold which is to reward him for his daring enterprise. 'There is nothing impossible with man,' I thought with Horace, while my sight lost itself in the infinity of the dominions of Neptune.

I soon however lost all consciousness in a severe attack of sea-sickness. For six days I hardly opened my eyes, and my heart, languishing under the influence of the angry waves, scarcely beat in my breast. On the seventh day I recovered so far as to be able to go upon deck, with a pale but cheerful face. The sun, sparkling in the clear blue sky, already inclined toward the west; the boisterous sea glistened in his golden rays, and the ship, driven on by her well-filled canvass, cut through the countless waves, which vainly strove to impede her progress. We were surrounded by the varied flags of many nations, and on the right we discovered the land.

'Where are we?' I asked of the captain. 'Our voyage is prosperous,' he replied; 'we have passed the Sound, and the shores of Sweden have disappeared from our view. On the right you see the island of Bornholm, a very dangerous coast to the mariner, full of sand-banks and hidden rocks. At dusk we shall cast anchor.'

'The island of Bornholm! Bornholm!' I mentally repeated, and the image of the unhappy young stranger arose fresh in my mind. The melancholy tones and words of his song reëchoed in my ears. 'They contain the secret of his soul,' thought I. 'Who is he? What laws condemn his love? Whose curse sent him away from the shores of Bornholm, so much beloved by him? Shall I ever learn his story?' Meantime a fresh breeze brought us close to the island. We discovered the frightful rocks, against which the waves broke thunderingly, and were hurled back, covered with foam, into the depths of the sea. The island appeared inaccessible on all sides; every where protected by the powerful hand of nature, the eye rested only on gloomy ice-gray rocks. The sun sank into the sea, and we anchored. A calm succeeded. I gazed upon the island, and a mysterious power impelled me toward its shores; an infinite presentiment told me, 'There thou canst satisfy thy curiosity.' Finally, hearing that there was a fisherman's hut at no great distance, I concluded to ask the captain for a boat and two or three hands. He represented to me the danger, the

many hidden sand-banks; but finding me quite determined to go, he consented, on condition of my returning the next morning on board. We entered the boat, and safely landed in a small quiet bay. We were there met by some fishermen, rough and uneducated people, though good-natured and without guile, who had grown up on the cold element, amidst the noise of the waves, and who had never been known to smile. On learning that it was our intention to take a survey of the island, and to spend the night in their huts, they fastened the boat, and led us through the crevice of a reef flint rock toward their dwellings. Half an hour afterward, we arrived at an extensive green plain, promiscuously covered, like the valleys in the Alps, with small wooden houses, groves, and heaps of rocks. There I left the sailors, and continued my walk into the interior, for the sake of some time longer enjoying the fine evening air. A boy of thirteen was my guide.

The evening sunlight was not yet extinguished in the clear sky; deep fiery rays outpoured themselves over the white granite blocks, and illuminated, behind a hill, the lofty pointed towers of an ancient castle. The boy could give me no information respecting its original owner. 'We never approach it,' said he, 'and God only knows what is going on there!' I hastened on, and soon was in front of an old Gothic building, surrounded by a deep moat and a high wall. A death-like silence reigned all around; at a distance the sea roared; and the last ray of the setting sun illumined the brass spires of the towers.

I walked round the castle. The gates were closed, the draw-bridges raised. My companion was fearful, yet knew not why, and urged me strongly to return to the huts. But how could any curious or inquisitive person consent to such a request? Night fell; and loudly a voice sounded, which echo repeated several times, and then silence succeeded. Very much frightened, the boy clasped me, trembling like a criminal before the last judgment. A few minutes more, and again a voice was heard saying, 'Who is there?' 'A stranger,' I answered, 'who has been led hither by his curiosity; and if hospitality be esteemed a virtue within your walls, you will accommodate a traveller for this dark night.'

No answer was returned; but very soon the draw-bridge was lowered, the gate opened, and a tall, commanding-looking figure, dressed in a long black caftan, met me, took my hand, and led me into the castle. I looked round, but the boy who accompanied me had disappeared. The gate closed behind us—the bridge was drawn up. Across an extensive court, which was overgrown with bushes, nettles and wormwood, we reached a very large building, in which we discovered a light. We ascended an iron stair-case, the steps of which shook under our tread. All was vacant and quiet. In the first saloon, surrounded by gothic pillars, hung a lamp, shedding but a dim light upon the rows of pillars, which threatened to break down by age. My new guide frequently threw searching glances on me, but said not a word. All this made a strange impression on my heart; a compound of fear, and of a certain mysterious, inexplicable delight; or to express it better, a delightful anticipation of something supernatural.

We passed through several more apartments, looking very much like the first, and lighted in the same manner. We then entered a door to the

right ; a miserable-looking old man was sitting at a table in the corner, leaning on it with his elbows, and having two wax candles before him. He rose, and regarding me with sad, yet kindly expression, he said, in a low, friendly voice :

‘ Although eternal grief reigns in these walls, every traveller asking for hospitality finds here a peaceful home. Stranger, I know thee not, but thou art a man ; in my decaying heart love of my fellow-creatures is still fresh and active : my house, my arms are open to thee.’

He embraced me and bade me sit down. He tried to cheer up his gloomy appearance, which resembled a clear but cold autumnal day, reminding one more of dreary winter than merry summer : he attempted to be social, and evidently desired to awaken in me feelings of confidence and friendship ; but the traces of deep sorrow imprinted on his face would not vanish for a moment.

‘ Young man,’ said he, ‘ you must acquaint me with the occurrences in a world which I have left but not forgotten. I have long been living alone ; I have long heard nothing of the fate of men. Tell me, does love still reign on earth ? Do the nations prosper which you have visited ?’

‘ Mankind,’ I answered, ‘ is increasing fast, yet human blood still flows ; the tears of the unhappy still flow ; virtue is highly valued, though people quarrel concerning its nature.’ When he heard that I was a Russian, he said :

‘ We are descendants of the same nation with you. The original inhabitants of the islands Rugen and Bornholm were Slavonians. But the light of Christianity has earlier been shed on you than on us. At a time when magnificent temples dedicated to one God ascended toward heaven, with you, we were still in the darkness of idolatry, offering bloody sacrifices to unfeeling idols. You were already glorifying the Creator of the world in solemn hymns, when we were still adoring the idols of mythology in rude songs.’

The old man conversed with me on the history of the northern powers, and on the occurrences of ancient and modern history : he talked in a manner to fill me with admiration of his good sense, his knowledge, and even his eloquence. Half an hour afterward he rose and bade me good night. A servant in black took one of the candles from the table, and led me through many narrow passages into a good-sized room, which was hung with ancient weapons, swords, lances, and complete suits of armor. In a corner of the room stood a bed with a canopy of rich curtains. I intended to put several questions to the servant, but he did not wait for them, and violently closing the iron door, and making it resound horribly through the deserted apartments, he disappeared ; a deep silence succeeded. I laid me down and admired the old weapons, which were dimly lighted by the moon through a small window. I made some reflections concerning my host, and his words to me, ‘ Here reigns everlasting sorrow.’ I recurred to the past ; finally the unhappy stranger of Gravesend occurred to me. I fell asleep. But my rest was uneasy. I dreamed that all the armory on the wall was changed into knights ; that these knights approached me with drawn swords, and addressed me, with menacing looks, thus :

‘Unfortunate man ! how didst thou dare to land on our island ? Does not the most daring seaman grow pale at the sight of our granite-rocks ? How didst thou presume to set foot on the dreadful sanctuary of our castle ? Do not strangers flee from its awful towers ? Thou fool-hardy, audacious man ! die for this pernicious curiosity !’ The swords already clashed over me ; hundreds of strokes fell on my chest ; but suddenly all vanished. I awoke — and fell asleep again.

A new dream tormented my soul. It seemed to me as if I heard a horrid noise about the castle ; the iron doors seemed to be slamming to and fro, the windows and floors trembled, and a shocking winged monster was hurrying toward my bed, howling and screeching. The dream passed, but I could not close my eyes again. Feeling the want of fresh air, I approached the window, discovered close by a small door, opened it, descended a winding stair-case, and found myself in the garden. The night was clear, the light of a full moon silvered the deep green foliage of old oaks and elms, which formed a long and dense avenue. The noise of the sea mingled with the rustling of the leaves, among which the wind played. In the distance, glistened the white rocks which surround the island. Between them and the castle was a large forest on one side, a plain with small scattered groves, on the other.

My heart still beat quickly, in consequence of the horrid dreams I had had, and my blood was in great commotion. I stepped into the avenue, in the shade of the rustling oaks, and lost myself with a kind of shudder in their darkness. The thought of the Druids again recurred to my mind, and I imagined that I was approaching the sanctuary which contained all the horrors and mysteries of their religious services. The avenue brought me to some rosemary-bushes, behind which rose a sand-hillock. I was just going to ascend it, in order to gain a view of the sea, illuminated by the full moon, when I noticed an aperture in the hill ; small, but just large enough to let a man pass. My unconquerable curiosity led me into this cavern, which seemed more the work of man than of nature. I felt a great cold and dampness ; I resolved however to proceed ; and having advanced about ten paces, I discovered a few steps leading down to an iron door, which was not quite closed. Almost involuntarily I opened it : behind an iron grate, a lamp fastened to the ceiling was hanging, and on a straw bed I discovered a pale young lady, dressed in mourning. She was asleep. Black tresses, into which some straw had interwoven itself, covered her beautiful chest, which hardly heaved ; one arm, white, but emaciated, rested on the ground, the other supported the head. Her features betrayed intense grief. Friends ! who is not affected by the sight of misery ? But the sight of a young girl, the weakest and loveliest of all earthly beings, pining in a subterranean cavern, would move even a heart of stone. I looked at her pitifully, and thought to myself : ‘What barbarian has deprived thee of day-light ? Is it for any crime ? But thy lovely face and quiet rest convince me of thy innocence.’

She woke that moment, looked toward the grate, and saw me. She seemed alarmed ; rose, approached, looked down, as if to collect her thoughts, and again looked at me as if going to speak, but remained mute.

‘If a sympathizing stranger,’ said I, ‘whom Providence has led into

this castle and this cavern, can ease thy lot ; if his sincere sympathy deserves thy confidence, demand his assistance.'

She looked steadily at me, with a mixture of surprise, curiosity, indecision and doubt. Finally, after a hard struggle with herself, which seemed to shake her whole frame like an electric stroke, she replied :

'Stranger, whoever thou art, whatever chance may have brought thee this way, I cannot ask any thing of thee but pity. It is not in thy power to alter my lot. I fondle the hand that corrects me.'

'Is thy heart innocent?' I said : 'it certainly cannot deserve so hard a punishment.'

'My heart,' replied she, 'may have failed. God will forgive me my weakness. I believe the end of my life is near. Leave me, stranger.' She then approached the grate, looked kindly at me, and repeated softly, 'For God's sake, leave me.'

'If he himself has sent you, he whose awful curse constantly vibrates in my ears, tell him I suffer day and night ; that grief wastes away my heart ; that tears no longer soothe it. Tell him that I submit to my imprisonment without complaint or reproach ; that I shall die as his affectionate and unhappy . . .'

She suddenly stopped, lost herself in deep thought, left the grate, knelt down, covering her face with both hands, and looking up to me again, said, with soft timidity :

'You know my history, perhaps ; but if you do not, ask me no questions. Adieu ! Farewell, stranger !'

I intended leaving her, after having said a few words, which came from the bottom of my heart, but our eyes still met, and she seemed to wish to ask me some questions on a subject dear to her. I tarried, but her words died on her lips with a deep sigh. We parted.

On leaving the cavern, I did not close the iron door, that the fresh air might penetrate beyond the grate, and thus benefit the unhappy girl. The morning red illuminated the sky ; the birds awoke ; a gentle zephyr shook the dew-drops from the leaves. 'My God!' thought I, 'how dreadful to be thus cut off from society and nature ! Beautiful roses are blooming around me, and fill the air with their fragrance ; green carpets are spread like soft velvet under our feet ; the birds sing merrily for the cheerful, and sadly for the sad, but pleasingly to all, and all enjoying life themselves : one aching heart may endeavor to console another, and to assist it in bearing the trials of life ; but this poor prisoner is debarred all this comfort ; the morning dew does not shed its tears on her languishing heart ; the air does not invigorate her frame ; the rays of the sun do not penetrate into her dark abode. O ! CREATOR ! why hast thou endowed man with the destructive power to make himself and others miserable !'

My strength gave way ; my eyes closed. I slept several hours under the branches of a venerable oak. 'The door was open ; the stranger has been in the cavern !' I heard somebody say, on waking, and discovered my venerable host sitting thoughtfully on a bench a few paces distant from me ; beside him stood the man who had conducted me into the castle. I approached them. The old gentleman at first regarded me with evident displeasure : he rose, gave me his hand, and his looks

softened. We both entered the avenue without saying a word. He appeared to be undecided with himself: he suddenly stopped, threw a most penetrating glance on me, and asked, in a firm voice: 'Hast thou seen her?'

'Yes,' was my reply, 'but without learning who she is, or why she is languishing in the prison.'

'Thou shalt know it, young man,' he said, 'and the blood will boil in thy veins. Then wilt thou ask, 'Why has Heaven poured out its whole wrath on this weak gray-headed old man, who has always loved virtue and respected her laws?'

We sat down under a tree, and he told me an awful story; which, my friends, I will tell you another time. Suffice it, I discovered the secret of the stranger in Gravesend — a dreadful secret! . . . The sailors were waiting for me at the gates of the castle. We returned to the vessel, set sail, and soon lost sight of Bornholm.

The sea roared. Lost in sad meditation, I stood upon the deck: sighs oppressed my breast, and the wind wafted my tears into the sea.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

I'd rather wed a noble heart,
And claim my treasure there,
Than seek to play a giddy part
Midst Fashion's sickly air:
I'll seek all pleasure at *my home*,
Nor long in gaudy plumes to roam.

A soldier is not void of care,
Though generous, brave and free;
I'd rather in *his* perils share,
And know his constancy,
Than share the pomp of city life,
Its cares, perplexities and strife.

His country's honor ever dear,
His own my pride shall be;
And should he fall, my only fear,
'His eyes shall close on me!'
No dread of danger shall divide
The soldier from his loving bride.

Let sordid minds 'the dollar' gain,
Call honor 'but a name';
Let Fashion lure the proud and vain —
The soldier's wealth is fame!
Riches in one short hour may flee,
While fame looks to eternity.

And should his country claim his life,
I'll proudly wear his name;
'Tis honor cheers the soldier's wife,
Her legacy's his fame;
A country's tears bedew his grave,
For all do honor to the brave.

A CHAPTER ON LINES.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

LINES are of various kinds, or as a naturalist would say, of divers species. First, there are the moral lines; 'line upon line and precept upon precept.' These lines have had much to do with human destiny. They were distinctly marked in the garden of Eden. They fenced in virtue, peace, and heavenly happiness; they kept out crime, misery, and the evil spirits of the powers of the air. Eve foolishly and wickedly burst these heaven-appointed barriers, and thence 'came sin and all our wo.' From that hour, during four thousand years, the history of the world can be summed up in one word; a burning desire to grind to powder and trample under foot all vestiges of those lines which Eve so rebelliously violated. When the company of angels sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men,' these lines were again more distinctly marked in the 'glad tidings' which were published to mankind. Alas! how little have they been regarded! How often have they been rudely torn asunder! There is something about them which is beautiful and delicate in the extreme. With intense interest I have watched them, and their influence upon 'life's fitful fever.' They seem to possess a peculiar charm for youth, and those of riper years who are children of their FATHER which is in Heaven. I have likened them to the attenuated web which so gracefully floats in the glittering sun-light of an October sky. The innocence of youth would shrink from breaking such a silvery thread; while yonder hardened, callous soul would brush them by, and curse them as they twined around his frame. Oh! let these moral lines be far extended, until they shall reach around the world; until all shall know their hallowed influence!

Investigators of general principles tell us that there are lines *physical* as well as *moral*. These lines are drawn between temperance and intemperance; between all those various concatenations which are the out-riders of premature decay, and the manifold ingredients of a vigorous old age. Physical lines must be looked after. If they are disregarded, trouble will come. Yes, reader, fritter away the spring-time of your days in a *routine* of parties and suppers, balls and operas, carousings and revellings, and you may rest assured that these parasites of luxury, these harpies of wealth, will strip you of all that shows divinity in man. These were the dreadful reefs on which Rome rushed to her fate. Beware! Neither rush to the other extreme, but use the innocent enjoyments of life temperately, reasonably, happily: then the joyous shout of Health shall not give place to the sickening smile of Dissipation. The good old Croton, as it gurgles through this mighty city, cries aloud, 'Look out for the physical line!' Yes, venerable New-Yorkers! make a free use of its potent charms; at break of day take a 'realiz-

ing sense' of it from top to toe ; and as you hie away to business, you shall feel such a glow and elasticity as never came from bolus, draught or pill. Break not the physical lines ; you may be precipitated from the beautiful gardens of health into the dark morasses of disease, where will-o'-the-wisps abound, and blue-devils race their nightly mares.

Social lines next claim our attention. By these I mean the lines which divide society into *castes*. It is a singular fact that these lines are drawn all over the world ; showing that human nature is modelled upon pretty nearly the same general principles throughout all the various races of the globe. The red men of the forest have their proud and aristocratic chieftains as well as the savage of low degree. The high-born East Indian turns up his nose at the representative of a lower class ; and if he understood the Queen's English, would ask why he came between the wind and his nobility. Even in besotted Africa there are those who vaunt themselves above the rest. The nations of Europe have their peerages and their serfs ; and here, around us, in our own country, we see no less distinctly the lines which divide society into *castes*. Under proper restrictions, and drawn in the right kind of spirit, these lines, according to my view, are highly beneficial. I do not like social lines based upon claims merely *hereditary* or merely *monetary*. In the higher circle there should be found the complete gentleman, of polished manners and well-stored intellect ; the finished lady, of gentle carriage and winning loveliness. No coarse and vulgar jest should here arise ; here should never be witnessed attacks upon old Priscian. No asinine foppishness or tawdry bedizzenment should here be known. No person should have her ornaments counted, for proof that she was a lady ; nor his whiskers smoothed, as principal witnesses of the fact of his being a gentleman. There should be no necessity of a residence near Washington-Square, Clinton-Place, Fifth-Avenue, or St. Mark's-Place ; but every complete gentleman and lady should be admitted to the most *recherché* circles, whether from the east end or west end, whether from avenue or alley ; whether living in a splendid mansion, or in a small two-story dwelling ; whether a retired millionaire, or an honest mechanic. And then the social lines between higher and lower circles should divide the finished gentleman and the accomplished lady ; *nature's* high-born souls, from low vulgarity and importance based upon mere dollars and cents. Such lines as these would indeed prove a blessing to society.

The lines of *party politics* are not unworthy of our consideration. Those master-spirits who spin and stake out these lines, go upon the presumption that every body must have an opinion with regard to the great political parties of the day, and that he must openly and avowedly express these opinions to the world ; unless perchance he be a minister in holy things ; and even then, there are many who are often annoyed : or unless some other very extraordinary circumstances intervene, the poor soul will be visited by ward-committees and district-prowlers, who will worry his very life out of him ; till he declares for Democracy, or Whiggery, or Abolitionism, or something else. The lines of party politics aver that every voter, native or foreigner, legal or illegal, must have a political opinion, and that he has no right to nourish and cherish it

in his own bosom. These lines are very stiffly drawn, almost to breaking; or as brother Jack would say, they are remarkably 'taut.' After becoming an adherent to *one* party, these lines render it extremely difficult for a man to change and support the *other*. On some accounts these lines are beneficial; but on the whole, I think they make too much of a political automaton of an immortal being.

The lines of a warlike troop, as they are drawn out upon the field of battle, must be a glorious sight. Jump on to Napoleon's steed, or the Duke of Wellington's war-horse, and ride up and down in review! Thousands upon thousands of veterans, pressing shoulder to shoulder, with their implements of death, flags, ensigns, plumes, epaulettes — all these must send a thrill through a susceptible heart. Gaze upon the out-side show, and then reflect upon the workings of the souls that compose those lines: hopes, fears, jealousies; mad ambition, and fierce struggling passions! Yet this is not always so. Review the lines which WASHINGTON so often reviewed, and see pure Patriotism arraying itself for its country's defence. Perhaps, under PROVIDENCE, no lines have had a greater influence upon the world's destiny than such military lines.

To descend to simpler themes; suppose we touch a moment upon clothes-lines! A poet of no ordinary wit has rendered them immortal, in a poem entitled 'The September Gale.' They sustained those famous Sunday breeches! Without them, what would the poor washerwoman do? How they have figured on cold winter mornings, when some ill-starred urchin has been forced, by paternal authority, to break paths through the deep, deep snow, in order to tie them to their accustomed posts! What peculiar burdens clothes-lines have to sustain, from all the little and great unmentionables, to the hoisting of the main sheets! Should they chance to break, and send their precious loads into some neighboring ditch or gutter, oh! what murmurings! loud enough to drown the winds that snapped the unlucky cord! But enough; let us pass to fish-lines.

Banks of New-Foundland, shores of Cape Cod, and all ye inland lakes, streams and ponds, swell forth your 'experience!' Tell of the ecstatic delights of that noble company who own no other leader than the great Izaak Walton. Speak of the glorious 'nibbles,' the spirit-stirring 'bites,' the heavy 'hauls,' the looks of bitter disappointment or gladsome self-satisfaction, which fish-lines produced! Do but this, and I will leave the subject, and pass to lines matrimonial.

These, according to my theory, are peculiar, decidedly peculiar. I believe that near the age of sweet seventeen, or manly twenty-one, every person begins to live on some kind of a matrimonial line. I will mention a few of the species. The first are short, and upon them the person runs to that bourne from which no traveller returns. The second are mere tangents to the circle of matrimony; and those that are bent thereon will naturally turn out spinsters and old bachelors. The third are the ones that lead through the regions of matrimony, and deserve to be noticed more at length. One of the peculiar features of these lines is, that they are found in pairs, with a specimen of the masculine gender strung upon one, and of the feminine gender upon the

other. They are sometimes, though rarely, found running parallel through the matrimonial regions. In this case the two persons just get hold of each other's hands, and float along like two ice-bergs held together by a brazen chain. This is decidedly an unfortunate arrangement for any son or daughter of Adam. But in the generality of cases these two lines meet each other just as they enter old Hymen's domains, and at all the possible angles which imagination could devise. The more acute the angles, the nearer they get to parallel lines, and consequently the colder the union. The more obtuse, the farther they get to the other extreme; and consequently often produce the most disagreeable effects. After repeated observation, I have come to the conclusion, that the most favorable angle under which these lines can meet is the angle of ninety degrees; that is, a *right* angle. In this case the two lines pass insensibly into one, and the happiest consequences ensue. I have not room upon my paper for another line.

N O V E M B E R .

I.

THE dreary Autumn days are here,
And stern November's chilly rain
Is falling, falling far and near,
On the brown wood and faded plain.

II.

Gone is the wind's sweet voice of mirth,
It singeth now a song of grief,
And spreads upon the barren earth
A carpet of the dying leaf.

III.

Deserted are the silent woods,
And gone the forests' warbling throng:
Within its solemn solitudes
Are hushed the syllables of song.

IV.

A shadow fills the bending sky,
Clouds hover like the starless night,
And hurry on the storm-winds by,
Like banners o'er the field of fight.

V.

There is a voice upon the air
That fills the heart of man with fear;
A heritage of want and care
Is linked with the departing year.

VI.

There is within, a silent grief,
When seasons we have loved depart;
A sorrow o'er the fallen leaf,
Undying in the human heart.

VII.

Lessons of wisdom guide us here,
 Heard in the north-wind's cheerless sound,
 Seen in the woodlands brown and sere,
 And the shorn fields of furrowed ground.

VIII.

Life hath the seasons, in their train,
 Seed-time and Summer, as they flow;
 Manhood, like Autumn's golden grain,
 And hoary age, like driven snow.

IX.

Then cometh, when our youth hath fled,
 A winter in these hearts of ours,
 When hope and love and joy are dead,
 And withered like the summer flowers.

South-Attleboro', (Mass.)

A. M. TWEED.

DARK ELLSPETH'S LIFE-TALE.

BY MRS. J. WOOD.

WHEN I awoke, I was on my own couch, in my ruined home. How I came there I knew not; but I was calm; I was nerved to meet my destiny. My doom seemed no longer horrible. I looked upon myself as a being of power, sent forth 'tis true by Fate; but the evil was yet tempered with mercy.

Almost without a sigh, I left Carnac and journeyed to Cairo. The stranger had been there; and I seemed impelled by some resistless power to linger round each spot he had made sacred by his tread.

Before leaving the land of my birth, I felt a desire to visit the Castle and Joseph's Hall. I beheld with mingled delight and sadness, each spot that time had not reduced to ruin; and could not help exclaiming as I contemplated the magnificent hall with its beautiful pillars of red granite, 'Where, now, are the lips that first sanctioned with their praise these splendid works of art? Where the glad eyes that gazed delightedly upon them? Where the pride and ambition that fired the owner? And where shall I be, a century hence, when the foot of the traveller shall press, as mine does now, this marble floor? — where? I ascended the terrace and viewed Grand Cairo, with its gardens, fountains, mosques and minarets stretched at my feet; the ruinous town of Bulac; the grand aqueduct; the majestic stream of the Nile; and those eternal monuments of human skill, the pyramids, which, though some miles distant, are from thence distinctly seen.

Sad were the thoughts that passed through my mind as I gazed upon them; and I sighed, 'A century hence, another, and another, and the traveller will gaze with delighted eye on this magnificent scene, lost in wonder, as I am now, at the grandeur and beauty before me.' 'I was promised,' I murmured, 'to know the past and the future; yet the light

has not dawned on me. May not my doom be equally false? May not the past have been a dream? At this moment a voice broke on my ear, saying:

'MAIDEN, if thou seekest power,
Weend thy way, at midnight hour,
And, at sound of midnight bell,
Take thy stand by Joseph's well.'

A feeling of awe crept over me as the voice ceased. It was unlike any I was wont to hear; and I thought it strange it should be unaccompanied with music. But strange as was the hour, and the place, I resolved to be, at the time, on the spot.

By that well I stood, before the appointed hour. I had time to contemplate the place. A stair-case, cut in the solid rock, winds round the well, leaving a thick partition between them, with a few small windows, which, by day, gave but a scanty light, and now, as the faint flickering of the lamp shone fitfully through them, it bore the appearance of that dark pit where demons make their home.

Soon the solemn tones of the midnight bell fell on my ear; and, as each stroke sounded, I felt my breath grow short; a cold dew stood on my brow, and my heart sunk within me as I never before had felt it; no, not in all my sorrows. I had counted eleven — one more: the last stroke had sounded! A bright flame of purple light seemed to float on the top of the well; and, to my horror and amazement, standing on the brink, I beheld Ambrosine. Oh, how terrible the feeling that then came over me! The recollection of the past, the peril of the present, flashed in quick succession through my mind, while he blandly smiled on me. 'Ellspeth,' he said, 'the bark of the stranger is on the billow; but there is peril in his way. He is thinking of home and friends he will never see. Loud howls the wind through the rent sails; the sea runs mountains high; and soon the bark will be a wreck. Behold!'

Soon the loud roar of the ocean burst on my ear; the surface of the well seemed a troubled sea; there rolled a ship without a rudder, at the mercy of the mountain wave; a loud crash, and the mast was gone by the board; and clinging to the capstan, I beheld the stranger! Pale and ghastly was his face. He cast his eyes, methought, imploringly on me. I involuntarily stretched my arms toward him; while Ambrosine said: 'Thou canst save him if thou wilt.'

'Oh, how? Tell me, how?' I exclaimed, forgetting all the past in my anxiety for him I loved.

'Place,' said Ambrosine, while his eyes sparkled, 'place thy right hand within mine, and stand here by my side.'

At this moment the music I had been accustomed to hear came on the breeze. Ambrosine trembled; his eyes rolled fearfully; and his body writhed, as if in agony, while a voice chanted:

'We come without bidding,
We come without charm,
From our bowers of bliss, maiden,
To shield thee from harm.

'Believe not the Tempter;
Stand not by his side!
If thou giv'st him thy hand,
He will claim thee his bride.

'There's a name at which demons
In reverence must bow:
In that name bid him go,
And he'll fly from thee now.'

I had no fear. I exclaimed aloud: 'In the name of God, I charge thee, leave me!' A sulphurous flame covered the top of the well, and Ambrosine, with a wild shriek, disappeared. I lost all recollection.

When I opened my eyes, as from a sound and refreshing slumber, I was in Joseph's Hall, and bending over me an aged man; while a lamp which stood on the floor enabled me to see his countenance. Oh, how sweetly mild it seemed! as if Peace in his heart had erected her throne, and from his mild eyes dispensed her balmy influence. His garment was of coarse cloth; a cross hung from his girdle, and a scallop-shell adorned his hat in front.

'Come with me, unhappy one,' he said, 'and my rude couch shall offer thee repose.'

'How came I here?' I asked.

'Desire not to know,' was his reply. 'The tongues that lie not, called me to thy aid. Lone one, rise and lean on me; sheltered thus, thou art safe.' And he extended over me the cross that hung by his side.

I rose, and by him was led to a small apartment, that seemed little more than a closet, compared with the magnificent hall we had left. It contained a bed, a wooden bench, a stool, and a table. In one corner a fragment of marble stood; and on it was raised a rudely-cut wooden cross. He led me to his couch, gave me a few drops of some cordial, and bade me seek repose. I closed my eyes, but not to rest. A recollection of the fearful events of the night barred the approach of sleep. The present scene was new to me. It was evident that the peace which beamed in the aged man's eye was in some way connected with that cross: he had extended it over me, and said under that protection I was safe. Long I watched him with half-closed eye-lids, and deeply I pondered as to the meaning of that cross. I saw him kneel in reverence before it, as he said, in subdued accents, 'Oh, *Thou*, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy on this suffering daughter of mortality. Number her as one of Thy flock; soften the asperity of her fate, and make her an inheritor of thy kingdom.' Some power impelled me to rise, and in a moment I was kneeling by his side. 'Oh tell me,' I asked, as I gently laid my hand on his arm, 'what is the meaning of this cross, and why kneel you here in prayer for one so lone and lost as I am?'

He replied not, but grasping my hand, he still prayed. After a brief interval he rose, and placing me on the rude bench, took a seat by my side. 'Tell me, unhappy one,' he said, 'whither it is thy wish to wander.'

'Alas!' I replied, 'I am a poor doomed maiden; and something whispers me I am guilty too. Thou art, I think, some holy man, that, by a worship I have never known, hast won thyself a bright inheritance above. If so, look kindly on one who, if she has erred, has done so from ignorance, and not from waywardness of will. No mother tended me with fostering care, as I have since learned it is a mother's wont to do. Bred on a mountain, 'neath a father's eye, with books for compa-

nions, and the bright stars alone for worship, many years passed ere I saw one of my own sex. I stand, even now, but on the threshold of the world; a babe in all save sorrow: yet am I doomed to go, alas! I know not whither.'

'Thou need'st not tell thy tale of wo to me, lone one; alas! I know it well. Sore art thou beset; but every evil has its attendant good. Even thou, mid thy dark doom, may have some gleams of sunshine. All our enjoyment is by comparison. In thy wanderings through the world, thou wilt find those to whose sufferings thy doom were mercy. Thou art yet free from crime. May'st thou ever be so; for oh! be assured, the torments of the damned are nought to an accusing conscience!' He covered his face with his hands, and wept.

He soon regained his composure; and looking out, 'See,' he said, 'the rosy dawn of morning is tinging the eastern sky, and warns me that thy time with me is brief. For thee, maiden, the bark waits that must bear thee to another land. Fain would I accompany thee, and lighten the loneliness of thy way; but it may not be; I too have a destiny to fulfil: how much 't is mixed with thine hereafter, thou may'st know. Take thou this,' he said, as he threw over my neck a small silver chain, to which was suspended a cross. 'If the Evil One assail thee, rely upon thy guardian spirits and this cross. Cherish it with care. It is the anchor on which thou canst rest thy hope of bliss beyond the grave; 't is the magic key that opens Heaven's portal to repentant sinners. More thy doom forbids me say, until in other lands we meet again. All is prepared for thy voyage.' He took from his bosom a casket: 'Take thou this,' he continued; 't is that for which men peril their souls, and make sweet peace a stranger to their pillow. 'Tis wealth! the world's great magnet. To win it, men pursue their fellow-men as hunters chase the panting roe; nor use it often wisely when 't is won. Of all this, yet thou knowest nothing. Away; fulfil thy destiny. But, e'er we part, hear me say this: Nigh to the throne of Grace an angel sits with open book, whose province 't is to write down every act of kindly love and charity. When, then, thou seest trembling age, with its too oft ill-matched attendant, want, or, when the shivering orphan, with tearful eye, holds forth its trembling hand for charity, deny not the boon; but give, give freely: so shall thou, when thy dark doom's fulfilled, find on that book a bright array of Godly deeds to welcome thee to glory.'

Involuntarily I sunk on my knees; I bent my head in mute adoration to the ground. When, after a short space, I looked up, I was alone: but I saw, as if in the mirror of my mind, the bark that was to bear me on my voyage. I no longer felt depressed. A gleam of happiness, I had hitherto not known, awoke in my heart new feelings. My spirit seemed light as the morning breeze that fanned my cheek. The gloom of the past gave way to the promise of the future.

With a feeling of delight I took my way to the ship. All was indeed prepared. Every thing gave promise that I was expected. The scene was new to me. Even my knowledge of the future could not draw from my mind the wonder of the present. But when the vast expanse of ocean first met my view, my delight was boundless. The words of the

holy man came to my mind : ' Even thou, mid thy dark doom, may have some gleams of sunshine.' I felt the truth : the sunshine of the mind was mine. - As I gazed upon the ocean, I almost envied the sea-birds, as they dipped their wings, in seeming wantonness, into the water. When, turning from thence, I cast my eyes around, and beheld nought but boundless sea and sky, I felt I was alone with God. Had a doubt of the soul's immortality ever crossed my mind, that moment would have banished it ; for I felt that I was in the presence of HIM 'who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand.'

Our voyage was prosperous, and in due time my feet pressed a stranger soil. I felt no regret at having left my home mid the ruins. I strove to forget the past, and enjoy the present ; yet I often gazed on the miniature of the stranger till tears dimmed my eye ; and when, at times, my heart would swell with sorrow, that small silver cross would, as by magic, glide into my hand ; and with it still came calmness. I felt, too, that for me good spirits were ever on the wing, obedient to my call ; yet I had not sought their aid since I left my home. The fate that awaited others it was given me to know ; and often did my words of warning cause the wondering passer-by to gaze on me with fear.

Wandering one calm summer's day on the margin of a beautiful river, not many miles distant from where I left the bark that bore me from my native land, the gentle murmur of the water, as it kissed its pebbled bed, and then sped swiftly on, as if to hide from my view beneath the branches that overhung the stream, had thrown me into a revery, from which I was roused by the appearance of a structure which seemed, like thought, to have been raised on the instant ; for on that very spot, but a moment before, I had beheld a hazel grove, and at its edge a snow-white thorn, from which the thrush, in mellow notes, had poured its joyous song. The notes still lingered on my ear ; yet that grove seemed now the interior of a chapel : I saw the altar ; a bridal train advanced up the aisle. As I gazed in mute astonishment, I felt my hand gently touched ; and looking down, I beheld by my side what I at first thought a child, but on looking in his face, I perceived all the appearance of manhood. His hands and feet were small in proportion to his frame ; his face was not unpleasant to look upon ; and there was a sparkle in his small gray eye, that spoke of mischief and of mirth.

' Who art thou ? ' I exclaimed, as I gazed with wonder on the dwarfish elf. He said, in a small sweet voice :

I AM the Ben-Shie's dark, gray man,
That dwells in yonder glen ;
A wicked sprite, I rove by night,
O'er moorland, moss and fen.

' And when the sun, with gladsome ray,
Gilds grove and flowery lea,
I bring the gift of second sight
To mortals lone like thee.

I cast my eyes toward the chapel. It was no longer to be seen. There was the hazel grove as I first beheld it ; the thorn-tree, too, was there ; and the thrush, from its branches, still poured forth its cheerful song. I turned to speak to my dwarfish friend : he, too, was gone.

'Am I in a land of fairies?' I exclaimed, 'or have I lost my senses?'

I returned to my dwelling, pondering on the events of the last hour; events shrouded in mystery, which even I, with my knowledge of the future, could not solve. I brooded over the vision till I thought the scene was in some way connected with my own fate; nay, indeed I was certain; for in all matters wherein I was not concerned, the future and the past were known to me. Since my interview with the holy man, I had felt an unwillingness to seek any knowledge of my own dark fate. The words of the stranger, too, came to my mind, 'That which God has wisely hid from us, 't were best not seek to know;' and each word that he had uttered was dwelt on by me with a feeling almost approaching adoration. But how else could I obtain the knowledge I wished?

I sat at the casement, watching the last rays of the setting sun, as they tinged with gold the western sky. I took from my bosom the miniature of the stranger. Sadly my thoughts dwelt on the past; and I almost wished again to live over the time when I watched him, sick and helpless, in my ruined home. All was calm and still around me. I called my guardian spirits. Soon the same sweet distant sound of music fell on my ear that used to greet me in my native land; and a voice said:

'At thy summons we come;
At thy bidding we bow;
We wait thy commands, maiden:
What wouldst thou know?'

'I would know,' I exclaimed, 'of the stranger. I would know the meaning of the vision I saw but now, and of the pigmy being that stood by my side.'

The same voice replied:

'Yon castle's gray turrets
That rise in the west,
In justice and right,
By the stranger 's possess'd.

'The green hazel grove,
Where thou heard'st the bird's song,
And the broad lands around,
To the stranger belong.

'The vision portends,
That in beauty and pride,
To that altar the stranger
This night leads a bride.

'But the being whose home
Is the woodland and fell,
Of him, e'en to thee,
We no tidings may tell.'

I stood entranced. The knowledge that I was near the stranger filled my heart with joy. I thought of the past, and forgot the immeasurable gulf that was between us, till a recollection of the vision came: he was that night to lead a bride to the altar. Distraction was in the thought; and I fled into the open air to cool my burning brow.

There, peering in the west, I saw the gray turrets of his home, the home he had spoken to me of, and though he had given it no other name, I had pictured it as earth's brightest spot. I was near him, and the knowledge soothed me. There was one being, I thought, who, if he did not love, at least felt an interest in my fate.

Night was fast drawing her ebon curtain, as with a beating heart, I bent my steps toward the castle, and reached the chapel, first of the bridal throng. I placed myself behind a column, nigh to the altar, where I was almost hid from view. I saw the priest in his robes; I heard foot-

steps advance up the aisle ; and I closed my eyes to shut out the harrowing scene. Oh, the misery of that moment !

When I again looked, the stranger stood almost at my side ; so near was I to him, that I might have touched his hand, though the column hid me from his view. With desperate resolution I gazed upon the proud beauty that was to be his wife. She was faultlessly fair ; but there was that in her look which told me her heart was cold, cruel, and unrelenting : the jewels sparkled on her brow, but love and charity dwelt not in her heart. I remembered his words, ' One whom, alas ! I cannot love, but who is soon to be my wife,' and already saw the wreck of his peace. He was pale : no joy sparkled in his eyes. I pressed his miniature to my heart, and stood, an almost breathless spectator, till the vows had passed that made them one. I whispered in his ear, ' When thou think'st not of Ellspeth, she will be by thy side !' and fled, I know not whither. I could no longer abide where chance might bring him to my sight.

The bright moon threw her silver light over glen and glade. The star of evening had brought rest to every living thing. The God of Nature had kindly cared for all. All were at peace save me, the doomed one : I had not where to rest my head. Alone, without earthly companionship, I envied even the humble peasant, as I passed his window, and saw by the light of his cheerful fire the confiding look of love in his partner's eyes, as their prattling children clung delighted to his knee. I felt that for me no flower of affection could bloom ; no heart beat with rapture at my approach ! I stood a doomed wanderer, the sky my covering, and the world my home ! I covered my face, and wept.

Something at this moment touched me, and looking down, I beheld the pigmy being who had brought the vision to my view, standing by my side. ' What wouldst thou with one so lone and wretched ?' I exclaimed. He looked kindly on me, and replied :

' A BALM there is for every wo ;
For every grief a joy :
The Power who formed yon orb of light
Creates not to destroy.

'Forth to the world ! I warn thee forth !
The gray man of the hill ;
In giving life, God gives to each
Some mission to fulfil.'

' Be 't thine to dry the widow's tear,
To still the orphan's cry,
To seek the house of shivering want,
And timely aid supply.

' So wilt thou find the doom thou mourn'st
A blessing kindly given,
To smooth thy fellow-mortal's path,
And light thine own to Heaven.'

He ceased, and I saw him no longer ; he went like a passing thought ; but the memory of his words remained.

THE SHOWER-BATH.

QUOTH DERMOT, a lodger at Mrs. O'FLYNN'S,
' How queerly my shower-bath feels !
It shocks like a tempest of needles and pins,
Or a shoal of electrical eels.'

QUOTH MURPHY, ' Then mend it, and I'll tell you how :
It's all your own fault, my good fellow ;
I used to be bother'd as you are, but now
I'm wiser — I take an umbrella !'

SMITH.

W I T H I N T H E V E I L .

'T is but a veil that hangs between
 The saint and joys divine ;
 And beams of glory oft are seen
 Amidst its folds to shine.

When flames around the martyr's brow
 Bid his firm faith to fail,
 The light which on his features glow
 Beam from within the veil.

And hourly doth that veil unfold,
 Some waiting saint to bless,
 Whom Jesus summons to behold
 ' His face in righteousness.'

The angels bear them one by one,
 To join the wondrous throng
 Who round about the Eternal Throne
 Awake the Conqueror's song.

Their harps of gold we hear not now,
 But soon the day will rise,
 When, veiled no more, we all shall know
 The glories of the skies.

Hereford, England.

EDWARD WHITE.

T H E L O S T F A W N .

THE removal of the Choctaws from Mississippi to their new homes west of the Territory of Arkansas, gave rise to numerous domestic dissensions. The following is one among the many instances known to 'HOLABEE,' as the writer was called by the Indians.

The organization of the Choctaw Nation partakes of a military as well as civil character. The principal chiefs are called colonels; the next grade majors, and the sub-chiefs captains. The captains have districts, and the men, women and children are all registered by their respective captains. Thus the strength of the nation is at all times ascertained by calling a council. White men and women are adopted into the nation by marriage. Occasionally the compliment has been paid to a white man, who has entitled himself to their confidence; children of enemies killed in battle, and children of persons residing among them, who have no parental protection. Many families were separated; a portion emigrating, while others remained behind.

Instances of strong attachment are to be found among them, which would seldom find a precedent in civilized life. These however are not characteristic of Indians in general. The bane of polygamy tends to weaken human affection, except in cases where the mind shows itself superior to the laws and usages of society. The names of Indians depend more on circumstances than on parentage; and the time of giving a name to a warrior, a hunter, or a girl, is alike indefinite.

BLACK WOLF was the son of a chief. When quite a child, he was sent to a missionary school. He remained until his manhood was nearly developed; having given evidence, such as is rarely seen in Indian youths, of a fondness for study. The female children seldom acquire much learning, their time being generally employed in learning the use of the needle, and such other arts as may be useful in after life; for the females form the working class. Some exceptions are to be found, in which females show a fondness for books. Of this description was a quarter-blood, of great beauty, who from her delicate complexion was called WATER LILY. She remained at the school as an assistant-teacher, quite neglected by her parents, who could discover nothing in her delicate form, or her fondness for books, that could add to their comfort; and they were very willing she should remain as long as the missionaries would take care of her. A similarity of *thought* is not unfrequently attended by a kindred interest in *feeling*. Black Wolf and Water Lily were often seen reading from the same book, looking over the same map, or tracing the 'trail' to the new home of their nation, which was at this time a matter of all-absorbing interest, the majority having already made their arrangements to remove. Black Wolf received his name from an act of high daring. When but a youth, he was one day in pursuit of some small game, with a party of Indian boys. Their dogs had scented an animal, and followed it to a swamp. The others were for calling them off, but Black Wolf still urged them on, himself following close, without noticing that his companions were more cautious. He was soon lost in the thicket, yet still continued the pursuit. The dogs soon had the creature at bay; and no sooner had they grappled, than the Indian's knife was in the animal's heart. It proved a *black wolf*, of the largest size, the skin of which he brought off as a trophy. His youth made this act the more daring; and he was soon known by the name which his early disregard for danger had fairly earned for him; and was allowed a *caste* in the nation seldom accorded to one so young.

The course of Black Wolf's studies was destined to a sudden interruption. His family was among the first to emigrate, and he was summoned home to prepare for departure. Until this moment he had not known that to leave Water Lily was a matter at all to be regretted. He now found, however, that his feelings were deeply interested; but he had too much of the Indian to make it known. The hour of departure had been watched by Water Lily. She felt that much of the interest of the school would be lost when Black Wolf had gone. Love has its resources as well among the children of the forest as among more civilized man. Black Wolf was at length ready to leave. He looked in vain for Water Lily, and was compelled to depart without seeing her. He found himself frequently looking back, in hopes to catch a glimpse of her, but 'nothing could he see.' He was very thoughtful; his pace slackened, and his eyes were on the ground. He would not go back, yet to proceed was painful, even to poignancy. A deep sigh escaped him; the school was no longer visible. He was at last reluctantly hurrying on, when his attention was attracted by a small twig, placed in the centre of the road. He approached it rapidly, and found

suspended from it a well-known string of wampum. He seized it eagerly, pressed it to his lips, and placed it in his bosom; at the same time a tear swelled in his eye, and he audibly pronounced the name of 'Water Lily.'

In an instant she was at his side. Had he been less eloquent, she would have remained hidden. Black Wolf was fairly surprised: he could say nothing; but loosing his belt, he placed it on the neck of the blushing girl: then taking her hand, they left the road. He led her to a small wood, where, seated on a fallen tree, they looked at each other a moment in silence. Water Lily could no longer restrain her tears. Dropping her head on his shoulder, she said: 'Must you leave me?'

'I must go, Water Lily. I will never forget you. When I am in our new home, I will build a cabin, and I will never be happy until you are in it.'

'I will come,' she said: 'if I find no one before me, I will stay. If I find any before me, you will never see me again.'

'Fear not, Water Lily, fear not; you are first and only. Black Wolf can never split his heart nor his tongue.'

'Enough,' said Water Lily; 'I will come; be sure what I say. Water Lily has no joy when Black Wolf is gone. When the next blossoms come, Water Lily goes to the setting sun. She will now go back; she will learn to make clothing; she will learn to plant corn, and to make bread; she will leave her books; and when she comes, she will be ready to keep his cabin, if she finds it empty, and to make him happy. If she finds any one before her, she will sing her death-song where none will hear her.'

She picked up a small stick, broke it in two, gave Black Wolf one piece, and put the other in her bosom. Then resting her head on his shoulder, she gave one long sigh. In a moment she was on her feet, and Black Wolf heard her sobs, as she fled back to the school. He gazed after her until she was out of sight, and then resumed his journey, with a heart more at ease, and determined to fulfil his promise. He was now much more cheerful, for he was sure of the love of Water Lily.

Let us leave Black Wolf and his friends to make arrangements for their departure, while we take a view of the country to which they are going, and the preparations made for their reception.

Fort Smith had been abandoned a few years before. It is situated on the right bank of the Arkansas, at the mouth of the Porto River, and three hundred yards west of the line of Crawford county, the western boundary of the then Territory, now State of Arkansas, and the eastern boundary of the Choctaw nation. This was the point of landing in ascending the river, and the general point of entering the nation; being but eighteen miles from the agency. At this point a number of traders were stationed, and a sub-agent. Issues of provisions, blankets, rifles, powder, and other articles stipulated in the treaty, were made here to the parties arriving. 'Holabee' was the name given to an adopted son of the Indians, who was a licensed trader in the nation, and had charge of the articles belonging to them; at times going into the nation to attend to issues, and assist in the emigration. No man had ever enjoyed

more of the confidence of the Choctaws than Holabee. He was consulted in all matters of general interest. The country being large, it was settled by parties or companies, scattered about at different distances. The Sugar-loaf and Cavanole mountains attracted some; Red river others. A large portion of the Choctaw nation have some notions of agriculture, and schools and churches are encouraged. Religion, however, had little to do with Indian morals or habits. It rather tended to make them deceitful.

The emigrant party to which Black Wolf belonged, arrived at Fort Smith in the fall of 1830; but they had suffered much on the way. Chills-and-fever was so general, that the exempts were looked upon as having a 'charm.' Neither age nor sex was spared. The season was wet; and very many paid the debt of nature before they could reach their promised land.

Black Wolf had suffered much from this disease. He was nearly discouraged on his arrival at Fort Smith; for he was too ill to go with his father. He remained, and was employed by Holabee until his health should be restored. Holabee was considered a 'medicine-man,' from his having a quantity of drugs, and having been quite successful in curing the fever. The intelligence of Black Wolf, which seemed far above his years, made him quite companionable; he was also a close observer of 'men and things.' Holabee was much in the habit of being up at night, and of frequently walking out in the forest. He was surprised, on one of these occasions, to find Black Wolf following him. 'Why, Black Wolf,' said Holabee, 'what brings you out at this time of night? You will never get well, if you expose yourself to the dew.'

'Yes, I will; I am better now. I came to see if the medicine-man talked to the stars.'

Holabee laughed at the idea, and told him no; that he studied books to learn the use of medicine, and not the stars.

'What makes Holabee walk o' nights?'

Holabee told him that he had been a soldier; was used to being up at night; and could not sleep so much as other people did.

'Black Wolf cannot sleep now,' said he; 'he thinks of Water Lily; and he wants to write a letter, and let Holabee send it to the missionary school in Mississippi, to let Water Lily know that he is alive; and when she comes, Holabee will send her to Black Wolf. If she gets sick, Holabee will cure her. If she wants clothes or money, Holabee will give it to her: he will be her father, and Black Wolf will bring him skins.'

It was quite evident that the thoughts of Black Wolf were fully occupied with Water Lily, and that it was his intention to remain until her arrival; as he had made his arrangements to have his cabin built and his corn-land enclosed near his father's. Holabee promised attention to his wishes, and to do all he could to accomplish them.

Misfortune seemed to follow the unfortunate Choctaws. Their hunting parties found the Pawnees and Camanches in the prairies, and many a bloody conflict ensued. Holabee was determined to form a large party, and go out with them. Black Wolf was pleased; and the party was soon formed. They had scarce been out four weeks, when

the cholera, which had scourged the country, broke out among them. Having no medicine, their party were soon scattered, and more than half of them either died or returned. The small-pox also appeared in the nation; and the letters that were sent back were of the most discouraging character. The rise of the Sac and Fox Indians on the Upper Mississippi, who had sent the war-belt to all the frontier, was likely to make trouble. One instance will serve to show the state of mind on the return of the hunters. One of them found that his father, mother, and all his family had died during his absence, except his brother, who had gone back to Mississippi. It was in vain to tell him of the cholera; he believed that his brother had murdered them and fled; and he determined to follow him and avenge their death. Confinement alone diverted him from his purpose.

All this was magnified in the reports sent to Mississippi. They reached the missionary station, and poor Water Lily was distressed to find that no party would leave the following spring. The letters sent had never reached her, and Black Wolf had become a prey to disquiet. It was in vain to tell him his letters had not reached her. He had heard that the cholera had been at his old home, and he determined at all hazards to go back, unless Water Lily 'came with the early blossoms.' She did not come. One night sufficed to determine him; and in a light canoe he was off. Holabee regretted his departure; for he knew that his health was feeble, and that he had not half the means necessary for his support. But the Indian with his rifle and ammunition finds his living in the woods.

The coming summer proved more favorable. Large parties of emigrants arrived, and among them was the *Lost Fawn*; for such was the new name given to Water Lily. It appeared that she was not aware of the necessity of having her name enrolled as an emigrant; and when she joined the party, on the day they commenced their journey, the agent could tell nothing about her. She would give no account of herself, as she had left without the consent of her parents, or even making her intention known to the missionaries. It was evident that she was a Choctaw; she spoke the language, and was by the treaty entitled to transportation. The agent could not refuse. Her name was not known; and she, fearing that it might lead to her detention, refused to give it. Hence a name was substituted, and she became known as *The Lost Fawn*.

On their arrival at Fort Smith, the names of the whole party were looked over, and Holabee became satisfied that Water Lily was not among them. He would have remained thus ignorant, but that the removing-agent happened to tell him that one of his party, *Lost Fawn*, was not known, and that the name had been given her on the way, she being without any friends, relatives, or acquaintances in the party. Holabee did not mention his suspicion, but determined to see her, which he did the next day; and finding her to answer the description given by Black Wolf, he addressed her in the Choctaw language. After a few inquiries concerning her destination, he found that she was looking for Black Wolf's family: still she did not mention his name. Holabee was now confirmed in his suspicion.

'Water Lily, Black Wolf has gone to the missionary school to find you.'

This was too much for even Indian indifference to conceal, and for once she was surprised.

'Black Wolf will find Water Lily only where she said she would be. Her tongue is not forked.'

Holabee then told her of Black Wolf's illness, his uneasiness, and his final departure; that he was Black Wolf's friend, and would protect her until he returned, which would be as soon as he had found she had left. Water Lily looked very thoughtful; at last she said:

'No one knows what has become of Water Lily; no one can tell him. He will not know how nor where to find her. He was sick; he may be dead. He did come to us on the trail. How can I wait here? I must go back and find him.'

Holabee told her there were many trails; that Black Wolf had not taken the one by which they came; that she could not tell what one he had gone on, or on which he would return, and that they might pass each other again; that if she would go with Holabee to the agency, and assist in the new school, he would write letters to Black Wolf, which would bring him back with the party that was to come in the fall. To this she reluctantly consented; but hearing subsequently that Black Wolf had a cabin and corn-ground near the Sugar-loaf Mountain, she went there. Finding it unoccupied, she remained and planted corn, and awaited his return. Small parties were coming in daily, but nothing was heard of Black Wolf.

Time wore away, and the fall parties came; but nothing was yet heard of him. At length some scholars came from the missionary school, and Holabee learned that Black Wolf had been there, and finding that Water Lily had run off in the night, had sought her all over the nation, but could learn nothing of her. He believed that she had perished in attempting to reach him; which so affected him, that the Indians believed him to be crazy. Part of this information was sent to the Lost Fawn, and she came forthwith to Fort Smith, determined to follow him. But Holabee assured her that she would miss him, and that they would never meet unless one remained. She at last consented to go back to Black Wolf's cabin, and remain there until he arrived, or until the blossoms came again.

A long and tedious winter passed, and nothing more was heard from Black Wolf. The early spring had scarce commenced, when Holabee was roused in the night by hearing his name called aloud. His dogs were barking at some stranger's approach. He heard his name once more, accompanied with, 'Black Wolf has come again!' He called in the dogs, and invited Black Wolf to come in. But what was his astonishment! The change that had taken place in Black Wolf had left scarce a trace of his former appearance. Haggard, emaciated almost to a skeleton, the young Indian looked like an old worn-out man. But when he learned that Water Lily awaited him at his cabin, he washed the black paint from his face; his eye lighted up, and he seemed once more himself. He had mourned her dead; and according to the Indian custom, had blackened his face and hands. He could scarcely be pre-

vailed upon to lie down ; and not until Holabee agreed to take horses and start the next morning, did he consent to sleep.

The eastern horizon had scarcely been touched by the gray of morning, before Black Wolf was up ; and as soon as they could kindle a fire, he made ready their breakfast. The sun had not yet peeped out upon them, when they were on the road. Two days of fast riding were before them ; and Holabee had hard work to make his companion ride at a gait that would allow the horses to hold out ; and when they arrived within a mile of the cabin, to make him tarry until Holabee could see Lost Fawn, and tell her that Black Wolf was safe, and would soon be with her. She had just recovered from her surprise, when a sharp yell fell on their ears, and Black Wolf, with his horse at full speed, was approaching. Lost Fawn ran to meet him : he threw himself from his horse, and the next moment found them locked in each other's arms. Not a word was uttered ; both were too full to speak : their eyes met again, and again they embraced. They then approached the cabin, each extending a hand to Holabee ; Black Wolf saying in English, ' Our friend.' ' Yes,' responded Lost Fawn.

They were no sooner seated, than Black Wolf produced the half of the broken stick. Lost Fawn, by a string around her neck, drew forth from her bosom a little bag, and taking from it the other half of the stick, she placed them both in the bag together. Black Wolf then kindled a fire, in which Lost Fawn placed the bag and sticks together. When they were consumed, they once more embraced. They were man and wife ; the parted sticks could never more be separated. Such was the simple but impressive ceremony performed in the presence of the Great Spirit, to whom alone the Indian looks for approval. Lost Fawn, observing that it was not fully understood by Holabee, brought a prayer-book, opened it at the marriage ceremony, and requested him to read it for them, saying : ' We will now do as the missionaries taught us.' They stood up while Holabee read it aloud, each making the required answers : Black Wolf adding to the question, ' Do you take this woman for your wedded wife ?' ' Yes ; her, and *her only*.'

No allusion had been made to Black Wolf's parents, who were residing quite near them. Holabee suggested that he would go and let them know of Black Wolf's return. Both lovers objected, saying : ' We will see them soon ; but you must remain. We do not want to see any others for a few days : we will hunt ; and when they come, we will eat together.' Lost Fawn then busied herself with preparing them some food. Black Wolf took the horses, tied them near the cabin, and brought them provender. It was easy to see that Black Wolf's friends had done much to get around his cabin the little that Indian habits require. The necessities of life are few ; and human happiness is proportionably lessened as it acquires ideas of luxury. If ever true happiness dawned on man, it was then. Their every wish had been to meet again.

After two days' successful hunting, they made known to their friends that the cabin had its tenants. It was a happy meeting ; and when they separated, Holabee proposed to leave, but Black Wolf would not con-

sent ; 'himself and Lost Fawn would return with him to Fort Smith, to get such articles as their new home required.'

Their return to the fort gave Holabee an opportunity of seeing how strongly Indians are attached to their customs. This couple, who had shown themselves attached by the warmest affection, rode for two days without exchanging scarce a word ; Lost Fawn keeping her horse directly behind the one on which her husband rode, with all the steadiness of an ancient matron. When they had procured their few articles, and rested one night in Holabee's lodge, they left for their own, but not without again evincing their warmest gratitude for the interest he had taken in their behalf. Some three months afterward, Holabee received a full hunting-suit, elaborately ornamented by the hands of the Lost Fawn, together with a letter from Black Wolf, saying that they were now enjoying all of earthly happiness to which they had ever aspired. RORR.

LINES TO GEN. MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE sands have all been golden sparks
Which measured out the time
Since thou, brave friend ! hast been a guest
In our chilly northern clime:
The sweet and dreamy summer's sun,
That kindles half the year
The blossoms of thy prairie-land,
We cannot give thee here.

Our caves are hung with icicles,
Our mountains clad in snow ;
And the jewellery of Winter chains
The brooklet's silvery flow.
But the sunshine of thy own bright deeds
Its genial warmth imparts ;
And blossoms are surrounding thee,
From a thousand friendly hearts.

High deeds, high thoughts, enkindle still
Our northern patriot blood ;
No frost can reach its sparkling thrill,
Or check its ruby flood.
Our love will ever linger round
That bright and fragrant land,
Which owes its wealth and freedom
To thy strong and willing hand !

To a wilderness of blushing flowers
Thy sword and lute have given
High freedom, and the voice of song —
Those two best gifts of heaven.
And thou hast won the pale lone star
Its brightest golden beam,
And from our own dear home afar,
We joy to watch its gleam.

THE ST. LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER TWO.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE always been disposed to believe that our early days were intended to be our happiest. True it is, that most look back to them with pleasure, mingled with feelings half of regret, half of sadness, that they are passed. The reason of this is, that those days are free from the anxiety which mature life is sure to bring. The man, pressed down with business, loaded with care, even though his coffers are filling with wealth, looks back upon his childhood as a green spot in his existence, while all around is drear and desolate.

But if business engross him not, if he knows nothing of the drudgery of acquiring riches, but lives for his own pleasure and amusement, how soon these pall upon him! — and then he also sighs for the careless, thoughtless, happy feelings of early days, when time needed no destroyer, and the hydra-headed monster Ennui found no place of attack.

Is it a wonder that such as I have mentioned, the slave of pleasure as well as the slave of toil, look away across the dreary waste of years, and seek to recall the past? But it is too late: youth will not come back, and they have no talisman to compel it to return:

'Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis; et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.'

When I hear friends conversing together of 'good old times,' closing their conference with, 'Ah! well! those were happy days, sure enough; the happiest part of our lives, if we had but known it!' I feel persuaded that they have made but a poor use of existence. What! has God made us with such rich preparatives for true enjoyment, such noble powers of mind and sense, and yet designed us to retrograde through life? Yielding us a few questionable hours of happiness at first, to be succeeded by days of wearisome misery? It is not so! Who would be contented always with such happiness? Who does not know that it is but the pleasure of animal existence; an existence gay indeed as the bird's, and *like* the bird's, thoughtless too?

The man who wisely employs himself about things imperishable, must grow happier each succeeding day in time, and so on through the period beyond, which we call eternity. The goodness of God ordains this; the wisdom of God proclaims it.

My own childhood was peculiarly thoughtful; and the thoughtful child must of necessity be unhappy. Too young to understand the great mystery of existence, every thing in life seems strange and inexplicable. A heavy burden hangs at the heart of such, and I felt its full weight. My

greatest relief was in active exercise ; for although not addicted to the ordinary sports which children love, I was fond of exposure and fatigue ; and my constitution being very robust, I could indulge in these without any danger. Yet I was solitary, even in my associations. In hunting I took peculiar delight. At the early age of ten, I was the owner of a small gun and shooting apparatus : but I never took pleasure in scouring the country after a pack of hounds, in company with a score of noisy sportsmen, pursuing to the death a poor fox or hare. There was no excitement to me in leaping ditches, clearing hedges, or in a scamper across the plain ; but I loved to take my gun, and without even the assistance of a favorite pointer, make my way to the great forest which lay across the Avon, before the sun rose, and spend the whole day in traversing it. I was not so eager for the reward of the sportsmen neither. Many a time has the wood-cock crossed my path unscared, and often have I lowered my piece, raised against the life of the timid hare. I defy your sportsman to go out betimes into the green-wood, and catch the inhabitants just waking from their slumbers, and commence his bloody work, without some qualms of conscience against taking life so early in the day. The night however generally sent me back with a well-filled bag.

At that time the wild-cat was often to be found in the most extensive forests. This animal was in size considerably larger than the domestic cat, while its teeth and claws were tremendous. With these creatures I waged a war of extermination. This was not carried on without risk, certainly. Yet I loved the hazard, and felt no hardship in the toil.

But after all, when the excitement of the chase was over, *thought* once more was in the ascendant. My father (erroneously I believe) determined to give his children a private education, affirming that public schools and universities were alike destructive to mind, manners, and morals. So at home we were kept, and furnished with erudite teachers, who knew every thing about books and nothing about men.

I had in all this abundance to foster the unhappy feeling which burned within. Thought, how it troubled me ! — and I had so much to think about ! But beyond all, the great wonder of my life was, ‘ What life was made for ? ’ I wondered what could occupy the world. I read over the large volumes in the old library, and wondered why men should battle it with each other for the sake of power, when power lasted but so short a time. I wondered why kings who could have done so much good had done so much evil ; and I wondered why any body was so very unhappy, since death would so soon relieve us from all earthly ills. Then I felt, there was some unknown power busy within me, and which demanded a field for labor and development, but I knew not what spirit it was of. I wanted to see the world ; to busy myself in its business, and try if I could discover its fashion, for it was to me a vast mystery. I knew it was filled with human beings like unto myself, but what were they doing, and wherefore ? The *what* and the *why* troubled me, perplexed me — almost crazed me. When I came to learn something more of the world — and it was a strangely important crisis in the affairs of man — the world seemed like a mad world, and its inhabitants resolved on self-destruction. How I longed to break the shell which encased this mystery ! I felt that there was a solution to all this ; and I would have

given worlds to have discovered it. Not that I was kept so perfectly secluded; I had often accompanied my father to London; I had seen much of the outside form and fashion of the world, but I did not get into it. *I had so educated myself, that I could not.* The pageant passed ever before my eyes, but it was a pageant still. I had no friend to clear up my difficulties, for there were difficulties I never mentioned. Firm in the idea that some fearful destiny hung over me, and believing that it was connected with this general mistrust of all I saw, or read, or heard of, I kept these feelings to myself, and thus lived two lives at the same time. Had I but told my mother of all I felt and suffered, how readily might I have been relieved! Had my instructors at the first attempted to gain my confidence, and sought the reason of the premature anxiety which brooded around my young heart, even then I might have forgotten these first fearful impressions; but it was now too late. The habit was formed, and it could not undergo an easy change. Will not many who read this page exclaim: 'Would that I could rid myself of my early impressions! Would that I could overcome this fostered propensity of my youth! Too late! too late! I warn ye; for impressions are *never* effaced from the young mind; a rooted propensity *never* eradicated, beyond danger of evil. Reform may come, it is true; reason may show the folly and the sinfulness of yielding to fancied images of ill; repentance may bring forgiveness after it; and the soul be happy in the assurance; but

— ' *THESE* the action lies
In his true nature:'

and though repented of, and forgiven, there it must lie forever!

Thus I continued, until nearly my sixteenth year; when an incident occurred which gave a new direction to my life.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF the coast of Scotland, but far out into the Atlantic, lie, as all well know, the outer range of the Hebrides, a cluster of rude islands, made up of rough rocks, wild mountains, deep and unsightly vallies, while toward the ocean their rocky cliffs assume a form of peculiar grandeur. Here the Storm King holds a perpetual revel. Here the elements continue, without intermission, their incessant strife. The deceitful eddy; the fearful whirlpool; the perilous strait, are here. Here too are dark caverns, across whose entrance the waves beat continually; while the tops of the threatening cliffs are lost in gloomy clouds, and against their bases roll with its restless heaving the everlasting Sea.

These islands, although situated so near to England and Scotland, seem to have retained all the simple and homely manners of a ruder age. It is probable that the dangers of the seas, and the horrors of the fearful tempests which prevail there, were sufficient to deter any from venturing thither, unless urged by some peculiar necessity. Barren rocks and a bleak climate presented no very great inducements to the rapacity of the bucanier, or the ambition of the conqueror. Yet the

Hebrideans were by no means left undisturbed in their unenviable possessions. Each island was originally governed by its own chief. But it is related that Harold Harfinger, the *Light-haired*, in 870, pursued several petty princes, whom he had driven out of Norway, and who had taken refuge in the Hebrides, whence they made descents upon his territories. His attack was every way successful. These pirate-chiefs were all put to death, and their followers either slaughtered or dispersed. On their regaining their ancient seats, Ketil, the *Flat-nosed*, was sent by Harold with a large fleet to subdue them. This he easily effected, and then openly declared himself independent, assuming the title of Prince of the Hebrides. The islanders continued, under Ketil, to be little else than rapacious pirates.

After his death, the Kingdom of Man was formed out of them. The islands then became tributary to Norway, and were governed by princes sent from that country. They afterward shook off the yoke; or according to some, were ceded by the King of Norway to the King of Scotland, about 1263. Still the government was in the main an independent sovereignty; for the warlike chiefs who ruled there, although nominally under the Scottish crown, were too far removed from the power that might compel obedience, to regard it with much awe.

These chiefs were descended from Somerled, of Argyle, the ancestor of the great clan of the Macdonalds; and so independently did they exercise their authority, that they took upon themselves the regal title, and assumed the name, of '*The Lords of the Isles*.'

These chieftains continued without intermission, and with various success, to make furious inroads upon the main land; where, after devastating to a considerable extent, they would be driven back to their island-homes, where they would, for want of other occupation, make war upon each other. This troublesome state of things continued into the present century. For after the commotions in England and Scotland were allayed, the heads of the island-clans (to whom had been allowed an importance which they did not deserve, and which only served to foment insurrection,) broke out in rebellion. This was speedily put down. The act of 1748 for abolishing heritable jurisdictions was passed, which destroyed forever the power of these petty tyrants.

The inhabitants of the Hebrides were, at the time I last speak of, in the main fishermen, hardy and robust, from constant exposure to the vicissitudes of ocean-life. Sheep and black cattle were raised in some of the islands in considerable quantities. The soil was owned by one or more Lairds, to whom the occupant paid a small rent from its productions. But little attention was paid to its cultivation, the stirring life of the fisherman being much preferred to the quiet and less-exciting occupation of agriculture. No country nor region, of all that I had heard or read, made such a strong impression upon my imagination as the stormy Hebrides. Not from any thing peculiar in the history of their inhabitants; not from any childish fancy or association by which they were impressed upon my mind: it was simply their *natural position*; so near to all that was beautiful in scenery, yet so wild and rugged; so near to the great commercial marts of Christendom, yet so repulsive in

their aspect that no adventurous trader from foreign lands ever ventured there.

I never could think of these islands as inhabited at all, but delighted to regard them standing in gloomy grandeur, companions of the tempest and the storm; a spot where Nature might triumph over the arts and schemes and contrivances of man.

I ought, however, to mention that Aunt Alice was the first who led me to think of these islands. Whenever she indulged me with historical details, of which I was very fond, she generally made mention of them. There was evidently some secret connected therewith which she did not care to discover, and I never presumed to inquire about it.

My mother was nearly related to the noble family of the Venachoir, in Argyleshire. Some of my cousins of that family had passed a considerable portion of the sporting season at Bertold Castle, and we were all invited to visit Glencoe the following summer. As the year came round, the invitation was renewed. My brother had no relish for the visit, as he was about being called to the bar, and began to take an active part in the politics of the day. In short, he was becoming a thorough man-of-fact; such an one as society, with its irresistible and enslaving influence, makes and moulds. He was full, to be sure, of ambitious hopes and brilliant expectations, in which certainly there was little room for disappointment; but these hopes and expectations were such as belong to the man who trusts all to this world, and seeks and receives his recompense from it. Let me not do injustice to my brother. He was to me the same kind brother still. He was whole-souled and generous; but he had committed himself to a certain course. The chains of conventional form and habit were fast fettering his spirit, and the natural man was becoming the artificial slave.

A ramble in the Highlands, though attractive enough to a youth who knew nothing about law, politics, and public speeches, and cared less, was the last thing my brother would think of undertaking. It would break off his plans for present action, and interfere with his schemes. In brief, he did not wish to be brought back to the natural and romantic, having put on the stiff armor of political strife, and engaged in that restless action which belongs so peculiarly to it. He had not, be it understood, become hackneyed in the contests of the arena; all was new, exciting and alluring. His brow was unclouded; his heart beat hopefully, and his mind was as yet free from the selfish considerations which *after life* presents.

To me the invitation opened a world of enjoyment. I was always an ardent admirer of natural scenery. I yearned for some change that would serve to give a new direction to my thoughts. I longed to mix in with the world, not as an actor in its scenes, but as a student of its mysteries; to divine its various forms and phantasies, if indeed I might discover their meaning. I would fain oppose myself to its ever-shifting, endless changes, and ask how and why they occurred. The time had arrived when the MAN began to develope, and some sphere, place, opportunity, seemed absolutely necessary for natural growth. The *direction* — ah! that had been already given, and it was of the dark and sombre cast; yet I had not quite forgotten how to enjoy.

I was nearly sixteen. Our friends in Scotland were pressing in their invitations. I asked and obtained permission to pay the visit. How happy the thought of striking out into life made me! *My heart seemed fresh again!*

THE LADY ANN: A BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. BAKE.

'SHE'LL soon be here, 'The Lady ANN,'
The children cried in glee;
'She always comes a' four o'clock,
And now it's striking three.'

At stroke of four the lady came,
A lady young and fair;
And she sat and gazed adown the road,
With a long and eager stare.

'The mail! the mail!' the idlers cried,
At sight of a coach-and-four;
'The mail! the mail!' and at the word,
The coach was at the door.

Up sprang in haste the Lady ANN,
And mark'd with anxious eye
The travellers, who, one by one,
Were slowly passing by.

'Alack! alack!' the lady cried,
'He surely named to-day;
He'll come to-morrow, then,' she sigh'd,
And turning, strolled away.

'Tis passing odd, upon my word,'
The landlord now began;
'A strange romance! — that woman, Sirs,
Is called, 'The Lady ANN.'

'She dwells hard by, upon the hill,
The widow of Sir JOHN,
Who died abroad, come August next,
Just seven years ago.

'A hearty neighbor, Sirs, was he,
A bold, true-hearted man;
And a fonder pair were seldom seen,
Than he and Lady ANN.

'They scarce had been a twelvemonth wed,
When — ill betide the day! —
Sir JOHN was call'd to go in haste
Some hundred miles away.

'Ne'er lovers in the fairy tales
A truer love could boast;
And many were the gentle words
That came and went by post.

'A month or more had pass'd away,
When by the post came down
The joyous news that, such a day,
Sir JOHN would be in town.

'Full gleesome was the Lady ANN
To read the welcome word,
And promptly at the hour she came,
To meet her wedded lord.

'Alas! alas! he came not back!
There only came instead
A mournful message by the post,
That good Sir JOHN was dead!

'One piercing shriek, and Lady ANN
Had swooned upon the floor;
Good Sirs, it was a fearful grief
That gentle lady bore!

'We raised her up; her ebbing life
Began again to dawn;
She mutter'd wildly to herself —
'T was plain her wits were gone.

'A strange forgetfulness came o'er
Her sad bewildered mind,
And to the grief which drove her mad
Her memory was blind!

'Ah! since that hour she little wots
Full seven years are fled;
She little wots, poor Lady ANN!
Her wedded lord is dead.

'But each returning day she deems
The day he fixed to come;
And ever at the wonted hour
She's here to greet him home.

'And when the coach is at the door,
She marks with eager eye
The travellers, as one by one
They're slowly passing by.

'Alack!' she cries, in plaintive tone,
'He surely named to-day!
He'll come to-morrow, then,' she sighs,
And turning, strolls away.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

DISCOURSE ON THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS. Delivered at the Tabernacle, New-York, by M. NOAH. pp. 56. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS discourse attracted large and attentive audiences, on two occasions, in one of the largest of our public halls; and its publication will extend the interest which was felt in its arguments and hypotheses. However these may be regarded, the reader will do the writer the justice to admit, that his performance is characterized by force and elegance of language, and in portions, by fervent and natural eloquence. Some of the passages of Holy Writ, upon which our friend animadverted, we cannot but regard as somewhat tortured from their original meaning, to enforce the orator's peculiar views. We must be permitted, for example, respectfully to doubt whether ISAIAH referred especially to the United States, in his exclamation, 'Ho! (not 'wo') to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia!' A friend at our elbow suggests that it would be easier to prove that the prophet referred to *Texas*; for that when, in process of time, that country shall be covered with slaves, the term '*shadowing*' will need little explanation. We are struck with the feeling and fervor of the following passage, touching the history and character of God's 'covenant people:'

'THEY are worthy of your love, your confidence, and respect. Is it nothing to have had such fathers and founders of their faith as ABRAHAM, ISAAC, and JACOB; such mothers as SARAH and REBECCA, LEAH and RACHEL; such illustrious women as MIRIAM and DEBORAH, RUTH and ESTHER? Is it nothing to have been deemed worthy by the ALMIGHTY to have had a path made for them through the waste of waters; to have been led to Sinai, and there received the precious and Divine gift of that law which we all revere and hold sacred at this day? Is it nothing to have erected the Temple of Jerusalem, where the priesthood and Levites presented their votive and expiatory offerings to the MOST HIGH? Is it nothing, my friends, to have outlived all the nations of the earth, and to have survived all who sought to ruin and destroy us? Where are those who fought at Marathon, Salamis and Platea? Where are the generals of ALEXANDER, the mighty myriads of XERXES? Where are the bones of those which once whitened the plains of Troy? We only hear of them in the pages of history. But if you ask, Where are the descendants of the million of brave souls who fell under the triple walls of Jerusalem? where are the subjects of DAVID, and SOLOMON, and the brethren of JESUS? I answer, Here! Here we are—miraculously preserved—the pure and unmix'd blood of the Hebrews, having the Law for our light, and God for our REDEEMER. . . . If you have wronged ISRAEL, it has arisen only from the prejudices of early education. Dismiss such feelings; be better acquainted with the Jew, and learn to estimate his virtues. See him in the bosom of his family, the best of fathers, and the truest of friends. See children dutiful, affectionate, and devotedly attached, supporting their parents with pride and exultation. See wives the most faithful, mothers the most devoted. Go with me into the haunts of misery, where the daughters of misfortune walk the streets of this great city, and see if among them all you find *one* Jewess. Come with me to the prisons, where crime riots and vice abounds, and examine whether a Jew is the tenant of a dungeon. Go into your almshouses, and ascertain how many Jews are recipients of your bounty. Call to mind, therefore, whenever a feeling of prejudice is found lurking about your hearts, against the chosen people, how much the world is indebted to the Jews. When you read the sublime Mosaic records, and see in them the wisdom and providence, the power and forgiving kindness, the confidence and affection of the ALMIGHTY, call to mind that MOSES was a Jew. Whenever you pour out your hearts in devotion with the inspired Psalmist, and your whole soul is rapt in delight and devotion in dwelling upon his divine muse, remember also that DAVID was a Jew. Whenever that mighty prophet, whose poetic soul was warmed by an ethereal fire, and who bears you on the wings of hope and exultation, of joy and rapture, remember that ISAAH was a Jew. But do not confine yourselves to the great army

of kings and prophets of the Bible. Go to your own New Testament, and ask whether the Gentiles have ever had such evangelists as Judah furnished: and yet PAUL, the mighty man of mind, of faith, and fervor, was a Jew, 'a Hebrew of Hebrews.'

We commend this discourse to the attention of our readers; being well assured that they will find in it ample reward for a heedful perusal. It is exceedingly well printed, and illustrated by an excellent map of the Land of ISRAEL.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, at its Fortieth Anniversary, 20th November, 1844: By JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Esq., Historical Agent of the State of New-York, to Holland, England, and France: With an account of the subsequent Proceedings at the Dinner given in the Evening. pp. 107. New-York: VAN NORDEN: Press of the HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

WE have perused many a pamphlet of much greater bulk, which had not a moiety of the value of the slender one before us. The New-York Historical Society has been long known as one of the most important of the institutions which do honor to this city; and its activity, even from its first organization, is among the commendable circumstances deserving of notice in its behalf. Its large, curious, and rare collections of books, tracts, and manuscripts on American affairs; its printed volumes, and its general proceedings, have served to bring to light many remarkable historical facts, which without its agency must have been wholly lost; and the devotion of its members to the direct purposes for which it was established has enhanced the general desire that legislative provision might be still farther extended toward it, the better to secure the great objects contemplated by its original founders. To the pamphlet before us we would right gladly devote many of our pages. The discourse of the intelligent agent, Mr. BRODHEAD, deserves to be widely diffused; inasmuch as the example which it presents of the advantages which might accrue to the States generally, and particularly the original 'Old Thirteen,' would not fail to incite the people, in their legislative capacity, to the adoption of measures to secure, while yet within their power, the original documents on our colonial condition, (still accessible, we believe, to proper application,) in order that the true story of our country's rights and wrongs might be thoroughly understood. We trust that none of the Old Thirteen, after they shall have read Mr. BRODHEAD's Address, will fail to urge the like service in behalf of true knowledge. Indeed, we believe that even before the embassy of the New-York agent, something of the sort had been accomplished by one or two other members of the confederacy; but Mr. BRODHEAD's labors awaken in us new desires that an undertaking for the same laudable ends may be adopted by all.

The festival-proceedings of the extra-meeting of the Society, which followed the delivery of the Historical Agent's discourse, embrace many matters which have a tendency, more or less direct, to illustrate historical truths. The delegates who convened by invitation on the occasion, came mostly from the eastern section of the Union; although Pennsylvania was ably represented by W. B. REED, Esq., whose speech is among the very best we find recorded. Vice-President LAWRENCE, who has long taken an interest in the affairs of the Society, favored the association with appropriate introductory remarks; and the brief observations of Mr. BRADISH called forth the venerable JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in reply; who, on this as on every other occasion in which he is summoned to appear, discharged his duty with equal force and felicity. The laudatory strains of Mr. B. F. BUTLER found, as we have remarked, an able respondent in Mr. REED. Our estimable fellow-citizen, Mr. HONE, so well known for his zealous efforts in behalf of the Clinton Hall Association, paid a becoming tribute to the memory of the antiquarian, ISAIAH THOMAS, which was acknowledged by Mr. BURNSIDE, a delegate of the American Antiquarian Society. Chief Justice JONES paid due homage to Connecticut, to which her historical representative, Hon. THOMAS DAY, briefly responded. A few words from JOSEPH BLUNT, Esq., called forth the Hon. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, of Massachusetts, touching several historical events con-

nected with that patriotic State. The Georgia Historical Society found an able representative in JOHN JAY, Esq., who was brought forward by the few pertinent remarks of Hon. W. W. CAMPBELL. The several addresses of Mr. GERARD, Mr. OGDEN, and Mr. HOFFMAN were in excellent taste, and most approvingly received. We were well pleased to remark that Prof. MASON, of the New-York University, arrested the 'speechifying' in season to prevent the celebration passing off, to use his expression, 'as a real down-east affair;' every topic that had been started seeming to wake up a New-England spirit, and to draw its illustrations from that quarter. 'We cannot deny,' said Mr. MASON, 'that most of us are descended from the Yankees, or are somewhat allied to them, or dependent on them; but then we must remember what our own veracious and eloquent historian has recorded concerning us; namely, that when our Father JONATHAN came to settle in New-York, and found the Yankee name unpopular, he turned Dutchman, that is, he married a burgher's daughter. For the honor of our mothers, then, we must begin to draw a line, and claim for New-York the labors and the honors of all our converted and adopted Dutchmen. Therefore, in behalf of the committee, I now call on that Dutch-looking gentleman, on the opposite side of the hall, though a native of this metropolis, to lay down his pipe, close his meditations, and speak something for the honor of the New-York Historical Society.'

The 'Dutch-looking gentleman' thus called upon was our (and the public's) old friend, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, whose faithful 'counterfeit presentment' is herewith placed before the reader:



Considering the date, extent, and variety of his *experiences*, the DOCTOR was precisely the person to give his beloved metropolis, and her distinguished citizens of the olden time, their proper position among the honored names brought forward on the occasion. The DOCTOR's remarks, which for the honor of the KNICKERBOCKER City, and its 'ancient men of mark,' we copy entire, will show how felicitously he performed his 'labor of love:'

'I HAVE been so recently *Polked*, that I feel hardly able to say any thing, however memorable the occasion for which the Society is convened. But my case confirms the illustrious Baron HALLER's view of life: his theory was, that there was within it a combination of two forces: the nervous power, and a *vis insita*. My nervous power is completely exhausted; I have a little of the *vis insita* left. The elaborate discourse which I have heard this afternoon from the State Delegate Mr. BRADHEAD, has, however, proved so agreeable to my feelings, that aided by its influence I

am enabled to say a few words. I am satisfied that no individual could have performed the arduous and responsible duties assigned him better, if so well. The mission was intrusted to a gentleman who has discharged the trust in a way no less honorable to himself than confirmatory of the sound judgment of the distinguished Governor of the State by whom he was chosen.

'From long association with the Historical Society of New-York, I might at this time be justified in dwelling at some length on its early history; but in so doing, I fear I should trespass too long on your indulgence. I however may remark, that the Society took its rise and was incorporated at a period in our political history of great excitement through the whole country. The administration of JEFFERSON is recognized by all as an important era in our nation's annals. New measures and new men; personal prejudices, old attachments, novel theories; these, and a thousand other circumstances, exercised the judgment and the political asperities of the people of that day, to an inconceivable extent. Now it was, that the sacred expositor of the pulpit adverted with unbecoming latitude to the crisis in the times: here we had one who craved attention to the direful calamity which threatened us, when, the better to secure ourselves from the poison of infidelity and TOM PAINE, it behooved the believer to secure his Bible somewhat after the manner of old Dr. FRANKLIN's mother, lest the Book of Life should be blotted out: there, on the opposite side, was another, who told us that a republican population were not to be admonished by the precepts of a volume which had been ordered to be read in churches by *His Majesty's special command*: while a third in stentorian accents would close his clerical service with the fervent hope that the Goddess of Liberty, seated on Alpine heights, might ever watch over the destinies of the land favored by such a ruler as JEFFERSON, whose administration was emphatically declared the genuine essence of rational freedom, and whose excellence, both of head and heart, as the preacher most vehemently averred, was *far superior to that of either of his predecessors*.

'Most unquestionably these several views of the policy of a republican government, sustained by different individuals in different walks of life, awakened new desires, among all, the better to understand the story of our country's wrongs and the war of the revolution: added to which the State of New-York had noble facts in her trials for freedom, in her Indian warfares, in the incidents connected with the occurrences of the Stamp Act, and the Sons of Liberty; and in the elaborate discussions on the adoption of the Constitution. Beside all this, our city boasted as residents among us, of the venerable Chancellor LIVINGSTON, the inflexible GEORGE CLINTON, RUFUS KING, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, C. D. GOLDEN, her HAMILTON and JAY.

'Surrounded by materials of this nature; observing how liable the most important public occurrences were to misrepresentation, and that our posterity would look in vain for a true record unless the preservative power of an Historical Confederacy should be summoned in its behalf, like unto that which had for years signalized glorious Massachusetts, New-York determined to adopt like measures for the same great end; and a body of the distinguished men of forty years ago convened together in the Hall of that edifice where WASHINGTON was installed President of the United States, and TOWNSEND's great National Portraits ornamented its walls, and laid the foundation of this admirable Institution. Its incorporation by the legislature soon followed, and the bounty of the State to some extent was secured for its perpetuity.

'The history of our library is a curious one. Donations were at first our principal means of accumulation, and not a few of the most valuable works which it now possesses were of the number at that time. In 1812, when the war was declared, the entire collection of books and manuscripts was so inconsiderable, that one or two cart-loads were all that we had to transfer from one place of safety to another, apprehensive that by invasion the enemy might possess the city. Shortly after this period we purchased the rare and valuable treasures of the late Rev. TIMOTHY ALDEN, which embraced no small portion of the rarest productions of the press, the Plymouth Rock disquisitions and contiguous geography, Boston News Letter, AMES' Almanacs, the Magnalia, and other works of like interest to the American antiquary. We thought we were doing service to the mental progress of the country in bringing together as in a focus the offspring of its authors, however widely scattered, or on whatever topic the intellectual acumen of our countrymen might be expended. Hence the library was then swelled, in amount at least, by the Spelling-Books, and Arithmetics, and Monitors, and School-master's Assistants; and the catalogue of all things pronounced literary purposely designed to teach the young idea how to shoot. The religious literature thus grouped together for the same purpose abounded in sermons, tracts on baptism, and church government, polemical disquisitions, on divers topics, and in narratives of Indian conversions, and the progress of the missionaries. We justly boasted of the discourse of the Elder GOOKIN. Hymn-Books for the better devotion of the various sects of theology were not overlooked; it was argued that they threw light on the advancement of religious belief; and while LOW, SEARSON, and HONEYWOOD, (for at that time we had no BAYANT, nor HALLECK, nor HOFFMAN, nor WILLIS, nor WETMORE, nor MORRIS,) found a place among American bards, the improved translation of DAVID's Psalms, by JOEL BARLOW of Connecticut, could not be rejected. This sturdy democrat, who had long ago chaunted, in no mean accents, the 'Conspiracy of Kings,' was found hardy enough to attempt a republican version of the divine emanation of the Royal Psalmist, the better to rear up the fabric of his country's greatness. How well he excelled in his patriotic efforts, may be judged by a stanza:

'How glorious is our President
Who rules above the sky!
The people all, with one consent,
Avow his majesty.'

'At this early day of the Library many works of high importance, and now extremely rare, were obtained, on the history of the American revolution. We are quite ample on that prolific subject. Of the vast number of travellers through the country, from its earliest period down to the time of JANSSEN, and BULOW, PARKINSON and PRIEST, a very great collection was made; and if we abound in the productions of such libellous itinerants, it may be permitted to add, that we have also within our cases the sterling productions of the Jesuits and other old observers; PURCHAS' Pilgrim, the Baron HUMBOLDT, and numerous other precious works of a like nature.

'In works of American science and in the happier productions of American literature we gathered

much for the future investigator. Topographical works on numerous districts of the country may be found recorded in the catalogue: and among the books we thought necessary for a library collection, were the histories of our Colleges, and the elementary treatises issued by their respective professors. We were not backward in adding to the number the Lectures on Rhetoric by the venerable man who now honors our meeting, the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. The first Sermon preached in America; the first Medical Treatise on the American method of practice; the first inaugural Dissertation for the M. D., in our colleges: with innumerable others of such rarities are safely deposited with us. ADRIAN VANDERDONK, and MEGALOPOLIS, found ready admittance within our walls: the first a great lawyer and naturalist; the second an eminent divine and doctor of physic; and the head of the old Dutch and German doctors whose dynasty terminated with the life of the venerable Dr. GEORGE ANTHON.

It deserves to be stated that our voluminous Congressional Documents and State Papers are not equalled by any collection elsewhere deposited. The State owes to our energies the ability of completing the publication of the important Journals of the Legislative proceedings of New-York during an eventful period of the revolutionary contest.

In early periodical literature, none need say the library is barren. Whether in Magazines and Journals of a monthly issue, or in the class of publications denominated newspapers, our materials are so copious that scarcely an association in the land can bear competition with us. BRADFORD'S Weekly Gazette, and ZENGER'S Weekly Journal, RIVINGTON'S Royal Gazette, and the old Daily Advertiser, FRANKLIN'S Time-Piece, etc., are conspicuous as the most important for historical research. The newspaper press is endeared to the feelings of Americans by the strongest considerations of patriotism. FRANKLIN, the Apostle of Liberty, more than a century ago published in a newspaper animadversions on the legislative enactments of Great Britain relative to the colonies. The free strictures on the administration of Governor CROSBY and his council printed in the Weekly Journal of the city of New-York, by JOHN PETER ZENGER, roused the energies of a whole people; and to use the language of Gouverneur MORRIS in a conversation with the speaker, 'the trial of ZENGER in 1735, was the germ of American freedom; the morning star of that liberty which subsequently revolutionized America.' 'Common Sense' first appeared in the columns of a newspaper during the days of peril that tried men's souls, and the philosophical exposition and defence of the Constitution and the Union, which HAMILTON, and JAY, and MADISON published under the title of *The Federalist*, was first submitted to the people through the pages of a Gazette.

In fine, let the labors of the original promoters of this Society be considered with the successful results of the active intelligence which has controlled its destinies for a number of years past, and the conviction will prove abiding, that our present collections are worthy of consultation by the highest minds in the land when accuracy of information and curious knowledge are demanded by the American historian. Such was the opinion of that eminent individual whose zeal, talents, and impartiality in historical literature have secured to him the lasting gratitude of his countrymen: I allude to JARED SPARKS, the biographer of WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN. Indeed, I am almost daring enough to conjecture that even our intellectual Colossus, DANIEL WEBSTER, might augment in dimensions by a survey of our recondite treasures.

Were I not admonished by the lateness of the hour and too powerfully impressed with the assemblage of intellect which honors this evening's repast, I might enlarge on some of the more prominent individual characteristics of those who, whilst living among us, most honored our association, and whose final departure we have so often been called upon to record. A few words must suffice.

The first meeting of the Society, which was convened to celebrate its successful organization, took place upon the delivery of Dr. MILLER's discourse on the fourth of September, 1808. The address of that distinguished and now sole surviving original member of our Society, with the exception of WILLIAM JOHNSON, LL. D., embraced an important historical disquisition on the discovery of New-York by HENRY HUDSON. At that celebration, which was in intellectual display second only to that assembled at the present festivity, were to be seen the venerable EGBERT BENSON, our first President, whose remarkable essay on Indian names deserved a better fate than it met with; SAMUEL and EDWARD MILLER, the former still surviving in mental vigor, and known to both worlds for his 'Brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century'; the latter long since dead, but eminent in our medical annals as an elegant writer and medical historian; Dr. DAVID HOSACK, the great physician and teacher, who departed this life in 1835, an original member of the Society from its first meeting, for several years its President, and historically known as the faithful narrator of the Canal Policy of this State, and the biographer of DEWITT CLINTON. Dr. HUGH WILLIAMSON, long since dead, the associate of FRANKLIN and the Historian of North Carolina, a stern patriot in perilous times, and who comes swiftly to our memories by many peculiarities, and by his ample series of cocked hats, so well preserved and so strikingly calculated by their distinctive formations to mark the several periods of that manufacture during our revolutionary struggle. Nor were the men of a sacred order indifferent to our first efforts, or in any wise reluctant to aid by their counsel and talents. I will only mention the sedate and learned Bishop MOORE of the Episcopal Church, and JOHN M. MASON, the thunderbolt of pulpit oratory; with Doctors JOHN H. LIVINGSTON and JOHN RODGERS, the venerable Pastors of the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian Churches of this city: men who, equally by purity of life, decision of character, and the formidable dimensions of their respective DONDAIDOT wigs, commanded the respect of the good, and challenged the homage of all. You have lately adopted becoming resolutions concerning the late JOHN FINTARD: to him is fully due the merit of being the most prominent of all individuals in founding this Association, on which for many years he continued to bestow his personal labors and lavish his pecuniary means.

With your kind indulgence I will call to mind one other of our early associates, not long ago active among us, and whom many now present may remember for his unaffected simplicity and uniform urbanity, his various and extensive knowledge and his American feeling. Few among our original members were more in earnest to countenance this institution than the learned Doctor SAMUEL L. MITCHELL. Its objects he regarded of national importance, and with the same impulse which urged him to suggest to his countrymen a new name for the land of their birth, did his patriotism enjoin upon him, whether in the hall of legislation or in the retirement of the nursery, to inculcate the value of a distinctive appellation for the American Confederacy, and the numerous benefits which must follow from a thorough acquaintance, by the people, with the natural history and resources, the geo-

litical and social institutions of the Empire State and of the American Union. You have not yet published the correspondence filed with your ass. which occurred between Dr. MITCHELL and the late Chancellor LIVINGSTON, touching the merits of his doctrine of Septon. You are aware that the Doctor maintained that the cause of pestilence was the influence which that invisible agent exercised on human beings. As his theory was an acid, it was, of course, to be subdued by an alkali, and the facetious Chancellor tells the Doctor that he had earned in the cause of humanity ~~for~~ the perpetuity of his own great renown, a monument of hard soap from the soap boilers! You have now a philosophical reason why the goodly fathers of New-York tolerate, with so much indifference, so many noxious operations in our city, and so many local sources of distemper among us, without ever exercising a deterrent influence for their mitigation: they are alkaliescent, and by chemical laws, in due time, they neutralize the formidable Python: But genius will have its vagaries. If closest study led Dr. MITCHELL to philosophize on the cis-Atlantic world as the older of the two, and to place the Garden of Eden in Onondaga-Hollow, charity may tolerate this wondrous capability of his organ of credulity, and find a recompense in the consideration that he contended for the unity of the human species; that he cherished the Red Man of his country as a brother, and that a beneficent theology pervaded all his instruction, whether descending on Niagara's Flood and the Oratory of REX JACKET, or unfolding the hidden mysteries of the Cryptogamia and the osteology of the Megalonyx. Dr. MITCHELL deserves our lasting thanks for his numerous papers on Physical Science, and his Historical Discourse on the Botanical Writers of America. I think I knew him well by many years of collegiate toil with him in the same school of medicine: MITCHELL was to the back-bone American.

I must reserve for another occasion a notice of the important part which the Hon. GOVERNOR MORRIS and the late DEWITT CLINTON took in advancing the interests of this Society; and I would make a like apology, the want of time, for not bringing vividly before you some notice of the acts in our behalf of the late ANTHONY BLEEKER, and of ROBERT FULTON, of our still active and learned associate, the Hon. G. C. VERPLANCK, and of our American BLACKSTONE, Chancellor KENT.

I need hardly add to these hasty reminiscences of my native New-York, that the stewards of our early days, like the same invaluable officers of the present festival, were in no wise behind hand in making the most ample provision for the corporeal support and mental recreation of their enlightened guests. Then, as now, our tables largely displayed the bounties of a beneficent Providence; the sanative influence of our circulating medium was neither endangered by false acceptances, nor impaired by over-issues; while Hygeia at that time, like our honored guest the Mayor HAARLEM at the present, discharged her wonted trusts in admonitory plenitude. Our patriotism was invigorated by 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yakkee Doodle.' But the advantage in this respect is vastly yours to-day. At that period in the divine art, we had little acquaintance with Italian music: the monad which evolved OLE BULL had scarcely then assumed a formative process; ROSSINI had not yet ravished the world; the sublime strains of the Opera had not yet resounded on our shores; and 'Lucy Long' and 'Old Dan Tucker' had not appeared among us.

But a moment longer. If a tolerable memory serves me, our Ganymede on the festive occasion which I have dwelt upon was old CHRISTOPHER COLLES. He was by birth an Irishman, and losing his parents when an infant, was brought up by the renowned POCOCK, the Orientalist. He was disciplined in classic learning, and well versed in mathematical science. He emigrated to this country sometime before the close of the war of the revolution. Modest and unassuming in his character, and no special business presenting him an opportunity of profitable employment, he devoted what portion of his time he could to land-surveying, in different parts of this state and elsewhere. He published the first book of roads through the country about 1789, and lectured in different schools on mathematics and electricity. Were I to chronicle him in the progress of science in America, he should be specified as the first person who in this country gave public instruction on the fancies and the facts of magnetism. He was also the first individual who caught the idea of supplying the city of New-York with pure spring water from a remote source, and the Bronx he conceived the best origin for that purpose. My old friend CHARLES KING might have said more of him in his valuable memoir of the 'Aqueduct.'

Through life, COLLES struggled with adverse forces, to the time of his death in 1831, at the advanced age of eighty-four years and upward. JOHN PINTARD and myself had the honor to be his only mourners at the grave. He lies in the Episcopal Church-yard in Hudson-street; but no mark designates the spot. The poor old man rarely experienced the enjoyments of life, and was often without its smallest necessities. For many years his telescope and microscope supported him by the casual pittance of a six-cent piece for a look at Venus, or the circulation through the web of a frog's foot. What a contrast in condition of life was COLLES in New-York, with his old master, the affluent DOLLAND of London, with whom he had worked at acromatic lenses! Yet his pressing necessities were often relieved by the bounty of JOHN PINTARD; and I, in my way, *pro re nata*, administered him an occasional dose. When oppressed with inward sorrows he read EULER and MACLAURIN, and summoned his idealism in calculating the safest means to sustain a Bank Currency. COLLES cherished the doctrine of signs, which he derived, I believe, from his acquaintance with CULFEFFER. He was wont to say that a disastrous star presided at his birth, and that if he had been brought up to the trade of a hatter, the people would have come into the world without heads. Thus much of COLLES: and thus much was assuredly due to the memory of the man whose investigations more than half a century ago subsequently led to the erection of that vast national undertaking, the Croton Water Works. Let me, Gentlemen, in conclusion, give you a sentiment:

THE STATE OF NEW-YORK: *Worthy of an Historical Society.*

The metropolitan reader will agree with us, that for variety of topics, for voluminous facts and matter-full hints, this unpremeditated speech is equally remarkable and characteristic. The well-printed pamphlet from which it is taken demands perusal at the hands of every New-Yorker.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, JANUARY 7, 1845. By JAMES J. MAPES, President. Institute-Rooms: Published by order of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

INAUGURALS, on kindred occasions with that which elicited the one before us, are great *boreds* oftentimes; wherein vague generalities and voluminous statistics are piled toweringly up, like Pelion on Ossa, to the utter inexplication of the hearer, and to the great confusion of the reader. But President MAPES is not one of the class of 'inaugural' speakers to whom we refer. He 'touches nothing which he does not ornament.' We never knew him at a loss on any, the most intricate theme which could be brought before him, connected with practical science, or the useful and elegant arts. It is remarkable, too, that this variety of information, as contained and revolved in his mind, has nothing of a *conflicting* character. Each subject comes when it is called, and, without hesitation or delay, does the bidding of its *master*. We are glad to be made aware, through this pamphlet, of the increasing facilities of the Mechanics' Institute. An evening school for the arts of design, as applied to the mechanic arts; conversation-meetings, for the purpose of mutual instruction; a class in mathematics, as adapted to the mechanic arts; a course of lectures on chemistry; and a most flourishing day-school, are among the gratifying evidences of the continued progress of this useful and popular institution. Mr. MAPES' condensed and forcible argument in exposition of the importance of the arts of design to the mechanic arts, and the various local illustrations which he gives of that importance, deserve a wide diffusion. The same remarks will apply, and with equal justice, to the President's observations upon the great advantages to be derived from the study of the mathematics, which are enforced by several illustrative examples and anecdotes, that bring the subject home to the comprehension of all readers. The true dignity and comparative station of the mechanic in the community are well set forth and enforced; and we derived much pleasure in the perusal of the writer's ample and very various illustrations of the scope and tendency of natural philosophy and natural history. There is no affectation of elaborate, *exclamatory* enforcement of the value of these studies; but a sort of running commentary upon the benefits which they present; now startling, now amusing, and always entertaining.

VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION. In one volume. pp. 291. New York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE believe the author of this volume to be correct in his assumption that it is the first actual attempt that has yet been made to connect the natural sciences into a history of creation. Still, we think we can discover *traces* in the 'Vestiges' of some very old philosophy—quite as ancient as ANAXAGORAS. We do not therefore give the author credit for *all* the originality he claims, however much he may felicitate himself on this score. He asserts his purpose in the composition of his book to have been, to give the true view of the history of nature, with as little disturbance as possible to existing beliefs, whether philosophical or religious. 'Let the reconciliation of whatever is true in my views,' he remarks, 'with whatever is true in other systems, come about in the fulness of calm and careful inquiry.' New philosophic doctrines, he adds, are apt to appear very different after we have become somewhat familiar with them. Geology, at first, seemed inconsistent with the authority of the Mosaic record, and a storm of indignation arose against its teachers. In time, however, its truths, being found quite irresistible, are admitted, and yet mankind continue to regard the Scriptures with the same reverence as before. It is argued, therefore, that the only objection that can be made on such a ground to the book before us, is, that it brings forward some new hypotheses, at first sight, like geology, not in perfect harmony with that record. We shall have more to say hereafter of this and other 'arguments' of the work.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GENERAL HAMILTON AND COLONEL BURR.—Our thanks are due, and cordially tendered, to the correspondent from whom we derive the subjoined interesting communication: 'I send you,' he writes, 'an original anecdote of General HAMILTON and Colonel BURR, which you may rely upon as authentic. It was related to a party of gentlemen, of whom I was one, by the late Judge ROWAN, of Kentucky, in his life-time at different periods a distinguished member of both houses of Congress, from that State; and celebrated in the western country as the first criminal lawyer of his day—not even excepting Mr. CLAY himself. At the time of the relation, in the winter of 1840, he had passed his eightieth year, but he had retained his eminent colloquial faculties unimpaired; and he told the story with an emphasis and manner peculiarly his own. He remarked, that he had retained in his memory the exact words of the parties, and that he was the only living recipient of them. But four persons, up to that moment, had ever had cognizance of the circumstance; these were, General HAMILTON, Colonel BURR, their mutual friend, General D . . . , and himself. He had his information from General D . . . , and he was pledged to secrecy during his life-time. The injunction of secrecy was now removed, by the recent death of his friend, and he felt at liberty to speak. He had been silent for forty years; he was a young man when he heard the anecdote; he was an old man now, when proposing to relate it for the first time. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'this one circumstance filled up, in my mind, the outlines of the character of these two celebrated men; I want no other history of them. You may write ponderous tomes, eulogistic of the one and denunciatory of the other; but I have a *fact* in my head, and it is the centre of my opinion. Colonel BURR, when arraigned for trial, did me the very great honor to invite me to become his counsel and advocate, but I remembered the *fact*, and refused.

'It was at that period in our history when the Confederation, having cast off the iron hoop of war, seemed to have no other bond of strength. Men's minds were unsettled; there was no gravitation of principle; no unity of purpose; no centre of motion. Patriotism had expended its enthusiasm; liberty had lost its vitality, and forbearance its subordination. BURR believed that the staggering elements would fall in confusion, writhe for a season in anarchy, and emerge in monarchy. He believed that the fermentation, *if allowed to take its course*, would froth and effervesce, and rectify by crystalizing, the desire to put WASHINGTON on the throne. He thought, however, that there was a shorter way to 'stability,' by intrigue; by the conjuration of adverse influences; a way less sinuous to his own advancement. He believed that there was no man without his price, while his acute discernment told him that HAMILTON's was a character which even his own partizans would turn to in despair, and prefer it to his, in testing an experiment or trying a theory. He had a proposition to make to General HAMILTON: it was patriotic or it was traitorous; it was full of meaning, overreaching the words, balancing the ambiguity nicely, but so ing enough to find the weakness, had it existed. He knew . . . be understood being committed; answered, without being betrayed . . . reason in'

was in the occasion, the manner, the words, if you please; and yet it was no where, if he chose to disclaim it! He had a proposition to make, but he would not write it down! Mark the man; he could not be prevailed on to put it upon paper. He gave his friend the words, and the emphasis, and made him repeat both, until they told right to his own ear. These were the exact terms:

“Colonel BURE presents his compliments to General HAMILTON: Will General H. seize the present opportunity to give a *stable* government to his country, and *provide for his friends*?”

“General HAMILTON did not hesitate a moment: this was his answer:

“General HAMILTON presents, in return, his compliments to Colonel BURE: Colonel B. thinks General H. ambitious: he is right; General H. is one of the most ambitious of men; but his *whole* ambition is to deserve well of his country.”

“There is an answer,” continued the narrator, “which would have deified a Roman; there is the *first* of the offences which he expiated at Weehawken.”

THE PAYMENT OF THE INTEREST. — ‘Base is the slave who pays,’ was the sentiment of ancient PISTOL. But this PISTOL was an immoral man. He was not respectable; he knew nothing of good society: and it was most surprising that so respectable a State as Pennsylvania should have adopted his axiom. But she has repented; she finds it will not do: she begins to pay, and she may be forgiven. It is held, however, a special requirement of the penitent that he should feel his error; or, as the Italian adage has it:

‘CHE non conosce haver’ errato
Non merita che gli sia perdonato.’

The mention of PISTOL naturally introduces the subject of artillery, and reminds us of another passage in the history of this payment; we mean the gun-firing. Mr. DICKENS, speaking in the words of MARK TAPLEY, uttered not long ago the following ratiocination, displeasing to many, with regard to the repudiating portion of this republic:

“TAKE notice of my words, Sir. If ever the defaulting part of this here country pays its debts, along of finding that not paying ‘em won’t do, in a commercial p’int of view, you see, and is inconvenient in its consequences, they ‘ll take such a shine out of it, and make such bragging speeches, that a man might suppose no borrowed money had ever been paid afore, since the world was first begun. That’s the way they gammon each other, Sir. Bless you, I know ‘em: take notice of my words, now!”

We have taken notice of Mr. DICKENS’s prophecy, and must admit his claim, however unwillingly, to the appellation (so much affected by affected writers) of *seer* or *soothsayer*. Whatever witchcraft he may have used, whether by maggot-pies or choughs or rooks, he has practised his divinations; he has certainly proved himself an augur. All over the country, the newspapers have been congratulating themselves and the community that Pennsylvania, pious Pennsylvania! honest Pennsylvania! has at last concluded to begin to pay ‘the interest.’

On this glorious occasion the Philadelphia journals tell us that a grand national salute of one hundred guns was fired. As on that morn when Independence was declared, hearts thrilled, cheeks glowed, legs strutted, and the eyes of men in Chestnut-street flashed and sparkled, as they met in unison with the flashing of those eloquent guns! Oh! that SYDNEY SMITH could have heard, over the echoless waters, those rejoicing cannons! Oh that their dread clamors might have shook Saint Paul’s!

‘Oh for a blast of that great gun
Which Captain STOCKTON made in fun!’

that it might have out-bellowed Boreas on the stormy deep, and told the sassy British,

'We shall pay you!' Henceforth, take note, ye cockneys! Islanders all, from Guernsey to John o' Groat's! hear, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this great fact — Pennsylvania pays!

But yet, great as are the virtues of gunpowder upon fit occasion, perhaps in this case it had better been let to lie quietly in the modest concealment of its canister. Country wives find it sometimes of great service in overpowering a mephitic; say from a dead rat in the wainecot, or the rank miasmata of drains; its wholesome stench too may clear your chamber of mosquitos, and stop their hateful serenade. But will any most lavish expenditure of the costlier sorts of 'Eagle!' 'Dupont's,' Kentucky-Rifle,' or BROUGH's matchless 'Diamond Grain,' do away the foul odor of an ill name, or relieve rogues from that perpetual singing in the ears, arising from a dyspepsia of the conscience? Pennsylvania does well in paying. It is an act of common right; but it is nothing to fire guns for. This noisy virtue is not of the best kind. Fools may be deceived by it, and may echo back the voice of self-applause; but to the sensible fraction of humanity, a rascal never appears more rascally than when he tries to look honest. When OTHELLO says of the scoundrel IAGO:

'This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,'

our contempt and disgust at the villain increase in proportion as his victim is deceived. So when a notorious churl buys the name of a munificent benefactor, by giving a round sum toward a church-organ, or the building of an asylum, the more the papers harp on his generosity; the more they talk of 'our liberal townsman,' 'our generous fellow-citizen,' the more odious does his true character appear, to those who truly know him. Nevertheless, the church gets its organ, or the little orphans their breeches; the *charity* is fulfilled; and in God's name let us continue to give the man his paragraph. He has paid for it right handsomely. Men who know the depth of his beneficence, know also the value of a good name in a newspaper. Let us not grudge him *that*. We would even throw him in an epitaph, and reckon society had got the better bargain. But such returns of encomium ought always to be reserved for the more extraordinary and Herculean efforts of virtue. Men should not congratulate themselves upon every trifling instance of common, everyday just-dealing. If people are to fire guns and write articles upon the mere payment of a debt, we shall be choked to death with sulphurous fumes. As well go into a lazaretto at once, as be subjected to such a perpetual process of quarantine. Salutes would then be proportioned to the magnitude of the debt discharged. If forty-two pounders serve well enough to express the joy of a nation at satisfying her creditors, small musketry might suffice for the settling of a tailor's bill. For a tavern-reckoning, pocket-pistols would furnish a sufficient demonstration of triumph; and still minor explosions would answer for the little demands of the waiter and maid. It is devoutly to be prayed for, that things may not be brought to so ludicrous a pass. And yet we can imagine it: we can fancy some future lexicographer, some 'harmless drudge' of a JOHNSON, thus defining the word discharge: 'DISCHARGE, *v. a.*; to discharge a bill; to pay it; derived from a custom of the ancient Pennsylvanians of discharging a cannon upon the settlement of a debt.'

There are sage heads among us who look upon this gunnery business with unfeigned sorrow. They think it shows a dishonest spirit to brag of one's honesty; that those whose fair name is once tainted, cannot easily sweeten it with cunning preparations of saltpetre. Perhaps however these old Nestors take too serious a view of the matter. It may be that it is all according to the 'genius of our institutions.' Perhaps by using noise enough, wrong may be talked into right. Perhaps it would be wholly un-American to cry 'Peccavimus!' and to confess our faults. And what is most likely, perhaps this cannonading is only another mode of expressing that *System of Mutual Admiration*, which is overspreading the land. According to this charitable system, which is exerting so benign an influence upon our morals as well as our taste, whatever is cast in our teeth as a failing, may by general vote be pronounced a merit. Its fundamental law is this; that nothing shall shake our confidence in our own deserts; that when the world is loudest in our blame, then shall

we be loudest in our own praise; and that when, according to the old school, we should fall on our knees with a penitent 'Let us pray!' on our lips, we shall now simper cheerfully on one another, and say, 'Let us admire!'

Very pat to the purport of our homily, comes, from a friend in the East, a slight sketch of this '*Mutual Admiration Society*;' of its foundation and extension, and of some of its proceedings, up to the present time:

'SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

'No association exists in America equal in talent, respectability, and infallibility, to the various branches of the Mutual Admiration Club. There is none likely to produce so favorable an effect upon the country, and none whose principles are so highly satisfactory to its individual members. The 'Odd Fellows,' the 'Rechabites,' the 'Come-Outers,' and the 'Transcendentalists,' lay claim only to a few of its advantages. It has multiplied the genius of the land tenfold. Wherever a lodge has been established, great men have increased in a most remarkable degree; and many highly immortal reputations have been rapidly acquired. Notwithstanding all this, as yet it is little known beyond the sphere of those who enrol themselves on its catalogue. The '*Boston Morning Post*,' it is true, has occasionally had a malignant sneer at it, but its transactions have hitherto been unrevealed. It had its origin among the Bostonians, a race naturally given to admire themselves; and in a soil so congenial with its character, such was the rapidity of its growth that it seemed possessed of the genius of GUANO. The club hunted HORACE for a motto; and finding nothing appropriate enough, in its literal form, altered the '*Nil admirari*' into '*Nos admirari*.' The eagerness with which the principles of the society were adopted, and their speedy extension, may be gathered from the fact, that on the third meeting, in compliance with the suggestion of a member, who wished to retain as much of HORACE as possible, the motto was unanimously altered into its present more expressive variation, '*Nil nisi nos admirari*!' which happy change has been generally accepted by all the branch-lodges all over the country.

'Although Boston claims to have given birth to the first club, there are some members who date the rise of mutual-admiration principles from a remote antiquity. The heroes of the *Iliad*, it is contended, were in the habit of lauding each other. Even the stern PELLIDES, in his fiercest anger, complimented AGAMEMNON, by confessing that he was 'like a god in fight;' and AGAMEMNON retorted, by informing ACHILLES, 'Thy valor comes from JOVE.' Occasional complimentary notices of each other are also found among the Augustan lads. TIBULLUS, VIRGIL, and others, are suspected of having established a club at the house of POLLIO. BAVIUS and MÆVIUS especially, we cannot doubt, were ardent admirers of each other. There is a tradition among the scholiasts that CICERO's eloquent argument for ROSCIUS was paid by the actor in kind. ROSCIUS, it is believed, in an original melo-drama, written for his benefit by a gentleman of Rome, uttered a strong panegyric upon CICERO; advising all who wanted good law, to call at his office. But this anecdote rests upon questionable authority; and, on the whole, it must be conceded that although slight instances of mutual admiration occur in history, the first regularly organized society was that of Boston.

'The manner of its birth was this. SMITH, the celebrated writer, was chosen upon a certain fourth-of-July, to deliver the oration. It was but a dull production to the audience. The day was hot, the church crowded, and the orator sleepy. SMITH, upon his own capital, could not do himself justice. He felt this, and feared that the next day's papers would pronounce him an ass. In this emergency it happily occurred to him to introduce a high encomium upon the newspapers generally, and upon several editors, whom he called by name, and whom he happened to note among the congregation. The effect was perceptible immediately. Several reporters in the gallery gave audible kicks of commendation; and at the sound of their patronymics, and at the mention of their respective journals, the

aforesaid editors roused from their momentary nap and blushed. One or two gazed fiercely on the chandelier; some closed their eyes hard, as if to caulk up the passage of any stray tears; and others, with lips austere and compressed, looked frowningly at the speaker, as if to say, 'Pour on! we can endure!' The final result of this manoeuvre was, that all the newspapers, on the day after the oration, praised it beyond measure. They said it was 'a brilliant effort,' a 'masterly development,' 'set things in a new light,' 'contained sound philosophy,' 'ought to be read by every child in the country,' was 'an indispensable addition to literature,' etc. So much eulogy had its effect: the oration was bought, read, and talked of; SMITH was invited forthwith to sit for his bust, and a Sunday paper contained a parallel between SMITH and DEMOSTHENES, signed 'PLUTARCHUS JUVENIS.' Acting upon this experience, the ingenious SMITH, who was then pregnant with a volume of poems, inserted therein a sonnet upon 'Virtue,' which, among sundry great exemplars of virtue, such as CATO, HAMPDEN, TRAJAN and others, instanced, in a modest way, the name of JONES, a famous writer in the 'North American.' JONES, of course, gave SMITH a handsome 'puff' in the next number; and from an accidental conjunction between these two literary orbs, at the house of the celebrated BASCOCK, arose the first idea of the regular organization of this mighty engine of modern taste.

Such will serve for a present sketch of this Society's commencement. We trust to be enabled from time to time to note its proceedings, and those of its 'branches.'

RANK TO THE DESERVING: STEAM-ENGINEERS.—Have you never thought, reader, while voyaging in one of our princely Hudson steamers, and in a moment of abstraction, watching the engineer, who, silent and thoughtful, directed the complicated powers that swept you onward; have you never thought how much you owed to the man who, under Providence, held your life in his hand? We have, many and many a time; and it is for this reason that we welcome the ensuing passage from the communication of a correspondent, who is familiar with the subject on which he treats, and commend to our readers the plan which he sets forth, and which we hope may not altogether escape the notice of our government: 'The compensation allowed to engineers on board of steam-boats, and their responsibility, are greatly disproportioned to the rank awarded to them. Every man, on going on board a steamer, finds his attention drawn to the captain. Few, if any, inquire after or even notice the engineer. This important officer has no distinctive badge, nor is there any thing in his appearance to distinguish him from any working-hand about the deck. You are not permitted to see the man at table who has the safety of every one on board in his care; nor have you any evidence of his qualifications, until your passage is made: then you may adopt the old saw, 'It is a good bridge that carries us safe over.' To draw public attention to this useful but neglected class, it needs only that we look at the number of steam-vessels employed in the naval, revenue, and merchant service, and in the various coast-wise and transportation lines of the United States. The inquiry naturally arises, 'How are these engineers educated and qualified for their important duties?' and what guarantee have the public of their fitness? To satisfy the public mind; to insure safety, and the efficiency of engineers; to prevent the frequent and appalling accidents which take place, are surely matters worthy of grave consideration. I ventured to suggest, in the plan to which I have referred, that four great work-shops, or factories, should be established by government, to be located at Pittsburgh, New-York, Boston and Charleston, South Carolina. The Government has already in its employment competent persons to take charge of these establishments. The mode of admission to them of youths of a proper age, sufficiently educated in the elementary branches, might be the same as that adopted at West-Point. A longer time would be required to teach them practically the construction of steam-engines, and the science applicable to their profession. They

should be allowed a small compensation during their course, and their time should be divided between their work and studies, so as to permit them to graduate at the age of twenty-one. A suitable undress-uniform should be allowed to be worn during the hours of relaxation and study. Frequent inspections should be made, to insure cleanliness, good habits, and regard to character. Graduates should be commissioned as steam-engineers, or assistant steam-engineers, according to merit; assistant steam-engineers to be permitted a second examination, after a certain period; then to be promoted or not, as their qualifications might warrant. When employed by the government, a certain fixed pay should be allowed to each rank, and the uniform to be worn; when not employed by the government, an undress to be worn, and the commission to be retained, but no pay, except such as may be received from private employment. All persons holding the commission of steam-engineers, or assistant steam-engineers, to be subject to arrest for improper conduct; to be tried by a court-martial composed of steam engineers; and the decision of the court, when approved by the President of the United States, to be final. In case of accidents happening to the machinery of a steam-boat, by which a loss of life or property is sustained, a court of inquiry may be demanded by the steam-engineer or assistant steam-engineer, who had charge at the time of the accident. The court of inquiry may acquit, or recommend that the case be referred to a court-martial. Should no court be demanded by the steam-engineer or assistant steam engineer, so in charge, the United States' marshal, in whose district the accident happened, may cause him to be arrested, by application to the officer commanding the nearest naval station. It is believed that a lack of competency has been the source of most of the steam-boat accidents which have happened in our waters; and that they may be provided against by enhancing the pride and elevating the standing of engineers. It is not doubted that very many of those now in charge of steam-engines would be found amply competent to discharge their trusts: all such should be permitted to apply for an examination; and if it should prove satisfactory to the authorized examiners, belonging to either of the United States' steam-engine factories, they should be commissioned in like manner with those who may regularly graduate.

BOOK-KEEPING, OR THE RICH MAN IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.—We are indebted to a friend for the following authentic anecdote of an old New-York merchant, whose name, were we permitted to mention it, would sound familiarly in the ears of many of our metropolitan readers: 'In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New-York to keep their accounts in pounds shillings and pence currency. About fifty years ago, a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of this city, had by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money, at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence. His places of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance-sheet, for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion the balance-sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant. 'It canna' be,' said he; 'ye had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a beensness as this represents.' The clerk with his usual patience re-examined the statement, and declared that it was 'a' right,' and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. It proved right. 'I did na' think,' said he, 'that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man.'

Weel, weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had tho't, and I 'll na quarrel wi' myself' for being worth sax thousand instead.' At early candle-light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely-perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-house alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth 'sax thousand pounds.' Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with that view, made purchases of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with the position of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone-street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man however would still obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined *once more* to make a thorough examination of his accounts. On a dark and stormy night, he commenced his labors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one *item* in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it! With the frenzy of a madman, he drew his broad-brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk, in Wall-street; reached the door, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was aroused with the 'loud alarm.' The unfortunate clerk poked his night-cap out of an upper window, and demanded: 'Wha's there?' 'It's *me*, you dom scoundrel!' said the frenzied merchant; '*ye've added up the year of our Laird among the pounds!*' Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our LORD among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond its actual amount.

'THE LATE MATTHEW C. FIELD: 'PHAZMA' AT NIAGARA.— We cannot resist the inclination to lay before our readers the following passages from a letter addressed to the EDITOR, by Mr. JAMIESON, a gentleman whose rare powers as an original dramatic actor have made him very favorably known to the theatre-going communities of our sister-cities. To our conception, the details which ensue have about them something inexpressibly touching: 'So that gifted spirit, MAT. FIELD, has gone! Poor fellow! We were boys together, and close friends until manhood, at about which time we separated, and set out on different roads through life. I had not seen him for some ten years, until his late visit to the East, when he called upon me at my lodgings in Buffalo. Early one morning a servant announced to me that a gentleman below desired to see me. I was somewhat surprised at so early a visit from a stranger; and with not a little curiosity, I hastened down stairs, where I found the gentleman, who seemed studiously bent upon receiving me with the 'full front of his back.' Fancying this greeting somewhat mysterious, I ventured to ask his business. His reply embodied certain phrases which reminded me of boyhood; yet his figure and voice seemed strange to me. I tried to catch a glimpse of his face, which he still kept averted. After a few moments, however, he turned toward me, seized my hand with the warm grasp of an old friend, and laughed right heartily at my quandary. Poor fellow! the pleasant surprise he had anticipated, entirely failed. I did not recognize him, even then, nor indeed until he was about to tell me his name, so utterly changed was he. Disease had wasted him to a mere shadow, and his short and painful respiration was a sure prognostic of what was soon to come to pass. He told me he was on his way to Boston, for his health, and was desirous of arriving there as soon as possible. He had promised his

brother, however, when he left St. Louis, that he would certainly stop on the way, to view the Falls of Niagara, which he had never yet visited. 'But,' said he, 'I am very feeble, as you see; and having no friend with me, I should only be melancholy there, and unable to bear the fatigue of ascending and descending the numberless stairways. I shall postpone my visit, therefore, until my return, when I hope my health may be improved.' I remarked that I had no engagement for that day, nor the next, and that I would gladly accompany him to the Falls; that if he thought he could undergo half the labor of the necessary walking and climbing, I would take the other half of his fatigue upon myself. He was delighted with the proposal; and we immediately repaired to the boat, where we talked over 'old times,' until we arrived at that wonderful spot, where, to use the words of RED JACKET, 'the GREAT SPIRIT had cut the throats of the Lakes, to spoil the fishing-grounds of the Potawattamies!' Poor MAT. was greatly fatigued with walking from the cars; and after resting and refreshing ourselves at the Clifton-House, I gave him my arm, and with an occasional pause to breathe and rest, we reached the river below; where, seating himself upon a rock, he remained for some time, gazing in silence at the 'hell of waters.' Desirous of learning his first impression of that vast scene of sublimity, I was about to question him for that purpose; but I was restrained, by observing tears coursing one after another down his wasted cheek. Whether he was melted thus by contemplating the awful spectacle before him, or whether his emotion was produced by moralizing on its resistless might and majesty, in comparison with his own tottering form, I know not; but I think it was the latter.

'He broke the silence himself, by remarking: 'GEORGE, you know my ancient predilection for the water. There is a very inviting little pool, enclosed by rocks, and I shall make free with it;' which he did, and seemed greatly refreshed after it. We then wandered about, ascending and descending stair-cases; pausing here to rest, and there to take observations, until it was nearly dark, when we stopped at the Museum, the proprietor of which we somewhat puzzled, by requesting him to furnish us with a bed for the night, at the other branch of his 'Curiosity Shop,' near Table-Rock. Whether he suspected us of being thieves or murderers, seeking a place of concealment, I know not; but he certainly eyed us very suspiciously; and then remarked, that 'nobody ever slept there; but,' continued he, pointing toward the Clifton-House, 'you can obtain good beds and accommodations there.' His uneasiness was somewhat removed, when we informed him that we preferred to be away from society and near the cataract, that we might enjoy the night by ourselves. He at once agreed to prepare a bed for us, where we wished it, upon the floor, near the door which looks out upon the Falls; and then gave orders for our supper. By this time his doubts and fears, growing out of our strange request, were entirely dispelled, and he became very agreeable and hospitable. No sooner, however, had this pleasant state of affairs been brought about, than poor MAT., with a desire of becoming more intimate with our host, threw him into his former state of uneasiness, by remarking to him, in a very mysterious and somewhat confidential manner: 'Now, landlord, I presume you have no idea whom you have in your house?' 'No,' replied the host, with an attempt at courtesy, in which his former suspicions were very discernible; 'I certainly have not that pleasure;' but the quick glances from the corners of his eyes, as they turned, without moving his head, from MAT. to myself, betrayed a strong desire that the mystery should be solved at once. 'Well then,' resumed FIELD, in the same mysterious manner, 'in me, Sir, you behold PHAZMA!' 'Ah! 'um!' said the landlord, partly to himself and partly to us; and, evidently very much in the dark, he cast his eye toward the little rotunda, of which the mysterious name seemed to remind him, and in the same puzzled manner, added: 'Ah! ah! 'um! ah! 'um! PHANTASMA——?' 'No,' interrupted MAT., smothering a laugh; 'PHAZMA.' 'Yes, yes,' said the host, 'PHAZMA;' and then looked inquiringly up, as if to intimate that he should be extremely obliged for the surname. MAT., observing this, added, 'PHAZMA REVELLE!' This completed the man's bewilderment, and nothing short of a sudden performance of that martial call could have waked him from his reverie. At

length, as if he had been studying to render an answer to a conundrum, he seemed, with great reluctance, to 'give it up.' 'This,' remarked MAT., observing the host eyeing me inquiringly, 'is a person of whom you have often heard; this is the celebrated actor, JENKINS.' 'Ah!' replied the landlord, looking up brightly, and repeating the name; 'ah! yes; I have heard *that* name before.' He gave us a very good supper, and then conducted us to where we were to lodge; and after very kindly warning us to be careful in walking about the edge of the precipice, he bade us good night, and left us.

'We slept but little during the night. Poor FIELD was feverish and restless, and frequently left the house to contemplate the scene. I therefore abandoned the bed entirely, and kept my eye upon him, fearful lest he might forget the landlord's injunctions. He had been standing at one time for nearly half an hour in the same spot, in silent meditation, when he suddenly turned, and addressed me in language which struck me so forcibly at the time as being so peculiarly poetical, and so entirely original, that I resolved to remember it. The night had been foggy, but the vapor was now slowly clearing away, and here and there the stars came peeping out one by one, faintly revealing surrounding objects. 'Look!' said he, as well as I can remember his words, 'look around, and take in all that meets your eye, and see if you cannot imagine each object a living thing, and all disposed in different attitudes upon the dreadful brink; some gazing into the abyss, in fearful silence and death-like stillness, as if they knew that a step would plunge them down headlong; some seem like groups of giants, struggling to force each other over the abyss; some appear to be holding with the grasp of death a friend who has lost his balance; others seem kneeling, as if in prayer. Those small trees that lean over the precipice, resemble so many men bent upon self-destruction, and just in the act of springing over; and hark! can't you hear, in the rumbling of the waters below, the groans and howls of thousands already dashed on the shore of eternity? And see above! the stars are winking, as if to caution each other to be wary, lest *they* too lose their hold, and fall extinguished in the mighty pool below! But look! GEORGE, look! where the moon bursts forth, and smiles good-naturedly at their fear, as she sails onward toward them; throwing her rays across the silver spray, and making the fearful chasm beautiful with a thousand arches of brilliant colors!'

'In this way we passed the time until morning, when we repaired to the Museum, and were very kindly received by our host. 'I hope,' said that gentleman, addressing MAT., 'I hope, Mr. REVERIE, that you have enjoyed a pleasant night; and you also, Mr. JENKINS.' We assured him that we had passed the time most agreeably; and after partaking of an excellent breakfast, we bade him good-bye, and crossed over to the American side, where we wandered about until the time came for the cars to start. The distance was short; and being deeply engaged in conversation, we were surprised when we found ourselves in Buffalo. I endeavored to persuade MAT. to remain until the next day; but as he was impatient to get to Boston, I accompanied him to the cars for Albany. As he was about to start, he took my hand, and asked me if I thought we should ever meet again? I told him I sincerely hoped so; although *something* whispered me, 'That hope will never be realized.' With much emotion, he pressed my hand, sobbed 'God bless you! God bless you!' when the cars hurried him from my sight—forever! The New-Orleans '*Picayune*' daily journal, of which Mr. FIELD was for many years an associate-editor, says of him: 'Few others have we known in our lives possessing more of those traits which bespeak nobility of nature and capacity of intellect, with less blemishes of manner or habit to detract from or disfigure them. He was a poet without pretension; a polished prose writer without pedantry; a social companion without guile, and a firm friend without deceit. His mind held mastery over the realms of metaphysical imagination, but was incapable of being swayed by a single sordid thought. He was comparatively ignorant of the commonplace business of every-day life. In brief, he was 'in wit a man, in simplicity a child.' With things that were 'of the earth, earthy' he in life had little sympathy; and in death his body was consigned to the ocean: may his spirit have found admission into heaven!'

GOSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We beg leave to intimate, once for all, that we decline any and all discussion of the unhappy circumstances which have so violently agitated the Church and the community, during the last three months. We have no less than eight communications upon this prolific theme, all of which, by the time these sentences come before their authors, will have been returned to them. Some of these treat the matter with ridicule; some with defensive arguments; some with unchristian violence of denunciation. One, which proceeds evidently from a very 'free-thinker,' commences with: 'What a horrible pair of spectacles do we see in the degraded brother-bishops of New-York and Pennsylvania!' And yet *these* are the men who stand at the 'head of the Church,' and 'deal damnation round the land' upon their fellow men, who would disdain to enact before high heaven the deeds which have made them infamous:

"God knows I'm not the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
A doubter clean,
That under gospel colors hid be,
Just for a screen."

Another denounces the entire proceedings of the Court of Bishops as 'a solemn farce;' proclaims the whole affair to be a 'clear case of conspiracy' to depose the Bishop, because of the part he thought it his christian duty to take in the CARY ordination; and visits upon Rev. PAUL TRAPIER, of South Carolina, the most withering sarcasm, for his 'officious interference with matters out of his own diocese;' his 'voluntary service as an industrious and persevering informer;' and the 'transparent cloak of hypocrisy with which he has vainly endeavored to cover his holy malignity toward a persecuted prelate.' With these two 'samples' of the communications we have received upon this much-agitated subject, we dismiss the matter *entirely* from our pages. We have not read, we shall not read, the voluminous testimony published by the Messrs. APPLETON. Our own humble opinion could weigh but little in the scale. Guilt may be clearly established; yet we choose rather to *remember* the erring Bishop, as we have often encountered him in society, public and private, as a polished gentleman, of pleasant, unaffected converse, singular amenity of manner, with a face in which benignity seemed the reigning expression. . . . 'The Aristidean,' a new magazine, (which we have not had the pleasure to receive, let us add, 'in passing,') edited by THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, Esq., has among its papers one devoted to a cutting review of Mr. GEORGE JONES' literary productions. This is cruel treatment of the 'Great American Tragedian,' who is reflecting so much honor upon his birth-place and brightness upon his original obscurity. Whatever may be Mr. JONES' faults, it cannot be denied that he 'did the handsome thing' by SHAKESPEARE. That very clever writer was sinking into general decadence, when Mr. JONES proceeded to Stratford-upon-Avon, 'without regard to expense,' and delivered an oration upon his literary merits, which brought him once more into public notice. The 'myriad-minded' was himself again. 'All honor,' therefore, to Messrs. JONES and SHAKESPEARE! *Par nobile fratrum!* . . . We have been very much interested in the perusal of the leading paper in the last number of FRAZER'S Magazine, entitled 'A Walk from London to Fulham,' with pictorial 'illustrations' of all the note-worthy objects on the way. Among them is the house, Number Twenty-two, Hans Place, Sloane-street, the residence, at different periods, of Lady CAROLINE LAMB, Miss MITFORD, Lady BULWER, and Miss LANDON. The artist has given us a sketch of 'L. E. L.'s' attic, a homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, containing 'a simple white bed, a dressing-table, upon which was a writing-desk, heaped with papers and other literary lumber.' From that same writing-desk came many friendly letters to us, across the water, and still more to the late 'W. G. C.' From one of these latter, now lying before us, we venture to extract a few sentences: 'I should have wanted

courage to address you, much as I wish to offer you my thanks, had not Mr. JERDAN encouraged me to write, by saying I might be his secretary, and in his name express how much he was obliged by your communications. Both were at once published in the 'Literary Gazette;' and Mr. JERDAN desires to express his kindest acknowledgments, and sense of the beauty of the poems themselves. The reason why so much less poetry is now published in the 'Literary Gazette' than formerly, is, that from its immense circulation, the mass of intelligence which crowds its columns is often of a nature to lose its interest, unless communicated at once; while the great number of new books, and the variety of proceedings of literary societies to be reported, leave every day less room for original composition. But I am particularly desired to state, that your communications will always be most gratefully received and appropriated.' 'May I now be permitted to say a few words for myself? I am indebted to you for some of the most unmixed pleasure I have ever known. Will you believe me when I say, that vanity was the very last feeling called up in my mind by Mr. GREENLEAF WHITTIER's beautiful lines? If any thing on earth can realize that glory which is to a poet its own exceeding great reward, it is the fame that comes from afar, when song has gone over the waters like the dove, and like that dove brought home its own sign of life and beauty. Will you both accept and offer my cordial thanks? I have lately had the honor of an introduction to your consul, Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, who kindly said I might send any letters to you through him.' Poor 'L. E. L.'! What a sad fate was her's, a comparatively little while after this letter was penned! Her husband, Mr. M'LEAN, at the time of her death Governor of Cape Coast Castle, is at present, or was very recently, in the United States. The author of an article in a late English journal, entitled 'Literary Retrospect of the Departed Great,' gives the following sketch of Miss LONDON's personal appearance: 'I had left college, when fate introduced me to Miss LONDON. I can recollect her when she lived in Sloane-street with her grandmother; indeed, I remember her before that time. I recall her exactly: short, not slight, with a most blooming, glowing complexion, beautiful teeth, expression; everything but features; that is, the features were insignificant; they were not unpleasing. She could not have been above eighteen, but she had a fashion of wearing a fanciful little cap on the top of her head, and that suited her exactly. It was an eccentric appearance that she made. She dressed then upon an idea: a sweeter voice I never heard; I mean in speaking. I do not believe that she sang, or that she had any knowledge of music. She had an inborn courtesy of manner that flattered you, whether she wished it or not; a warm, excitable nature.' . . . We should like exceedingly to know, how any metropolitan bachelor, esteeming himself a man of sense, can reconcile it to his conscience to remain in his state of single wretchedness, after the display of fair forms, sparkling eyes, and glowing faces, which *must* have entranced him at the delightful *Bachelor's Ball*, lately given (with consummate elegance and taste) at the Astor-House. We *should* like to know! Oh! ye hard-hearted, incorrigible, dim-eyed individuals! think of your unfortunate condition, while you examine this little picture of the blessings that *might* be yours: 'Happy you who, warm in the snugger of domestic life, rise from your comfortable fire-side after your hearty breakfast, and proceed, light-hearted, to your daily task, returning thence in the sure and certain hope of as hearty a dinner, with plenty and to spare; every little nicety of your palate consulted by your careful spouse, and all the appliances and means to boot to make your meal nourishing, palatable, and pleasant. You expand, you chirp, cricket-like, about your own fire-side: your heart is glad, as your children welcome you with shouts of irrepressible delight; the silent household ministering of your wife is a secret joy; the face of your servant is radiant with kindness toward you; your dog insists upon exchanging caresses; even grimalkin, purring, expresses her delight that you are come; inanimate things, long sacred to your use, are pleasant in your eyes: looking triumphantly round your little realm of *home*, you behold a thousand objects, trivial yet familiar, that recall pleasant memories of the past.' Do none of *these* things move ye, unhappy offspring of obstinate infatuation! Listen then to a '*Poetical Epistle*' from our esteemed correspondent

'J. G. S.' of Vermont, to a bachelor friend of his, urging him to enter at once into the connubial state, and enjoy what YELLOWFLUSH terms the 'pure pleshure of Hyming.' He has *tried* 'getting married,' he writes; has found it 'the sovereign'th thing in creation,' and not a bit 'over-done' by the poets:

Don't tell me you 'haven't got time,
That other things claim your attention;
There 's not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention:
Do n't tell me about 'other fish,'
Your duty is done when you buy 'em;
And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you 've a woman to 'fry 'em.'

You may dream of poetical fame,
But the story may chance to miscarry;
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, CHARLES, is to marry.
And here I am willing to own
(After soberly thinking upon it,)
I'd very much rather be known
Through a beautiful son, than a sonnet.

Do n't be frightened at querulous stories
By gossiping grumblers related,
Who argue that marriage a bore is,
Because they've known people mis-mated.
Such fellows, if they had their pleasure,
Because some 'bad bargains' are made
Would propose, as a sensible measure,
To lay an embargo on trade!

Then, CHARLES, bid your doubting good bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms;
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye
That you ought to have had in your arms:
Some beautiful maiden, God bless her!
Unencumbered with pride or with pelf,
Of every true charm the possessor,
And given to no fault but yourself.

To procrastination be deaf!
(A caution which came from above,)
The scoundrel 's not only 'the Thief
Of Time,' but of Beauty and Love.
Then delay not one moment to win
A prize that is truly worth winning;
Celibacy, CHARLES, is a sin,
And sadly prolific of sinning.

I could give you a bushel of reasons
For choosing the 'double estate';
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
Though it may be adopted *too late*.
To one's parents 'tis (gratefully) due;
Just think what a terrible thing
'T would have been, Sir, for me and for you,
If *ours* had neglected the 'ring!'

Then there 's the economy (clear
By poetical algebra shown);
If your wife has a 'grief' or a 'fear,'
One half, by the law, is your own.
And as to the 'joys,' by division
They somehow are doubled, 't is said;
(Though I never *could* see the addition
Quite plain in the item of bread.)

Remember — I do not pretend
There 's anything 'perfect' about it,
But this I'll maintain to the end,
Life 's very far-perfect without it.
'T is not that there 's 'poetry' in it,
(As doubtless there may be to those
Who know how to find and to spin it.)
But I'll warrant you 'excellent prose.'

Do n't search for an 'angel' a minute,
For suppose you succeed in the sequel,
After all, the deuce would be in it,
For the match would be highly unequal:
The angels, it must be confessed,
In this world are rather uncommon,
And allow me, dear CHARLES, to suggest,
You 'll be better content with a woman.

Then, CHARLES, be persuaded to wed;
For a sensible fellow like you,
It is high time to think of a bed
And a board, and 'fixins' for two.
Do n't think about 'something else' first,
A poet almost 'in the sere!'
A 'Major!' — and *not married yet!*
You should do 'nothing else' for a year!

It gives us pleasure to record continued and liberal accessions to our subscription-books. The unremitting labor of an EDITOR becomes a delight, when he is made thus agreeably to feel that his exertions are not permitted to pass unrewarded. There is a reciprocity about it, which gives the strongest of impulses. And it is a reciprocity, moreover, which an EDITOR, faithful to his trust, has a right to demand at the hands of the public. 'Consider,' says a felicitous essayist* in the pages of a contemporary, 'consider of what a good Magazine is capable, or a weekly review, or a newspaper. We read a passage of it in the morning, for instance, while the cloth is laid for breakfast, or in some interval that would probably be otherwise employed in impatience, and it gives tone to the mind all the day. It sets us above the low and frivolous; and if the passage is pleasantly stated, as it ought to be, imparts a relish to our words and thoughts. There is a great deal in having the soul wound up for the day, as poor LORD OGLESBY says of his body and his cordials, in the play. We cannot well do a mean action with the melody of MILTON or of KEATS ringing in our ears; or a foolish one after a satirical rhyme or two of HUDIBRAS or POPE; or a malevo-

* MR. E. A. DUTCHINCK, in the 'American Review.'

lent one after a glimpse of the Man of Feeling; or an indifferent one, stung by the earnestness of CARLYLE; or a despondent one, magnetized by the humanity of SHAKESPEARE, the all-in-all of the rest. These are the great reservoirs from which the miscellaneous writer, like the water-carrier of the East, draws refreshment and bears it to the thirsty multitude of the city, who having neither time nor training to ascend to the fountain, would otherwise perish.' . . . OBLIGE us, reader, by confessing that the following anecdote forcibly illustrates the power of simple, plaintive music, a theme upon which we have often dwelt in these pages. Would that we could relate it to you in the inimitable manner of our friend B —: if we *could*, by the by, the manner *would n't* be inimitable: Some years since, a well-known military gentleman and musical amateur of Philadelphia, being on a visit to his numerous friends in Gotham, was delighted to encounter here the band of the far-famed FRANK JOHNSON. He forthwith engaged the 'colored troupe' to accompany him, together with two or three vocalists, on the following evening, on a serenading tour to the residences of his distinguished friends, in various quarters of the town. They every where met with the most rapturous reception, and were often invited in, to partake of the hospitalities of the families whom they serenaded. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, they arrived opposite to the residence (as they supposed) of a most lovely lady, to whom the leader of the serenade-movement had well nigh lost his heart, upon a very casual acquaintance. Here was poured forth the wealth of their instrumental and vocal powers. But not the slightest sign of appreciation or approbation was manifested: all was silence; no outward blind rattled, no inner curtain rustled. At length, while the prime mover of the entertainment was singing in a most tender style the closing stanza of 'Home, sweet Home,' a light suddenly gleamed through the fan-lights of the entry; steps were heard approaching; the door was unbolted, and a cadaverous 'male human,' in night-gown and night-cap, the latter surmounted by a broad-brimmed Quaker hat, stepped out upon the door-stone, and holding the candle above his head, that he might better survey the rather 'mixed' company of performers, addressed the last singer with: 'Friend, thee seems to think there is no place like home — like thy 'sweet, sweet home,' I think thee said: now, *why does n't thee go to thy home?* Thee surely is not wanted *here* — neither thee nor thy friends!' — and the door was closed behind the speaker. Perhaps no wetter blanket ever enveloped a 'water-cure' subject at Graffenburgh, than was felt to come down upon that corps of musicians and their employer, when the white skirts of that vanishing Quaker disappeared along the hall. . . . As we write (it is twelve at night,) there prevails without one of those February snow-storms that are of so marked a character as never to task the memory of the 'Oldest Inhabitant.' Truly of such it may be averred, they are not easily forgotten. Eleven years ago, we well remember, a 'like molestation of the enchafed elements' occurred. But the present demands all our attention. Hark to the snow hissing against the window-panes; to the 'roaring wind that roars far off,' for the most part, but that now and then 'comes anear' with a '*sough*' that makes you shudder, and to the ear of the listener 'blazes' its way upon clattering window-shutters along the stormy street, as the Indian 'blazes' upon the forest-trees his pathway through the wilderness! How at this moment the floods of Long-Island Sound 'clap their hands!' How the breakers roar at Sandy-Hook! How they tumble and foam and dash at the 'Long-Branch' of the high Jersey-coast! God help the brave mariners on our shores to-night! — and Heaven defend the poor and destitute, in this vast wilderness of human dwellings, over whom the Storm Spirit now sails with dusky wing! Children of Affluence! ye have 'ta'en too little care of this:'

O YE! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
 While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifts heap!

To hundreds in this crowded metropolis to-night there is nothing *ideal* in this sad picture.

Happy they, if, despite the wretchedness of their desolate habitations, a 'clear dewy heaven of 'rest that sweetens toil' envelopes them, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams!' . . . DICKENS, in one of his clever sketches, (the story of 'Mr. LOOSE-FISH,' if we remember rightly,) informs us that the worthy chevalier, when leaving his landlady one morning, remarked, that ever since he had been under her roof she had been exceedingly kind to him, and that he would be 'eternally indebted to her' — and he was! A somewhat similar character is drawn in 'Our Next-Door Neighbor,' a landlord who, after a series of disappointments, is at length suited with a lodger who seems 'a horse of quite another color.' He was a tall thin young gentleman, with a profusion of light brown hair, reddish whiskers, and a slightly-developed moustache. Such insinuating manners, and such delightful address! — so seriously disposed, too! When he first came to look at the lodgings, he inquired most particularly whether he was sure to be able to get a seat in the nearest church; and when he had agreed to take them, he requested to have a list of the different local charities, as he intended to subscribe his mite to the most deserving among them. The landlord was delighted. He had got a lodger of just his own way of thinking; a serious, well-disposed man, who abhorred gayety and loved retirement. He pictured in imagination a long series of quiet Sundays, on which he and his lodger would exchange mutual civilities and Sunday papers. The serious man arrived, and his luggage was to arrive next morning. He borrowed a clean shirt and a prayer-book from his host, requesting that he might be called punctually at ten o'clock next morning; not before, as he was much fatigued. He was called, and did not answer; he was called again, but there was no reply. The landlord became alarmed, and burst the door open. The serious man had locked the door, and 'bolted' himself. He had left the house mysteriously, carrying with him the shirt, the prayer-book, a tea-spoon, and the bed-clothes! . . . THE Latin is called a dead language, which is at least true, since the debates have ceased to be carried on through that medium in Hungary. Yet it is still written with purity among a few, though not generally among learned professors. In their desire to be elegant, they cramp their styles by a perpetual affectation of the classical idiom, and laboriously gather into a single page the niceties which CICERO would have scattered through a whole essay. Examine some of their labored theses, and reduce the whole into 'pi,' and it would amuse a learned scholar to see how the types and figures which have stood up together may be quickly decomposed, assorted, and returned to their proper places. Here an admired turn of expression reverts to HORACE; there a pleasant quaintness is returned to SALLUST; a tough mode of expression, to PENSIVUS; a peculiar idiom to one poet, & Doric delicacy to another, and so on; until it is evident that the super-elegant work of the professor is composed of moveable pieces, which are put together with an appearance of regularity and adaptation of the parts, that it seems by no means to be a piece of patch-work. An excellent friend of ours (who is quite right in inferring that 'as the lamented OLLAFON delighted in such exercises, they cannot be uninteresting to his 'severed half,') has been overhauling a correspondence, remarkable for its canine Latinity, which was carried on during his school-boy days. It is certainly quite free from the restraint to which we have alluded. 'My poor friend S. A.,' he writes, 'now alas! dead and gone, was in the practice of inditing multitudes of letters, after the manner of the following, and always with a freedom that knew no scruple:

' *Septembris, die nascio qua, A. D., 1838.*

'*ENXU! quomodo meipsum extulpaſſo ob negligentiam meam erga te. Fere quatuordecim dies interventi sunt ab tempore quo tuam ultimam epistolam recepi et nondum respondi. Vere, mi care — valde culpandus sum, sed ne puta me hactenus te negligisse ob inertiam, aut aliam ob rem similem, nam ut nupe rita nunc cupidissimus sum Latine respondendi, sed quomobrem ita silens fui, te certiorum facere, nunc festino. Tuam et fratris tui epistolam receperam et respondere, die sequente, statueram sed subito ad pieces exhauriendas vocatus sum. Tunc me valde fatigatum cholera premonentia aut ille aliquid simile invasit et iterum te negligere coactus sum. Tunc frater meus magnam in periculum incidit morbo quem vocant medici Anglice, 'Bilious Dysentery.' Sic vides, quam obrem hactenus calamam deposui. Tamen, omnibus curis nunc aboustibus, festino pristinum nostrum pactum perficere. Dicis, fratrem meum tres dies a manibus tuis meam epistolam retinuisse! Valde negligens est, et si*

unquam iterum sic faceret, caveto, nam posteriores ejus vapulare statui. Tamen non diu ob ejus negligentiam anxii erimus; nam pistor per hæc duo oppida tam opportune vadit, ut per eam frequentius citiusque respondere possimus, et cum habes ullum tempus ad conterendum et

— CYRILLUS aurem
Vellit et admonuit.

tum si vis de quoquo quod venit in mentem, certiora me fac. De cholera multum dicere habeo. Horresco referens, sed dicendum est. Duodecim aut quatuordecim mortui sunt et quot morbus invasit nescio, nam sanitatis recordatores tam ignavi sunt ut quot perimunt difficile est diacere. Ultimis diebus septem nulli mortui, quamobrem spero morbum nunc evanescere incepisse. Quod dicit de GULIELMO JOEL priorum temporum negotia vividè renovat; et surgunt ut apparitiones mihi in mente formæ eorum qui quondam socii mei fuerunt, viz eorum qui Anglicè dicuntur, Jo CURRY, NICK LOQUERE, Geo. MERRIT, et ceteri qui 'BARBER'S Geese' solebantur etiam vocari. Sed festinandum est mihi ad finem, nam satis diu jam patientiam tuam fatigavi et nescio si unquam hoc finire poteris. Tempus nunc omnino occupatum variis agendis ad horticulturam pertinendis. Multarum semina nunc coligenda et igitur per omnem diem mihi hoc facere necesse est quamobrem si nimis brevis esse hæc epistola videtur, obsecro te me condonare. Cito responde, et dic cum iterum collegium inaurus es. Vale!

Beneath is written: 'O STEPHANE melius esset nunquam scribere quàm barbara Latinitate uti.' Yet, happy days! The language is chaste enough, and expressive too, to bring back, like a pleasant dream, the memory of their joys! . . . WE rejoice to hear that THOMAS HOOD, remarkable no less for his sparkling original humor than for the love of humanity which characterizes his writings, has lately been made the recipient of a liberal pension. No writer in England better deserved it, for no one has done more for the interests of the poor and lowly, than the author of 'The Song of the Shirt,' 'The Bridge of Sighs,' 'The Lady's Dream,' etc. In all that HOOD produces, there is a *something* that fastens indelibly upon the mind of his readers; and this is an unerring evidence of genius. How much verse, miscalled 'poetry,' is encountered now-a-days, which, to use an old but expressive phrase, 'passes in at one ear and out at the other!' The last effusion of HOOD's pen is entitled 'The Captain's Cow,' a yarn told by an old sailor, touching a calm that befel the 'Jolly Planter,' on a voyage from Jamaica. There was not a cat's-paw of wind; the hands were all idle, there being nothing for the crew to do, except to 'chew their ends and ruminate,' just like the captain's cow:

'THE very poultry in the coop
Began to pass away and droop—
The cock was first to go!
And glad we were, on all our parts,
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a rosy crow.

'But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the captain's cow,
That dally seem'd to shrink;
Deprived of water, hard or soft,
For, though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she would not drink:

'But only turn'd her blood-shot eye
And muzzle up toward the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain:

'And sometimes with a steadfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw, beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

'If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
She would have had the half;
But as for JOHN the carpenter,
He could n't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

'So soft of heart he was and kind
To any creature lame or blind,
Unfortunate, or dumb:
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathizing with the cow,
To give her half his rum.'

This oath, by the by, 'JOHN the carpenter' faithfully kept; the beast always taking the old Jamaica 'like a lamb.' At length a breeze springs up, which soon 'stiffens to a gale,' and brings the 'Jolly Planter' to land; greatly to the edification of the captain's cow:

'AND was not she a mad-like thing,
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of ferry glass:
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
And crop the juicy grass!

'Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous cow,
By giving rum-and-milk!

Apropos of HOOD: he has lately had his 'bu't' taken by DAVIS, a celebrated English 'bu'ster,' and has given a description of the *modus operandi*, which we can testify, from personal experience, to be exceedingly graphic. He was installed, he tells us, in an elbow-chair, surrounded by an assemblage of heads, hard and soft, some of them unfinished models of what Beau BRUMMELL would have called 'damp strangers,' tied up in wet cloths, from which every moment he expected to hear a sneeze; and he adds: 'The artist, after setting up before me what seemed a small mountain of putty, with a bold scoop of his thumbs marked out my eyes; next, taking a good pinch of clay (an operation I seemed to feel by sympathy) from between my shoulders, clapped me on a rough nose, and then struck the surplus material in a large wart on my chest. In short, by similar proceedings, scraping, smoothing, dabbing on and taking off, at the end of the first sitting, sculptor had made the upper half of a mud-doll, the size of life, looking very like 'the idol of his own circle' in the Cannibal Islands. At subsequent sittings this heathen figure became more and more like the original, until finally it put on that striking resemblance which as it were introduces a man to himself. 'This will 'come home' to any one who has ever sat to a sculptor. . . . We wish that certain of our long-winded 'novelists' and 'poets,' so-called, would perpend the following remarks by LEIGH HUNT. How true and forceful they are: 'Let the discerning reader take up any poem, pen in hand, for the purpose of discovering how many words he can strike out of it that give him no requisite ideas, no relative ones that he cares for, and no reasons for the rhyme beyond its necessity, and he will see what blot and havoc he will make in many a production of the day—what marks of its inevitable fate. Bulky authors in particular, however safe they may think themselves, would do well to consider what parts of their cargo they might dispense with in their proposed voyage down the gulf of time; for many a gallant vessel has perished; many a load of words, expected to be in eternal demand, gone to join the wrecks of self-love, or rotted in the warehouses of change and vicissitude.' . . . A RESPECTED weekly contemporary pays a somewhat dubious compliment to a young and gifted American artist. After commending his rustic or domestic sketches, the critic observes: 'Among hogs, horses, and oxen, he is *completely at home*.' Pleasant tribute that, to one's personal habits! . . . WHAT is Eloquence? DEMOSTHENES thought it consisted mainly in 'action'; but it has been well said, by a clever modern essayist, that the great Greek's advice on this point has tended to make every man who happened to have arms to fling about him, or feet to stamp with, imagine himself an Artesian well of eloquence. 'Action! action! action!' What should we think of a painter, who upon being asked what were the three great requirements in his art, should answer, 'Frame! frame! frame!' Mr. GOUGH, the popular lecturer on Temperance, both in matter and manner exhibits the ingredients of most effective eloquence; and over all preside the *moving* powers, TRUTH and FEELING. . . . A PETITION for a grant to build a National Rail-Road, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, was recently laid before Congress. It is to run through a gorge in the Rocky Mountains, and terminate at the mouth of the Columbia River, a distance of over two thousand miles from its commencement, at Lake Michigan. By this conveyance, Canton in China will be brought eight thousand miles nearer to New-York. The '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal reminds us, that in a notice in the KNICKERBOCKER of PARKER's 'Travels beyond the Rocky Mountains,' in 1836, we indulged in the following prediction, which excited some comment at the time, we remember, as being visionary and improbable. We *believed* it, however, when we wrote it—we are well nigh *confident* of its truth now:

'THERE are no insurmountable barriers to the construction of a rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No greater elevations would need to be overcome than have been surmounted on the Portage and Ohio Rail-road. And the work will be accomplished! Let the Prediction be marked. This great chain of communication will yet be made, with links of iron. The treasures of the earth, in that wide region, are not destined to be lost. The mountains of coal, the vast meadow-seas, the fields of salt, the mighty forests, with their trees two hundred and fifty feet in height, the stores of magnesia, the crystalized lakes of valuable salts, these were not formed to be unemployed and wasted. The reader is now living, who will make a rail-road trip across this vast continent. The granite mountain will melt before the hand of enterprise; valleys will be raised; and the unwearied fire-steed will spout his

hot white breath where silence has reigned since the morning hymn of young creation was pealed over mountain, flood and field. The mammoth's bone and the bison's horn, buried for centuries, and long since turned to stone, will be bared to the day by the laborers of the 'Atlantic and Pacific Rail-Road Company'; rocks which stand now as on the night when NOAH's deluge first dried, will heave beneath the action of 'villanous saltpetre'; and where the prairie stretches away, 'like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,' with its wood-fringed streams, its flower-enamelled turf, and its herds of startled buffaloes, shall sweep the long hissing train of cars, crowded with passengers for the Pacific sea-board. The very realms of chaos and old night will be invaded; while in place of the roar of wild beasts, or howl of wilder Indians, will be heard the lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks; the plough will cleave the sods of many a rich valley and fruitful hill; while 'from many a dark bosom shall go up the pure prayer to the GREAT SPIRIT.'

OUR remarks were kindly meant, Contributor M —, whatever you may think *just now*. Beside, the very style of your oburgatory note justifies our advice. The fault indicated is 'illustrated' in the very sentences that deny its existence! We are reminded of a brief dialogue we once either saw or heard: 'Don't call me 'Smit,' if you please,' said Mr. SMITH to his German friend. 'I call you Smit!' exclaimed the indignant Yarrant; 'I did not call you *Smit*; I said 'Smit, Mr. Smit;' but when I said '*Smit*,' you to't I said *Smit*!' As to 'editorial correction,' it would be a species of 'labor de Jove,' as the French translate CARLYLE's term, 'job-work.' The cure must be *care*. . . . IN the paper on the '*Manners of the American Congress*' we recognize the hand-writing of an Englishman. There is much that cannot be denied in what the writer states, but not *more* than is contained in the following sketch by one of the most truthful limners of his *own* country. The passage refers to the British House of Commons: 'Take one look around you. The body of the house and the side-galleries are full of members, some with their legs on the back of the opposite seat; some with theirs stretched out to their utmost length on the floor; some going out, others coming in; all of them talking, laughing, lounging, coughing, oh!-ing, questioning or groaning; presenting a conglomeration of noise and confusion, to be met with in no other place in existence, not even Smithfield on a market-day, or a cock-pit in its glory.' 'Tit-for-tat,' in national matters! We hear a rumor that our barbers have it in contemplation to shave nobody who hails from Great-Britain, until the national debt of that country is paid! . . . A correspondent, who expresses himself pleased with the little sketch of 'Tigg in the Literary Emporium,' in our January number, promises us some amusing pictures of kindred JEREMY DIDDLEERS, who rove 'from pole to pole,' victimising metropolitan barbers and hair-dressers. If his sketch is as well-written as his note to the EDITOR, we shall be glad to receive it. . . . PUNCH gives us a vivid picture (although the composition is somewhat crowded) of chaos, or that period of the past 'when the universe was all higgledy-piggledy.' Imagine,' he says, 'sauce-pans, sea-weed, obelisks and allspice; tomatoes, tomahawks, cataracts and horse-hair; gun-powder, lobster-sauce, stalactites and boot-jacks; fire-drakes, whirligigs, squibs, water-spouts and gongs; mountains, magpies, earthquakes, oyster patties, spermaceti and thimbles; soap, cerate, adamant, granite and tobacco; molasses, maggots, tenter-hooks and tripe; rocks, glaciers, rattle-snakes, tongs, pig-tails, whistle-pipes and thunder; lunatic-asylums, camp-meetings, and mad bulls; with hot, cold, moist, dry, sweet, sour, sharp, flat, and all sorts of contending opposites, including several tom-cats, clanging, whizzing, clashing, hissing, flaring, spurring, bellowing, and caterwauling; and you will have some faint idea of what chaos may have been.' A very common tendency is felicitously hit off in the annexed poetical 'Talk Touching Taxation:'. Who has not encountered just such public-spirited political economists?

'On the disorder all agreed:
But how to treat it? How indeed!
Some tax must be repealed; but what?
Each had his own suggestion got.
A Householder, 'From Britons' backs,'
Exclaimed, 'take off the Window-Tax.'
'The tax on Malt,' a Malster said;
A Cotton Lord, 'The Tax on Bread';
'Bread!' a Tobacconist cried, 'stuff!'

'Tobacco is the thing — and stuff.'
'Well, Sirs,' exclaimed an ancient Buck,
Who still unto his pigtail stuck,
'To renovate the constitution,
'To save us from a revolution,
Credit maintain, recruit finance,
And keep us from a war with France,
There's nothing (here his voice rose louder)
Like taking off the Tax on Powder!'

The same amusing journal confirms our own experience, in the following remarks on '*Camphine Reading-Lamps*': 'The best lamp for a drawing-room is the camphine, as it gives the light of twelve candles and the soot of three kitchen-chimneys: it also emits a perfume equal to Patchouli. It is worthy of the attention of the philanthropists, who take such an interest in the *blacks*; for after a night with the camphine-lamp, a negro, upon entering the room, would certainly take every gentleman present to be 'a man and a brother.' . . . THE '*Broadway Journal*' administers a wholesome lash to a very ambitious and very indifferent volume, entitled '*Letters from a Landscape-Painter*,' the labored pen-and-ink work of a Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, who is even a worse writer than painter. Perhaps, however, the lovers of the 'serenely silent art' among our readers may never have encountered in any collection of pictures an 'original LANMAN.' If not, we fear they will find it difficult to appreciate the force of our comparison. 'His remarks on painters,' says the '*Journal*,' are very inaccurate, or wholly unmeaning, and his descriptions of scenery are cold and colorless; they have neither outlines nor filling-up. Every picture that he sees is the very best that he has ever seen, and moreover the best, as he verily believes, that any body else has ever seen;' and the same remark is true of his literary criticisms. He lauds some very common blank verse of a friend as superior to any thing in the writings of a whole cited catalogue of distinguished poets, American and English. Some idea of the *faithfulness* of his descriptions may be gathered from his sketch of a 'real scene' in Nantucket; the *impossibilities* of which the editor of the '*Journal*,' long a resident in that island, 'shows up' in a manner irresistibly amusing. The labored didacticism, pumped-up feeling, and assumed sentiment of the volume, and what is even more glaring, its frequent affectations of piety, 'lugged in by ear and horn,' are very justly condemned in the critique to which we have referred, and which may be found in the seventh number of the '*Journal*,' which has (mistakenly, we think) deemed the volume worthy of elaborate judgment. . . . MR. 'CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH,' in one of his inimitable chapters, speaks rather lightly, as it seems to us, of a personal indignity which was once offered him by 'a honorable gent.,' who caught him doing something in his private apartment which offended him: 'Git out, Sir!' says he, as fierce as possil; and I felt somethink (I think it was the tip of his to) touching me behind; and found myself nex minnit a-sprawlink among the wet flannings, and bukits, and things, of the suvants on the stares.' The author of the '*Occidental Reminiscences*,' in the '*Spirit of the Times*' literary and sporting journal, mentions the ejection from a theatre by a *coup-de-pied*, of a fellow who appears to have had as little idea of the spiritual character of the performance, reasoning *à posteriori*, as Mr. YELLOWFLUSH; for after he had been fairly kicked into the street, he bristled up to the bestower of the honor upon the 'seat' of that name, as he was about to reënter the house, and scored him with some very cutting remarks: 'Ye think ye 've done some d—d great thing, by kicking me out of a theatre, don't ye?' said he, clenching his fists with a very savage air: 'but, by thunder! ye have n't, I can tell ye! I've been kicked out of a theatre before to-day, and in a better fashion than *that*, I can tell ye. Ye do n't know the first rudiments of kicking—ye do n't! 'Pon one occasion a married gen'lman found me in his bed-chamber, and what do ye think he did, Dod rot ye! I can tell ye: he kicked me down stairs, out of his house, and across the street, be Jingo! *That* was what ye might call a kicking! While I was in the street, a friend of mine spoke to me: I knew he was a friend, from what he said; for says he, 'Go it, my little fellow!—he's a gainin' on ye!' and I guess he did, for the way *he* put in the licks was some! As for you, you do n't know *how* to kick a gentleman—ye do n't!' . . . THE '*Elegiac Stanzas*,' suggested by the untimely fate of a young and lovely townswoman, who was recently thrown from a carriage and instantly killed, evince due *sympathy*; yet the *feeling* which 'informs' them seems rather of the fancy than the heart. But as to 'consolation,' *who* can offer it to the bereaved parent! A beloved child in her virgin innocence and bloom of beauty, in *one moment* torn from a father's arms! TIME, the great Healer, may at length subdue and sanctify his grief. He will find, as years wear away, a serene peace in the thought, that 'as love's circle nar-

rows on earth it is widening in heaven.' His cherished child may never more 'come to him' but he will 'go to her.' Surely, surely the time will come, when

'In the bright world above, he shall claim her as his own,
From out the white-robed company that sing around the throne.'

'W. H. C. H.' may already have seen, that our friend LONGFELLOW is not amenable to the charge which might have seemed true, without explanation. The little poem in question was translated from a German book, now in his possession, where it appeared as *original*. It had however been translated into the German from the English, but the American translator had never seen the English version. There must have been great faithfulness in the rendering of the lines, in both cases. . . . 'MORE than ten years have elapsed,' writes a friend, from whom our readers are always as well pleased to hear as ourselves, 'since the enclosed lines were addressed to me. It was a balmy Sunday morning, and I was walking in the woods with a young Scotchman, who had but lately landed on our shores. We were both sophomores in the college at Princeton; he full of talent and enthusiasm, touched yet with a little melancholy for his dear absent hills. And he led me away by his pleasant converse, over hill and dale, until the Sunday-bells had ceased chiming, and we sat beneath an old oak, situated on an elevated knoll, and commanding a view of that splendid prospect. Then I asked him to compose something in memory of the pleasant hours which I had passed with him; when he immediately drew out his tablets and wrote the following, which he copied on his return to the college, and gave them to me, as I now send them to you. His name was M——T. I have not seen him for years, and do not know what has become of him. Yet one loves to rescue these little memories, and to gather them from the wrecks of swift-fleeting years; and whenever a festive hour has been passed, to mark its anniversary well, and live it over in the bright calendar. These are the days numbered by the ancients with a white stone; and some of these I have had with you; not forgotten, but brought out, whenever their time comes round, like bright Falernian. They are as sure to remind me of them as roses are to blossom again in June. Sometimes indeed they come back sadly, and I am ready to say with the Latin poet, who has said very beautifully:

'Am quanto minus ceterum reliquis versari,
Quam tui meminisse.'

S A B B A T H M O R N I N G .

I.

Now melt the shades of night away,
And twilight ushers in the day,
The Christian's day of rest;
So mildly smiles the pure blue sky,
It seems to speak the hope, the joy
It brings to many a breast.

II.

'Tis now the silent hour of dawn,
When from the SOW of God was drawn
The veil which death imposed;
When rose the sun whose heavenly ray
Shall light an everlasting day—
A Sabbath never closed.

III.

When rising victor from the tomb,
Our LORD reversed the sinner's doom,
And taught his soul to sing:
From power of death and sin set free,
'Oh Grave! where is thy victory?
Oh Death! where is thy sting?

IV.

'Tis brighter morn; yet balmy rest
Sleeps on the valley's dewy breast,
And numbs the hand of Toil;
And more than earthly peace is spread
Where only yesternorn displayed
A vortex of turmoil.

V.

'Twere sweet now, could thy mortal ear
From every cottage circle hear
The blest employment there;
Where, from alike the old and young,
Arise the notes of holy song,
And voice of humble prayer.

VI.

Hail, happy morn of holy peace!
Blest glimpse of rest that ne'er shall cease
In climes beyond the sky;
If such the heaven that saints shall share,
And death alone could take us there,
Oh, who would fear to die!

τ. κ.

HERE is a new reading of a passage in SHAKESPEARE, which we take the liberty of commending to the attention of Mr. VERPLANCK, as worthy of reference, in the pictorial series which he is editing and elaborately 'illustrating' with notes:

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough,
Hew them how we will!'

We can imagine this improved reading pronounced with great fervor in these days of dramatic declension; when the walking gentleman of the stage 'has to boast night after night of his splendid fortune, while oppressed with the painful consciousness of eight dollars a week, and his boots to find; and who is obliged to talk of his 'father's mansion in the country,' with a dreary recollection of his own cheerless garret at home.' By the way, speaking of SHAKESPEARE 'illustrated,' there is matériel for a good burlesque drawing, in the anecdote related of an aged actor named CHAPMAN, at the Park-Theatre, who 'supplied' the ghost in Hamlet one evening, at very short notice. Doubting his perfection in the words, he took a book of the play, and stationing himself by the wings, looked it over, that he might be ready and perfect when called for. As he was near-sighted, he was obliged to wear spectacles when reading. Presently he was summoned, and on he went, every inch a ghost. He had scarcely stalked five paces, before the audience broke forth in an ungovernable fit of convulsive laughter. The actor, in his haste to meet the 'Royal Dane,' had forgot his glasses, and the astonished audience beheld before them the ghost of the King of Denmark in spectacles! Rather an odd spectacle to say the least, and justificatory of much cackinnation. . . . A WRITER in a late number of the London 'Pictorial Times' says of the last English edition of ROGERS' writings, that it 'is the best illustrated work in the language'; and adds: 'We feel assured, moreover, that it will never be surpassed. There is not a bad illustration in the two volumes. A man with a bank at his back may affect a great deal, and effect a good deal more; but the whole banking fraternity in London could not produce an illustrated book like the 'Italy.' The two volumes are said to have cost Mr. ROGERS ten thousand pounds. No bookseller could afford to work as Mr. ROGERS worked. He would take twenty illustrations from TURNER and select five; buy fifty from STOTHARD and select two. He would even have engravings reengraved; and when reengraved would not unfrequently reject them altogether. We have indeed heard that he has as many rejected engravings as would make a second 'Italy.' After reading this, we took down our volumes of the 'Poems,' and renewed the delight with which we have often regarded their superb illustrations. STOTHARD'S 'Woodland Fountain' is a charming scene; and of the entire collection by TURNER, there is not one that is not 'beautiful exceedingly.' The 'Rialto by Moonlight,' the 'Chapel of Saint Julienne,' the 'Chamois Hunt among the Alps,' and 'Sunrise on Tornaro,' especially, are perfect gems. Nor is the character of the printing and paper at all 'out of keeping' with this pictorial excellence. The large clear types are impressed with jet-black ink upon the finest linen paper, thick as Bristol board, and shining with the gloss of the hot-press. ROGERS' house in St. James' Place is pronounced a 'neat pyramid in white marble' of his taste in the fine arts. His collection of pictures cost him some fifty thousand dollars, embracing chef d'œuvres of RAPHAEL, RUBENS, VELASQUEZ, CLAUDE, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, WILKIE, etc. Among the attractions in his beautiful library, with its well-filled book-cases, crowned with noble Etruscan vases, none is deemed more rare than a bit of coarse, common-looking paper, framed and glazed; being nothing more nor less than MILTON'S agreement with SIMONDS the book-seller for the sale of 'Paradise Lost.' What a pleasure it would be to drop in upon the 'Poet of Memory' some summer morning! Our friend HALLECK, when in England, contented himself with a glance at the outside of his brother-poet's noble mansion. 'Tell him,' said Mr. ROGERS to WASHINGTON IRVING, on one occasion, in allusion to this fact, 'tell him, for me, that when next he visits England, the author of 'Marco Bozzaris' and 'Alnwick Castle' must not satisfy himself with a survey of the *outside* of the house, if he would not dissatisfy its occupant.' . . . 'I was struck,' writes a correspondent, 'with the

force and truth of a remark in the first paper of your last number, in relation to what is termed the 'popular preaching' of the day: 'It is a singular fact that those pastors who leave their people the least hope, and pour in the hottest fire, become decidedly the most popular. The hope for salvation seems to increase with the certainty of damnation.' I venture to say, that your readers in almost every section of the Union have in their own vicinity illustrations of the correctness of this assertion. That kind of preaching is most generally liked, which, as the venerable ROBERT MORRIS of Philadelphia once observed, 'drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the very devil is after him!' . . . 'THE children of the earth,' says Miss BREMER, in one of her admirable novels, 'war against misfortune and neglect for many, many years: they live, they suffer, they struggle. At length, Success reaches to them the goblet; they touch their lips to the purple edge, and die.' How many never see the sun, until from their sky of life the last cold cloud is passing! This truth it is, which CARLYLE tells us he sometimes regards with 'a grim smile.' There are various tastes in this world; and it is quite possible that the plain statement of the charcoal QUOZZLE 'on this pint' may better jump with the humor of some of our readers: 'I wish I could be pickled down for a hundred years. I'm a wasted man in this benighted day and generation; and when I am no more, perhaps even then I won't be apprehended, comprehended, or understood; no, not for a century to come, at least: but history must do me justice. I guess I'll have to wait. Great people always have to wait. When you know any thing, the dinner of your glory is never ready. Nobody believes in you, if you get candles at the same grocery store, and live over the way in the same alley. What is greatness, if you can twig it any day buying a quarter-peck of potatoes? Nobody need ever expect to be seen as he is, until he can't be seen at all. When greatness is out of sight altogether, then people begin to open their eyes to it.' . . . A LADY, a correspondent for whom we profess and feel a high esteem, complains — we cannot but think unjustly — that our Magazine has not 'more religious pieces.' There is a lack, she deems, in this regard:

'THINGS needful we have thought on; but the thing
Of all most needful — that which Scripture terms,
As if alone it merited regard,
The ONE thing needful — that we've not considered.'

But our kind friend will permit us to say, that ours not being a professedly religious periodical, can scarcely be considered an appropriate medium for *strictly* religious discussions or essays. At the same time, we aim, in all our decisions, to enforce, and not to weaken, the influence of *truly* religious and moral principles. And in proof of this assumption, we boldly challenge an examination of a score and upward of volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . A FRIEND at the national capital writes us: 'I heard a good joke to-day touching 'Office-Hunting.' A scamp of a fellow, who had been used for party purposes in some part of the country, applied the other day to a gentleman here, who was supposed to have some influence with the coming administration, for a certain office, and in the event of its being appropriated, some 'other post' for which the gentleman applied to might think he was fitted. The following laconic reply was returned: 'Sir: The only post you are fitted for, in my opinion, is the *whipping-post*! Yours,' etc. . . . In one of HOGARTH's pictures, there is a striking feature, representing a robbery of the valuables about the person of a poor dying woman. We were reminded of it in reading, in the 'Crescent and the Cross,' an account of the death of that most remarkable woman, Lady HESTER STANHOPE, at Beyrout. Our missionary at that station, Mr. THOMPSON, hearing that she was ill, accompanied by Mr. MOORE, the English consul, rode over the mountains to visit her: 'It was evening when they arrived, and a profound silence reigned over all the palace; no one met them; they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed, unquestioned, through court and gallery, until they came to where she lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of the palace; and the isolation from her kind, which she had sought so long, was indeed complete. That morning, thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of

her eye; but its spell once darkened by death, every one fled with such plunder as they could secure. A little girl, whom she adopted and maintained for years, took her watch and some papers on which she set peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property was ever seen again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except the ornaments upon her person; no one had ventured to touch these; and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight, her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torch-light to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her favorite resort, and there they buried her.' Such was the end of that extraordinary person, whom the Sultan addressed as 'Cousin;' who annihilated a village for disobedience, and burned a mountain chalet, with all its inhabitants, on account of the murder of two French travellers, who had been under the protection of her firman. . . . We have just returned from an examination of two paintings, recently executed abroad, by our friend HENRY INMAN. The first, a portrait of MACAULEY, is evidently a most life-like picture; yet it scarcely confirms our previous impressions of the *personnel* of the great reviewer. The countenance is mild and prepossessing, while the eyes beam benignity. The second is a sweet, tranquil sketch of 'Rydal Water' and its picturesque 'surroundings,' near the residence of WORDSWORTH. It is a gem of art; and as we examined the dark transparency of the pictured water, we could not help acquitting the poet of extravagance in saying that the beard of a goat upon an overhanging height might be seen 'reflected to a hair' in the stainless waters below. . . . We gave not long since a Quaker's description of the difference between a mule and the *other* species of jackass. Here is a little information touching the same quadruped, which may be new to many of our readers. It was quite 'fresh' to us: 'When the ass was first created, his ears were no longer, in proportion to his size, than those of any other animal; but being of a firm disposition, which his enemies called obstinacy, and declining on some occasions to proceed when he considered himself too heavily laden, his enemies began to pull at his ears, until by the lapse of time they have become of their present size?' 'Taint true, 'taint likely,' remarks a matter-of-fact friend, to whom we have just read this choice bit of natural history; 'it do n't stand to reason.' BAALAM's ass 'stood to reason,' however, with his master, and fully illustrated the obstinacy of the animal, for which impudence the beast *ought* to have had 'his ears pulled' if they were not. . . . 'PERHAPS' (writes a friend in a note to the EDITOR,) the very best concordance of sound with sense, in the whole range of ancient and modern poets, not excepting the *Quadrupedants* of VIRGIL, or the upheaving and descent of the stone in HOMER, is to be found in a couple of lines contained in the first eclogue of the former:

'Nec tamen interea raucus, tua cura, palumbus,
Mec gemere seria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.'

'It is the melancholy cooing and ululations of ring-doves or pigeons, upon the eaves. Nearly every word is an accurate resemblance of the sound, especially the latter part of each line, which seems to be taken right out of the throat of doves. The conclusion of the eclogue is the most charming rural picture or painting I know of. The setting sun, the repose of the landscape, the lengthened shadows cast from the mountains, and the smoke curling over the roofs of the cottages, could scarcely be added to by the delicious tints or touches of CLAUDE. . . . THE value of money in securing the 'unbought suffrages of freemen' is well attested in the sketch of an ignorant-ish old fellow who returned from India (whither he had gone as an adventurer,) to his native village in England, where he was induced to stand for parliament. His eloquence at the hustings was of a 'rich' kind: 'After tapping his trousers-pockets, he said: 'Brother townsmen! I am proud to say I am come back to live among you! I am proud of my native place! (*Voci-ferous cheers.*) I left you a poor man; I return to you pretty well provided (*Cries of 'Bravo!' and 'Go it!'*) with the fruits of honest industry. I am here to spend them among you and upon you. These, fellow-townsmen, form a brief sketch of my political and religious sentiments. I shall call on each of you individually, to inquire after yourselves

and families, and solicit your votes and interest at the forthcoming election." He was 'carried' triumphantly. . . . 'FRANCIS,' who sends us the 'Sandusky (Ohio) Clarion,' containing a piece of patch-work entitled 'Mnemonics,' and signed 'NEMO,' may not be aware of the fact, but the article to which he calls our attention is a silly plagiarism from, or a very poor imitation of, 'OLLAPOD's' 'Victim of a Proof-Reader,' and another kindred 'literary experiment' recorded in the pages of his 'OLLAPODIANA.' . . . We have a distant legal friend in our eye, a man of 'fair round belly, with good capon lined,' who will wipe a pair of laughing eyes under *another* pair, in the shape of gold spectacles, when he has perused the following anecdote: 'An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, 'to make it as light as possible.' 'Ah!' replied the attorney, 'that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread.' . . . THERE is in the last number of FRAZER's London Magazine an excellent paper upon '*Decorative Painting*' in private dwellings. The value of a pure taste in this regard is well set forth and enforced. In this country, as in England, interior decoration is becoming more and more appreciated every day. The emulation of the opulent has something to do with it, no doubt; but an increasing taste has more. Our town readers who may have had an opportunity of examining the rich and exquisitely-tasteful decorations of Mr. GEORGE PLATT, (our chief metropolitan artist in this kind,) which are to be met with in the best and most *recherché* mansions of our own and sister cities, will recognize at once the *social influence* of a refined taste in our dwellings. Attention to graceful forms; to the harmonious relations of colors to each other, in hue, tint and shade; the avoidance of incongruous associations, that may offend the eye; the preservation of that bland consistency which is so agreeable to contemplate, and which fills the mind with such pleasurable sensations; these are apparent in all that we have seen from the competent hand of our accomplished artist. Who can enter a house in which chaste coloring is appropriately distributed; 'warm, rich, and substantial for the dining apartment, light and cheerful for bed-rooms, cool and simple for the lobby and vestibule, grave for the library,' etc., without feeling that all this has scarcely less to do with the completeness of a dwelling than the grace and keeping of the rare architectural ornaments and devices themselves? And who can doubt the effect of the *whole* upon the taste, we had almost said the *heart*, of the possessor of such a mansion? We rejoice that an improved taste on the part of the public is producing an increased demand for the talent and skill of those who have been preëminently conspicuous in eliciting and enhancing it. . . . Would it not be as well for some of our confectioners to *change their poets*? The 'mottos' which one encounters now-a-nights are certainly not of the 'highest order of poetical composition.' To say that

'A pleasant sight it is to view
The ladies fair of our York-New,'

or to establish a self-evident proposition with

'There is nothing better a young man's credit for to save,
Than a sweet female companion throughout life for to have,'

is a reflection upon the poetical genius of 'our great and mighty republic.' . . . We heartily and fully endorse the following remarks of a most competent contemporary critic. Mr. KNEELAND is one of the best sculptors in America: 'HORACE KNEELAND, the sculptor, has in his studio in the Granite Building, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, two remarkably fine busts, which for integrity of expression are equal to any that we have seen by POWERS. They are of Professor MAPES and Captain ERICSSON: the first is in marble. Mr. KNEELAND only requires to be more extensively known, to be more fully employed. He should go to Rome, for the name of it; for his countrymen cannot bring themselves to believe that an American can attain to any thing like respectability in art without breathing the atmosphere of Italy.' . . . We have twice sat down with one of C. C. WRIGHT AND COMPANY's matchless 'KNICKERBOCKER pens,' (unmatched at least save by their 'MINERVA's, which 'can't be beat,') to remonstrate with our Alabama cor-

respondent, on account of his non-fulfilment of a promise touching a certain *critique* which he 'had intended for our pages.' Send it on at once, unless otherwise appropriated. 'Don't let us speak to you twice!' . . . We welcome to the present number three or four additions to our unequalled corps of contributors, whose writings would reflect honor upon the pages of any magazine in christendom. The productions of ALBERT PIKE, Esq. will find as grateful and ready admission to the KNICKERBOCKER as they have heretofore found to BLACKWOOD'S Magazine; and they will win from our readers praise as cordial as that bestowed upon the writer's previous efforts by CHRISTOPHER NORTH. The 'Sketches of the Great West' will be found to compose a series of very attractive papers. They are from the 'pen of a ready writer,' familiar from boyhood with the scenes he describes. His 'paternal progenitor,' an author of no little reputation, is the gentleman who 'has known the Mississippi river ever since it was a small creek!' 'NED BUNTLINE's' spirited 'Race on the Bahama Banks' will escape the attention of none who have read his previous sketches, 'Running the Blockade,' 'The Masked Ball,' etc. We shall *always* be gratified, as we are sure our readers will be, to hear from the author of 'The Ranger's Adventure.' 'The Walking Gentleman' opens well; and we can assure the reader that he will 'fulfil the promise of his spring.' Those who remember (and who does not?) 'The Young Englishman,' will need no incentive to peruse 'The St. Leger Papers,' which are in fact but a continuation of the same admirable series. The character and interest of the tale are foreshadowed in the chapters of the present number. Our town-readers will remember the Indian lovers, who were married at the American Museum some three or four years ago, and especially the handsome and affectionate bride, who now sleeps in the Greenwood Cemetery. Observe their counterparts, in the story of 'The Lost Fawn,' so simply and effectively told in preceding pages. It is a plain narrative of *facts*, from the pen of one who records, exactly as they occurred, events which took place as it were under his own eye. We shall hear often from the writer hereafter. Owing, as we infer, to severe weather at sea, the fifth number of the 'Letters from Cuba' has not yet been received by us. It will doubtless arrive in season for an early place in our April number. . . . THERE is a capital paper 'in GRAHAM' for the present month, upon *Egotism*, and especially the egotism of authors. It is written in a free yet terse and sententious style, and sparkles with a felicitous collocation of words and sentences. We annex a single passage:

'As the monkey thinks its own offspring the most beautiful of created beings, so thinks the poorest bard of those sickly and ugly children of his brain, on whose miserable faces he has stamped his intellectual image. As far as the individual is concerned, a poor bard is as happy in his self-deceptive consciousness of fame, as those who possess it in reality. He wraps himself up very complacently in the cloak of his conceit, and lies down to pleasant dreams. Very delightful likewise is it, to see the sympathy which exists among small authors for each other, notwithstanding the many jealousies which tend to divide contemporaries in common-place. For the mediocre authors of the past, there is always a chosen clan of ink-wasters in the present to hold them in remembrance, however nameless they may be to the rest of the world. Thus we often observe the trite and mole-eyed antiquarian hustling among the dead and damned authors of remote periods, to gather precious morsels of mediocrity, which Time has mercifully rendered scarce, and then attempting to bully his ten readers into the conceit that they are priceless pearls. And we often see small reviewers standing like so many critical CANUTES, to roll back with their flat the waters of Lethe, as they come rushing in to wash away all traces of authors whom the world is very willing to let die; or sending their voices into past time, to bid mouldering reputations burst their cerements, and revisit the glimpses of the moon. As deep crieth unto deep, so shallowness crieth unto shallowness, in all ages. If such be the strength of that love which knits common-place to common-place, how strong must be the parental love which links the common place writer to his own soul's progeny!'

One of the most striking examples of lofty egotism is recorded of a Portuguese monarch, who said one summer's day, as he quietly enjoyed his siesta, and the disjointed images of things floated lazily through his little brain, that 'if the ALMIGHTY had consulted *him* in the creation of the world, he would have spared him some absurdities!' . . . *The New-York American* afternoon journal has been united with the '*Morning Courier and Enquirer*, the largest and most profitable daily newspaper on this continent. With such a corps of experienced editors as Messrs. WEBB, KING, DANIELS and RAYMOND, abundant capital, and indomitable enterprise, the '*Courier*' will indeed become the '*Times*' of Ame-

rica.' The '*Tribune*' has arisen like a phoenix from its ashes, (we think this comparison has been used *before*, but are not certain!) and in new and handsome type at once resumes its place of honor among the daily journals, none of which exceed it in directness, vigor, variety, and other characteristics of a well-conducted and influential gazette. The '*New World*,' under the direction of its new editor, Mr. CHARLES EAMES, meets with very general praise. It appears on new types, in the large quarto form, and contains every week an illustrated article, the engravings of which are truly admirable. We wish our contemporary that success which he labors so well to deserve. . . . THE few bright days of 'stormy March,' which seem stolen from summer, will be found abundantly prolific of kites; which, as usual every spring, will break out all over the metropolis, 'with a very alarming type,' and in every variety of color, shape, and size. Our old correspondent 'HARRY FRANCO' must not forget his promise to illustrate the advent of these 'winged couriers of the air' for our pages. We shall remember and reciprocate. . . . THACKERAY, immortal as 'YELLOWPLUSH,' is PUNCH's travelling contributor in the East. He has already written from Greece, Turkey, and Egypt; and we shall doubtless next hear from him in Palestine. There were associations connected with Greece, which rendered it displeasing to the traveller. He always had his doubts, he says, about the classics, on account of the brutal manner in which they were beaten into him; and when he came to Athens, and found it a humbug, he hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy; and as he stood in the royal square, he cursed the country which had made so many thousands of little boys miserable. He was not very much struck with the Temple of THESEUS: 'When I say, quoting MURRAY's guide-book, that 'it is a peripteral hexastyle, with a pronaos, a posticum, and two columns between the anteæ, the commonest capacity can perfectly imagine the place. It is built of Pentelic marble, of the exact color and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and stands upon an irregular ground of copper-colored herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about.' As for the modern buildings, the best of them, the royal palace, resembles Newgate white-washed, and stands on a mangy desert. His 'first impressions' of the Pyramids of Egypt are very *Napoleonesque*. After an exordium, in which he says he used the longest words he could find, because the occasion was great, and demanded the finest phrases the dictionary could supply, he explains the reason of his ornamental eloquence: 'On the nineteenth day of October, 1844, I *posted the great placard of Punch on the Pyramid of Cheops!* I did it! If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.' He crossed the Nile two or three times on the shoulders of 'abominable Arabs, who take a pleasure in slipping, and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you; you are alarmed; the savages may drop you if you do not give; you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downward while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money; it is the best way: you are a fool if you give it, though, when you come down.' . . . THE wizzard tale of 'Dark ELLSPETH' will be concluded in our next. It is replete with varied incident, and is written in a style of rich 'poetical prose' which finds numerous admirers. The following papers, among others, are filed for immediate insertion: 'The Study of Natural History,' by the author of 'Europe in the Beginning of Eighteen Hundred Forty-Two,' an article in our May issue, for 1843, which will not have been forgotten by our readers; 'The Scalp-Hunter,' 'France,' by ALBERT PIKE, Esq.; 'Mater Dolorosa,' by 'J. F. C.'; 'Turkish Sketches,' 'The Holy Month Ramazan,' by our correspondent at Constantinople; 'Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book of HORACE,' 'The Solitude of the Soul,' 'A Night's Adventure in Cuba' and a 'Chapter on Middies,' by NED BUNTLING; 'Gossip of a Player,' and 'Stanzas on the Death of a Dear Child.' Several other communications in prose and verse are either filed for insertion, or await adequate examination. \$C\$ *New Publications* received after the fifteenth of the month, will be noticed in our next.

LITERARY RECORD.—‘*The Southern and Western Magazine and Review*’ is the title of a new monthly periodical, the first number of which was recently issued from the Charleston (South-Carolina) press of Messrs. BURGESS AND JAMES. ‘*Doctor SIMMS*,’ as a late contemporary magazine, the ‘*Orion*,’ terms the voluminous Southern writer, is to superintend its editorial department. The present subscription-list of the work we take to be made up from those of the ‘*Magnolia*’ and ‘*The Orion*,’ both of which publications are now among ‘the things that were;’ the editor of the ‘last survivor’ announcing, upon the cover of the new magazine, that his ‘journal has met the fate of all Southern periodicals; his hopes have been disappointed, and plans ardently cherished and arduously prosecuted, utterly defeated;’ a fact we regret to see recorded, for our friend RICHARDS’ sake, whom we know to have been indefatigable in his endeavors to deserve well of his Southern readers. Having found leisure only to glance through the first paper of the ‘*Review*,’ we are not prepared to pronounce upon the merits of the new candidate for public approbation, farther than to say, that its neat appearance is much in its favor. Our contemporary, ‘HARRY FRANCO,’ who has had an opportunity of perusing the work more attentively, says of it in his journal: ‘It professes to be a Southern and Western Review, and the first article in it is called ‘*Americanism in Literature*,’ which is chiefly remarkable for containing nothing in relation to that subject. Mr. SIMMS complains of the great amount of money which the South expends for Northern productions in art and literature, and of the small amount which the North pays for Southern works of a like class, probably not without good reason; and if he were earnest in his desire to produce a Southern magazine, he should, in his initial number at least, have filled his columns with the productions of Southern pens. The best things in the present number come from the North.’ This latter charge should not be permitted hereafter to lie against our Southern contemporary. The ‘*Western Literary Journal*,’ (edited by our esteemed correspondent, E. Z. C. JUDSON, Esq., in connection with his able partner, Mr. HIXE,) of which we have already spoken in terms of deserved praise, and which we hear is acquiring a wide circulation, we are glad to perceive is admirably sustained, as it should be, by the contributions of western writers. But to return to the Charleston magazine: We confess that we ourselves regard the editorial annotations of the first paper as exceptionable in point of style; being, to our eye, so diffuse and wordy as almost to cover up the argument of the writer. Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his ‘*Crayon Papers*’ in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, speaking of the patriotic home influences of scenery, observes, that grand and noble natural objects ally themselves forever to the heart of childhood; ‘they grow up with the soul, and unite themselves to it,’ etc. Mr. SIMMS expresses a kindred thought much more magniloquently: ‘His (the American boy’s) whole soul must be imbued with sympathies caught from surrounding aspects within his infant horizon. The heart must be moulded to an intense appreciation of our woods and streams, our dense forests and deep swamps, our vast immeasurable mountains, our voluminous and tumbling waters. It must receive its higher moral tone from the exigencies of society, its traditions and its histories. *Lessened (?) at the knee of the grand-dame, the boy must grasp, as subjects of familiar and frequent consideration, the broken chronicles of senility, and shape them, as he grows older, into coherence and effect.*’ It will be contended by few persons, we may presume, that a style such as this is either forceful or felicitous. The general purpose, however, which is indicated by the editor, and adequately presented by the true-hearted American writer whom he reviews, and justly commends, is, as we have often contended, worthy of grave national consideration. There is an error of fact in the subjoined sentence: ‘We take it for granted that we are not, in the scornful language of the European press, a mere ‘nation of shop-keepers;’ that we have qualities of soul and genius, which if not yet developed in our moral constitution, are yet struggling to make themselves heard and felt.’ The editor builds much upon this alleged remark of the ‘European press;’ but the memorable compliment, to which reference is had, was passed between France and England, and was never directed to this country; or if so, when, and where? We wish our Southern contemporary entire success; and trust that the enterprising publishers will not appeal in vain to the South for that patronage which at least one periodical should command from a vast, fertile, and we have no doubt intellectual region. . . . THE HARPERS have issued a new edition, upon fine linen paper, with excellent engravings, of FRESCOTT’S ‘*FERDINAND AND ISABELLA*,’ a work the reputation of which has long been thoroughly established. DICKENS’ ‘*Chimes*,’ from the same house, have been ringing, since our last, all over the United States. This production has much of its writer’s peculiar manner of description, whether of scene or individual character; yet it lacks the spirit and interest of that matchless performance, in its kind, the ‘*Christmas Carol*.’ Its lesson, however, is a wholesome one, and its biting satire well bestowed. How many ‘Aldermen CUTES and Sir JOSEPH BOWLETS could we count upon our fingers; men who can give, when their names as donors are to appear in printed

reports; who can be ostentatiously officious of their services in reforming and charitable societies, where the fact is to be known and commented upon; and yet, who would refuse the most trifling temporary aid to a friend, or the smallest boon to a poor neighbor, which might fall short of the necessary blazon to the world. They are very 'prompt,' like Mr. BOWLEY; their 'cash-books,' like that worthy functionary's, are always ready for service, either for entries or excuses; but like him, their *hearts* beat sluggishly beneath a frozen crust of transparent selfishness. How true is the remark of a benevolent modern essayist: 'The humble current of little kindness, which though but a creeping streamlet, incessantly flows; although it glides in silent secrecy along the walks of private life, and makes neither noise nor appearance in the world; pours, in the end, a more bountiful tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.' The HARPERS have also in press a *complete edition* of HALLECK's poems, beautifully executed, which has been long waited for, and which will speedily make way for a *second* edition. Mr. HALLECK's popularity has never for one moment abated. 'Number Forty-five of HARPER's Library of Select Novels' contains 'The Regent's Daughter,' translated from DUMAS by C. H. TOWN, Esq. We hear the work spoken of in terms of high praise, but have not as yet found time and opportunity to read a line of it. That it is well rendered, the translator's name is a sufficient guaranty. . . . It is very rarely that we meet with a better number of a monthly publication than the last issue of the '*Yale Literary Magazine*.' The papers upon 'Agriculture,' 'Moral Outlines of History,' and the 'Ramblings in Italy,' would do credit to works of far higher pretensions than one conducted by mere college-students. The number contains a view of a proposed Gothic-ish edifice for a college-library, a very effective colored wood-engraving of 'Yale College and Chapel in 1786.' . . . MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have published, in a large and well-printed volume, TAYLOR's 'Manual of Ancient and Modern History,' revised, with an additional chapter on the United States, by Prof. C. S. HENRY, of the New-York University; a luminous compend of the political characteristics, the exterior relations, and the internal condition of the world in all ages. . . . THE second number of '*The American Review and Whig Journal*,' devoted to politics, science, literature and art, has made its appearance. The very best thing in its pages is an unique, singularly imaginative, and most musical effusion, entitled '*The Rescen*.' We have never before, to our knowledge, met the author, Mr. EDGAR A. POE, as a poet; but if the poem to which we allude be a specimen of his powers in this kind, we shall always be glad to welcome him in his new department. We skipped the elaborate 'Result of the Election,' the fifty-four columns on 'ALBION's History of Europe,' (a work which 'has been subject to treatment' for several months in foreign and native reviews and magazines,) and the long story of 'Jack Long,' which we had read under another title in the 'Democratic Review,' where it appears, by an unforeseen circumstance; but we *did* peruse the paper on 'Words,' and that on 'GOETHE's Egmont,' with unusual pleasure. We hope that the article on 'Post-Office Reform,' notwithstanding its length, may find numerous readers; for it treats of a subject which deserves both special and general consideration. Six editorial pages are devoted to brief 'Critical Notices and a record of Foreign Literary Miscellany.' The 'Review' looks well, and promises to be well sustained, as indeed it should be, by the great political party to whose interests it is devoted. We wish our young contemporary all success. *Macte Virtute!* . . . We have received from Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM 'A Course of English Reading,' adapted to every Taste and Capacity, with Anecdotes of Men of Genius; by Rev. JAMES PYCROFT, of Trinity College, Oxford; with American additions, from the competent hand of J. G. COGSWELL, Esq.; and 'Rome, as seen by a New-Yorker,' a clear and most attractive picture of the Eternal City, and its numerous objects of interest. . . . We write this without having seen S. MARGARET FULLER's new work, '*Woman in the Nineteenth Century*;' but as the different 'forms' of the volume, were passing through the press of the printer of this Magazine, we *heard* enough of it read, in the proof-sheets, to be enabled to pronounce it a well-reasoned and well-written treatise. . . . A MA. ROCHIETTI, an Italian, has been making himself very ridiculous by writing and publishing a work upon this country in the English language. With fifty errors on every page of his own book, he complains elaborately of one or two alleged mistakes in HEADLEY's well-written and very entertaining volume, 'Italy and the Italians.' A pleasant sort of *critic*, certainly! . . . We have received from Mr. OLIVER DITSON, Boston, 'The Death of WARREN,' a national song, the music by DEMPFER, which he sings with great sweetness and feeling. A very fine vignette, representing the well-known scene from TRUMBULL's picture, appeals to the eye, as the music does to the heart. 'Sweet Home of my Childhood,' another of DEMPFER's popular ballads, the music by his old friend and instructor, Mr. JOHN DANIEL, a gentleman to whose merits we recently adverted, and who needed only to be known, to be highly appreciated, has been sent us by the publisher, Mr. DUBOIS, Broadway.

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THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

THIS Magazine has always said its best word of encouragement to the cause of popular education ; and now we purpose to take another onward step in this department. To introduce any science as a new classic among elementary studies, demands exact knowledge of that science, and a wide survey of existing institutions. It is the part of wise policy for our country to borrow from other lands all that is good, while we make better whatever we appropriate. We have no fear of any thing foreign, whether in science, literature, arts, or even manners, so long as we can filter them through our republican minds and our puritan hearts. Our country ought to take the lead in this business of popular education, and set such an example to our sister republics of the South as can be followed with safety. We should teach them to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.

We maintain that *all* knowledge, which does not lead to error, is useful. Where there exists in a nation the greatest diversity of pursuits, there the business of society goes on with most precision ; and where there are the greatest number of relationships in our ideas, there we advance most rapidly and securely. Happy then is he who in this stage of existence can acquire the most knowledge with the greatest degree of innocence. To educate is to form character ; it is to develop all the powers in their natural order, proper time and due proportion, so that we shall see in that grown-up character all that God designed in the infant constitution. Education does not so much consist in carrying materials to the mind, as in bringing out materials from the mind. To the teacher falls the sacred office of education ; (*educio*) of drawing humanity out of man ; of tempting forth the various energies of thought, and of becoming a fellow-laborer with God in bringing out the godlike in the human soul. The universe, our globe, life, truth, art, science,

*I. CARNIERE D'HISTOIRE NATURELLE, a l'usage des Colléges et des Ecoles Normales Primaires. Par M. MILNE EDWARDS et M. ACHILLE COMTE. Paris: 1838

II. A SYNOPSIS OF NATURAL HISTORY; embracing the Natural History of Animals, with human and general Animal Physiology, Botany, Vegetable Physiology and Geology; Translated from the French of C. LEBRONNIER, and arranged as a text-book for schools. By THOMAS WYATT, A. M. pp. 191: Philadelphia.

faith, immortality, in short, every thing our minds can know, or hope grasp, are means. Man is making his progress through matter; he is here at school, schooling for eternity. He has an interest, an inevitable positive interest, in every moment of the eternal future. We may therefore add to our statement just made: *To educate is to form immortal character.*

For the child's body God has prepared the best food fitted for every moment of its growth. For every moment of the child's mind he has likewise prepared the means of growth. These means are arranged in a naturally-ascending series, corresponding to the gradually-unfolding powers of the mind; beginning with those which arrest the eager curiosity of the youngest child, and ending with those which reveal themselves only to the searching analysis of the profoundest philosopher. To the teacher belongs the duty of applying these in their proper portions, suitable times, and simple forces. If the body has not so much of the natural food as it can well digest, it languishes, and is not such a body as God designed. If the mind has not so much of its natural aliment as it can well digest, it languishes, is stunted, and is not such a character as God designed. The question then is, what has God provided for the best nourishment of the young mind, and how should these means of development be applied so that we may realize God's idea of a man?

It is not our purpose to answer this question except as pertains to one particular branch of instruction, and that branch is NATURAL HISTORY.

God seems to have proposed his material creation as a standing, perpetual study to his intelligent creatures, where, ever learning, they can never learn all. We cannot open our eyes, nor stretch out our hands, nor take a step, but we see and handle and tread upon the things from which the most wonderful discoveries and the most useful inventions have been deduced. The subject of Natural History is no narrower than the vast creation; a history of nature. The study of this science, then, how comprehensive!—*comprehensive*, because it embraces a knowledge of all the beings and bodies spread over the surface of the earth, of all the substances under that surface which constitute its mass, of all the phenomena of which these bodies are the seat, the various characters which distinguish them from each other, and the part they all act in the great economy of the universe. The study of this science, moreover, how simple!—*simple*, because it has to do with what our eyes can see, our hands can handle, and our minds can know. Leaving the fields of conjectural criticism and vague hypothesis, it goes to plant itself on the sterling facts of nature and of life.

From this wide field of truth and inquiry we select one topic, suggested by the two works named at the head of this article; viz. the introduction of Natural History as a regular classic into all our colleges, academies, normal and high schools. The questions which seem to embrace our subject are these:

FIRST: Is Natural History a science which youths from twelve to eighteen years of age can understand?

SECOND: If they can understand it, is it a study which will help to

develop the powers of their minds and to elevate the affections of their hearts ?

THIRD : If it can do both these, how can it be introduced as a regular classic into our seminaries ?

I. We begin then with asking : *Is Natural History a science which youths from twelve to eighteen years of age can understand ?*

We answer. In all the best private schools and in all the universities on the continent of Europe, pupils of both sexes study this science as a specific part of regular instruction ; and we never heard it said that they could not understand it, but on the contrary, pupils there have repeatedly told us that they esteemed it the most attractive of all studies. In the Normal Schools and Colleges it is a fixed study, as much as Greek or Mathematics. If European pupils can understand it, cannot American ?

But as this answer to our question may not be wholly satisfactory to some, let us answer it in the fullest manner by examining the topics most fit to be introduced into our seminaries ; and this examination will convince us that our youth can understand them. We might here examine Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Chemistry or Zoology, and a specimen-lesson might be selected from either of these sciences to illustrate the simplicity which could be introduced into an elementary work which successfully popularized Natural History as a study for youth. Such a specimen-lesson we will here attempt as an example. We care not from what department it be taken ; but we have selected the *Skeleton of Birds*, because it is so little known, and because the statements concerning it can be so easily verified. Let us look, then, with the eye of a learner at the skeleton of birds ; and the following questions and answers may introduce us into the school-room :

QUESTION : What circumstances claim particular attention in the skeletons of birds ?

ANSWER : The materials of which they are composed, then their peculiar forms, and then their natural arrangement.

QUESTION : What can you say about these ?

ANSWER : The materials of which the skeleton of birds is composed are bones, horn and gristle ; and their peculiar forms and arrangement may be seen in the turkey and goose, which we have on our tables ; though every different order of birds has a shape exactly fitted to its own peculiar mode of getting its living and rearing its young.

QUESTION. In making the skeleton of birds, what objects were chiefly to be regarded ?

ANSWER : There were two objects to be secured ; viz. strength and lightness.

QUESTION : Yes ; and how were these secured ?

ANSWER : They were secured, in the first place, by adopting quills, which combine strength and lightness more than any other substance in notice ; and secondly, by making the bones hollow so that the bird can fill them with air, which air being warmer than the outward air, makes the bird a sort of balloon in the sky.

QUESTION : Can you state another curious fact on this subject ?

ANSWER : I can ; and the fact is this : that those limbs in birds which

are the most used in locomotion have bones the most hollow. For example, the wings of the ostrich are not hollow, because they are never used in flight; while the bones of its legs are remarkably hollow, because they *are* used in locomotion. So the leg-bones of great fliers are not particularly hollow, because these birds do not depend on running; while their wing-bones are remarkably hollow, because they are used for motion.

QUESTION: Can you mention another singular fact relating to the skeleton of birds?

ANSWER: There is one relating to the back-bone or vertebræ. The vertebræ in the mammalia are flexible, and unless they were so these animals could not move as they do; but in birds the several small bones which compose the back-bone, just opposite the wings, are all soldered together so that they cannot bend, and the reason for this is, that the wings in flying need a stiff, immoveable fulcrum or support to sustain them in their violent motions of striking the air. This contrivance, of making the vertebræ solid, nearly doubles the power of the wings.

QUESTION: But do all birds have stiff vertebræ opposite their wings?

ANSWER: No; because all do not need a fulcrum. For example; the ostrich and cassowary, which do not fly, have moveable back-bones like the mammalia. If their vertebræ were stationary they would experience extreme inconvenience.

QUESTION: Is there any peculiarity in the articulation of the head with the vertebral column?

ANSWER: There is. It is more moveable than in the higher animals; and it is effected by means of *one* rounded eminence in the upper bone of the neck, (called *condyle*.) Thus, the head turns as on a swivel, and the bird can direct his face completely backward. None of the mammalia can do this, because in their bones there are two and three condyles.

QUESTION: Are there any interesting facts pertaining to the sternum, or breast-bone, in birds?

ANSWER: Yes, many; and one of them is this, that while in man and in the other mammalia the breast-bone is fastened to the ribs by cartilage or gristle, thus enabling the chest to expand and contract in breathing; this is not so in birds, because this motion of the bones would make the fulcrum of the wings unsteady and flexible, and thus fatally weaken it as a point of support. Nature knowing this has put bone in birds where gristle exists in all other animals, and thus has completely obviated every difficulty.

QUESTION: You say that the *fastening* of the breast-bone to the ribs differs from that in the mammalia. I would ask, if the breast-bone itself also differs from the same bone in other animals?

ANSWER: Certainly it does. Look at the sternum of a man; it is very small, while that of a duck is immense. The breast-bone in birds is a broad shield or concave buckler spread over the whole breast.

QUESTION: But why are they so much more expanded in birds than in other animals?

ANSWER: Because the great muscles that move the wings must be

fastened in the strongest manner possible ; and this broad surface of bone, with its high longitudinal ridge in the centre, affords room for thus tying down the muscles of flight.

QUESTION : Has the sternum the same proportionate size in all birds ?

ANSWER : It has not. The ostrich, for example, has a sternum smaller than that of the swan or the eagle ; and the naturalist is taught to decide, by the shape and size of the breast-bone, whether the bird be a slow or a vigorous flier. The sternum of the ostrich is too small and weak to give any strength to his wings, while that of the eagle is broad and stout, indicating an immense power of wing.

QUESTION : What do these and other facts concerning the skeleton of birds, teach the reflecting mind ?

ANSWER : They show that exact adaptation of means to ends which pervades creation. He who contrived the skeleton of birds, made it to correspond minutely with the density of the atmosphere and the power of gravitation.

This specimen is sufficient ; though the lesson on the skeleton might be continued to a great length, showing at every step new marks of wise design ; and the whole might be as easily comprehended.

Take the bill, or beak, of birds ; and whether we examine those which are made to tear flesh, or those intended to crack nuts, or catch fish, or open oysters, or strain water, in each and every group we shall see surprising differences, yet in each an exact adaptation of means to ends. So likewise of their feet ; if to grapple live prey, or serve as stilts, or to defend the brood, or scratch the ground, or row in the water, each species will abundantly vindicate the perfection of its form, and show to a demonstration that every bone, quill, beak and talon, are in harmony with the universal order of creation.

We repeat, that this is not a tithe of what may be said on the skeleton of birds ; but this is enough with our readers to show, as an example, that a youth of twelve years could perfectly understand it all. Every other point is susceptible of being made equally plain, and quite as interesting ; and we will here venture to add, that we believe the whole science of natural history can be thus simplified, and made as much more clear and intelligible than grammar and rhetoric, as mathematics is more demonstrable than poetry.

Had we more space for adding proofs we should find them at hand and most abundant ; but we must dismiss this part of the subject with a recapitulation. FIRST, that the science of natural history is a regular and cherished classic in European schools ; and SECOND, that its leading principles and facts may be so stated as to be level with the youthful comprehension.

II. Our second inquiry, therefore, is this : *Is Natural History a science which will help to develop the intellectual powers and to elevate the moral affections ?*

We answer, that it is admirably adapted to develop the intellectual powers. Nature was the first volume that Heaven published for the education of man, and Adam was its first student. He had no other book. Creation was the page spread out before him, and God was his

teacher ; and the first thing he did was to give distinguishing names to all the animals of the earth and sky. From his day to ours the pure-hearted and reflecting have loved to hold communion with Nature in all her beautiful forms ; and he whose thoughts are fixed on Botany, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology, will promptly confess that they are studies which require minute observation, delicate analyses, serial proofs, and philosophical classification ; thus being the freest, healthiest exercise to the intellectual powers. Matter in its various forms and combinations, and life in its various modes and forces, constitute the basis of all physical science, while they are the truest illustrations of the philosophy of mind. Natural History is thus the great source of human knowledge, the great object of mental activity. If mathematics claim to have positive strength in developing intellect, then surely natural history is equally potent ; for, the severity of mathematics marks all the processes of thought. It is eminently, in this respect, an exact science, resting on demonstrations. The great Cuvier, that second legislator in natural science, says : ' The habit necessarily acquired in the study of natural history, of mentally classifying a great number of ideas, is one of the advantages of this science which is seldom spoken of, and which, when it shall have been generally introduced into the system of common education, will perhaps become the principal one. It exercises the student in that part of logic which is called *method*, as the study of geometry does in that which is called *sylogism* ; because natural history is the science which requires the most precise methods, as geometry is that which demands the most rigorous reasoning. Now, this art of method, when once well acquired, may be applied with infinite advantage to studies the most foreign to natural history. Every discussion which supposes a classification of facts, every research which requires a distribution of matters, is performed after the same manner ; and he who has cultivated this science merely for amusement, is surprised at the facilities it affords for disentangling all kinds of affairs.' This testimony in favor of introducing natural history as a regular study into our elementary schools, is from a man who surpassed all others in his attainments in the science, and whose recommendation therefore has almost the force of a divine command.

Take chemistry, and see it penetrating to the primitive atoms of all substances, then unfolding their combinations, revealing their powers, and after all, reuniting them anew for the progress of all useful arts ! How do we admire when we see it harnessing galvanism, electricity and light to its car, and make them fill the earth with comforts and health ! The results of chemical analysis are becoming every month more important to society ; and every new one is a new reason why the course of instruction in our higher schools should embrace them. This science opens a field of inquiry to the young mind at once engaging and profitable ; and we have known boys, twelve years old, who have repeated and understood the experiments of learned professors. It only needs in this, as in many other departments, that we should have sufficient faith in the capacity of young minds.

With equal justice similar remarks may be made concerning geology and mineralogy. They are sciences which can be made level to the

youthful comprehension ; and when so made, they will become sources of healthful excitement and industrious observation.

With regard to botany, there can be no doubt that it will soon become a regular classic in every elevated school. Its adaptation to the tastes and habits of children, its connexion with their pleasures, their food and even their medicine, would be enough to insure their love for it, without connecting it with the first form of organic life to which so large a part of the animal creation looks, and to which all animal life primarily has relationship.

With regard to zoology, this is a science which may be first introduced because most easily apprehended, and yielding the earliest reward. The animals which on every side arrest our attention, are too familiar to need description, and a youth would be already in possession of the requisite introductory knowledge in their study. He would often be but extending his view, teaching him the philosophy of what (as in the skeleton of birds) his eyes had constantly beheld. The means of study would be so within reach that this part of natural history could be pursued at any time to almost any extent.

Among the advantages which this study imparts to the intellectual faculties, are those of tracing relationships and of comprehending its rigid rules of classification. Each part is connected as directly as antecedent and consequent can be. It is said in commendation of mathematics, that each preceding principle well understood becomes a luminous introduction to the next succeeding. This is also true to its fullest extent in zoology. Each law of life with which the pupil becomes acquainted serves as a revealer to the next in order ; and when once the series is well entered upon, the student will find too great enthusiasm growing within him, unless he has the privilege of entire devotion to the science. For example ; when the student is able to distinguish the peculiarities in the teeth of different orders of animals, how soon will he be able to decide on the form, food and habits of those animals. As soon as he knows accurately the bill and feet in birds, or the mouth and fins in fishes, how readily will he classify those which fall under his notice. Now think what an infinity of relationships are connected with each one of these inquiries ! Questions touching earth, air and water immediately arise for adjustment, and before the student is aware he finds himself environed by truths, new and luminous, all rising out of his first lessons in animal life. Take the most unfavorable case ; a young man in a country village. That young man, if he had been taught the elements of zoology at school, would feel an interest to collect all the different kinds of animals, birds, reptiles, insects, etc., which came within his reach ; and fixing his attention on their shape, size, color, motions and habits, would soon gather a little museum of specimens. His taste for these pursuits would not die out in his soul, because there would be often presented to him new illustrations of what he had learned. With Nature for a book, and Nature's God for a teacher, he could not walk far without seeing some new passage to peruse. Thus his mind would always be awake to his researches ; and selecting one department as more agreeable to his taste than the others, he would miss no occasion of enlarging his experience. Thus, on his favorite topic he would cen-

tre his thoughts and feelings, and that part of zoology would become his every-day theme of conversation among his friends and fellow-laborers. How would he thus fill with delightful and improving pursuits many of the hours that others waste in vacuity, and thus educate his mind to reflection, and his heart to piety! What process more simple than this; what more rational; what more attainable; what more elevating? At how little cost does this fill life with interest! The habit of methodical thinking would be gradually strengthened in that young man's mind, till it came to preside over all his studies. The thoughts must conform to that beautiful series of classes, orders, families, tribes, and species into which created beings classify and arrange themselves. Without the inductive methods nothing can be done; but with them we can make the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms speak out the laws which govern the stars.

The study of zoology demands and begets habits of observation. There is no study which so opens the eyes as natural history. There are times when the naturalist would be glad to be *lined with eyes*. Wakefulness and curiosity are up in all their strength, and the feelers of the soul are all spread out. Knowledge rushes in at every pore! What study can be more favorable to *mental* progress?

And is it not equally favorable to *moral*? This question we promised to answer. Let us then endeavor to look at creation from the angle at which the DEITY looks at it.

The universe is the visible translation of the CREATOR's thought; the embodiment of that great idea which was patterned forth in his own mind before he said, 'Let there be light.' After that glorious prototype the things about us were made, each sustaining *now* as *then* its unbroken relationship to its mighty Maker. The careful study of the works of God must lead the human mind to adoration, trust and love. It is the study of natural history that most directly promotes this highest dignity of the mind, because it is tracking the DEITY in his works; and surely the student, as he comes into possession of the *divine* thoughts, must feel his own enlarged and elevated. He thereby comes into the sanctuary of his own being; nay more, he comes into the society of a higher intelligence than his own, and therefore feels the dignity of one who is admitted to the holy of holies. What loftier science can there be than that where the CREATOR's ideas are the connecting links in the chain of human reasoning, and his works are the inspiration of the instructed heart?

Now, the difference between being an intelligent reader of the works of God, and no reader at all, is immense. Suppose you are placed in a splendid gallery of first-rate paintings, exhibiting the poetic conceptions of the most inventive artists. You know little or nothing of paintings, and therefore the views, figures and histories before you are so many bewildering hieroglyphics to your eye. You know not where to begin or how to read. Suppose a judge and connoisseur should enter the gallery, and standing with you before a group, should repeat to you in words the story the painter has told on the canvass. As soon as you have caught the idea and got the key, then you understand every stroke of the pencil; and now how entirely different to you is that painting!

The hieroglyphics immediately become the most simple and expressive words. You look at the facts from the same point as did the artist; you enter into his thought; you glow with his warmth, and kindle with his spirituality; and the difference between your present state of knowledge and your former ignorance is about the difference between a seeing man and a blind one; and this, we take it, is exactly the difference between the naturalist and the uninstructed man, in their observance and relish of nature.

To make this point yet clearer: suppose you stood before the portrait of Newton, not knowing it was his. You look at it and speak of it without any great interest, regarding it only as a man's head on a painted canvass. But, suppose a friend should come and tell you it was the original portrait of the illustrious mathematician; would the state of your thoughts remain the same as before? Oh, no; that face now becomes all radiant with hallowed associations; the very tints before you seem to glow with that mighty genius which decomposed the solar ray, and demonstrated, with all the majesty of truth, the compound nature of light. The moment the name of Newton reaches your ear you connect with his form before you the great law of gravitation, which stretches its arms to the outer boundaries of creation, holding in its steady grasp the universe of God. How many noble thoughts rush to the soul; and how different your mind and feelings now, from what they were in your ignorance! Be assured that Nature, to its true and loving student, awakens sentiments and emotions as vivid and as lasting; while to the uninstructed and heedless she is a dead and unintelligible picture.

Pardon us one more illustration. He who looks on the letters of a printed page sees dark lines on a white ground; but, he who in addition can read and comprehend, *he* looks beyond the outward forms to the inner intelligence, and gathers up the inspiration that lies hidden under these dead signs; so he who looks with uninstructed eye upon the vast creation, sees sky, earth, fields, animals and motion, and there he stops; while the naturalist, regarding also these outward forms, passes through them to analyze the whole, and thus penetrates till he comes to the divine idea, or central model after which the whole universe is formed, with its perfect unity of design and its infinite variety of parts. The naturalist reads on the page of nature the grand majestic text of Divine wisdom and love, written in characters into which Time cannot eat, and preserved from age to age from all corrupt interpolations. Yes; he traces there the sublime unity, the universal type, the frontal idea existing in the Divine Mind, connecting the mammoth and the snail. In one word, he 'looks through nature up to Nature's God.'

By these illustrations and remarks we would enforce the simple fact, that the study of natural history opens to us ten thousand sources of knowledge and happiness which are forever closed to the rest of mankind. Now the question is, whether our children, who are to live in this world, shall always walk blindfold through it, shut out from all the glory, beauty and inspiration of nature? Has God given us eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel, and then placed us in the midst of this earthly paradise, where every sense can be regaled, only that we

should shut our eyes and stop our ears, and petrify our hearts? Poor Julia Brace and Laura Bridgman, who have been deaf, dumb and blind from birth, have an apology for their ignorance of the works of God; but, for us, whose heads are all planted over with the hungry inlets of knowledge, there is no excuse for dooming ourselves to their condition:

‘Og! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garbure of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the sheltering mountain’s bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!’

It cannot be doubted that the proper study of nature begets devout affections; and this truth has given rise to the common maxim, ‘that a true naturalist cannot be a bad man.’ God’s works do appeal strongly to our higher natures; and may we not lay it down as an axiom, that from the radiant page of creation are to be read the first lessons of beauty and sublimity? When our first parents opened their eyes upon Paradise they saw beauty; and when they walked its fields in innocence they felt sublimity. The young, and pure, and trusting spirit is ever thus in harmony with the universe; and the study of natural history will keep it in the blest communion. The fresh and docile heart takes to nature as instinctively as the grazing animal takes to the field, or the web-footed fowl to the sea. These tendencies have been forcibly arrested in our children by the same unnatural process by which some grazing animals are never allowed to see a pasture, and some web-footed fowls are cooped up for life in a dry pen. Children have been so forcibly crowded into the narrow and artificial paths made by men, that the wide and cheerful paths of nature have been untrodden. Only give natural history its fair chance among the studies of youth, and we are confident it will become one of the most grateful and efficient of the formative powers in education. The boy who desires to have his miniature garden, his faithful dog, and his hive of bees; and his sister, who must have her plat of flowers, her dear Canary and her golden fish, do both show the common taste of the human heart to hold communion with nature. Human taste is a creation of God, and that taste finds its objects in the kindred works of God; that mind therefore which is in harmony with nature, dwells in the Divine idea. Such a mind feels that it gravitates toward the great spiritual centre, and rejoices in its oneness with the Infinite.

We close this part of our subject with an inference. ‘In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth:’ He looked upon the works of his hand and pronounced them good. By the study of these works we seem to look at creation from the same angle at which the DEITY looked at it, and we then *understandingly* join Him in his decision of approval; and we infer, that from the very constitution of the human mind, and the nature of the human heart, there cannot come to the mind these thoughts, nor to the heart these emotions, *without expanding the one and elevating the other.*

III. If then it be true that the study of natural history will help

to unfold the reasoning powers and to elevate the pious affections, the only remaining question is, *how can this study be introduced into our seminaries of learning?*

We answer, by making their presidents, guardians and teachers feel the force of the truths now stated. As soon as they are persuaded of them they cannot hesitate. We cannot hesitate to become fellow-workers with that great TEACHER, whose lessons are written all over the world in letters of light, and whose blessing descends upon youth as his dew distills on the opening flower.

Many governors of literary, scientific and educational establishments have said to us, 'We should like to make natural history a regular study in our seminary, but we have no proper books.' In botany, chemistry, and geology, there are excellent manuals; and the two works of Professor Edwards and Mr. Wyatt, at the head of this article, show that zoology has not been overlooked. The first lessons in zoology by the distinguished French *savant* were prepared by him many years ago. He has since given an extended work on the same subject, illustrated with valuable anatomical drawings. His fame and success drew upon him the attention of the French Government, and he has lately furnished at their request, a treatise on zoology superior to any that preceded it. Out of the abounding good-will of this excellent scholar, he offered a copy of all the plates of his last work to the writer of this article, who now has them for the illustration of a work on zoology, preparing under the guidance of his learned friend. With a microscopic eye to examine particulars, and a telescopic one to look at groups, the French philosophers have laid all succeeding ages under obligations to them. The philosophic rigor of their classifications, based on actual dissections, is a glory to science. Among those who have devoted their chief strength to the *lucidus ordo*, we find M. Lemmonnier, whose work Mr. Wyatt has translated; and here we must express our regret that the author has not enlarged and simplified the treatise, so as to render it accessible to youth. If better books are needed in some departments of natural history, we trust that scholars will appear ready and willing to furnish the necessary manuals. All will be welcome to this field of labor, and the more that enter it the better. The series of class-books on zoology now preparing will soon appear to take their modest place by the side of others, and do their humble part in the great enterprise. We know of no better way for naturalists to bring this subject before the proper authorities. We are sure that all such efforts will be viewed with candor; and that there are many who will kindly overlook some defects in execution, while they generously patronize the noble object that such contributions are designed to assist. Especially to the 'American Institute of Instruction,' and to the Natural History Societies, may the friends of this science look with confidence, assured of aid in every plan that promises an upward step in the means of elementary instruction.

Having thus answered, as our limits would allow, the three questions proposed, we add a few remarks, somewhat inferential.

The study of natural history is happily free from all parties in politics and sects in religion; thus giving the freest exercise to all our

powers, without the interference of any narrowing prejudice or conventional aim.

It is a study particularly fitted to our country, where the means of verifying the leading principles are within the reach of every village. If this science should become a fixed study in all our normal schools and academies, as it undoubtedly will in all our colleges, it will be advisable to make collections of specimens, and have them deposited where all the pupils can have the freest access to them. We have seen some of the high schools in Massachusetts which have gathered many interesting specimens; and as every region has some peculiarities in its mineral, vegetable and animal domains, it would become a most easy, useful and agreeable exercise for students to collect and arrange what they find about them. After a few years the system of exchanges, so common in Europe, would get into operation, and then the science would become a new bond of fellowship between separated but congenial minds. If a microscope could be added to such a collection, so much the better; and if an itinerant lecturer, or school missionary, would take this science among his other subjects for awakening young minds to reflection, and young hearts to piety, so much the better still.

Among the incidental advantages attendant on this pursuit, we trust we may reckon this, that it will put an end definitely and forever to that whole system of murder and cruelty that is visited on the harmless races of animals, be they quadrupeds, birds or insects.

May we not count the promotion of health as among its benefactions? It brings its votary into the open air, and prompts to those muscular exercises out of which come growth and strength. How many domestic prison-doors in America would it be a blessing thus to open!

It is profitable to the purse too; for it belongs to that skill which has taught how to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. It instructs how to improve the races of animals, so as to give us better clothing and sweeter food; while it reveals how to arrest most effectually the ravages of those insects which destroy our crops, and those worms which scuttle our ships. In short, its botany and chemistry have uncounted wealth yet in store for some future Linnæus and Davy, as its geology and zoology have for some future Cuvier.

There is another incidental advantage. Some minds have a bias toward valuing chiefly all deviations from nature, considering those productions alone as curious and interesting which break through her laws and mar her beauty. Now the study of natural history takes off the eye from these aberrations from the prevalent wisdom and harmony of nature's works, in order to fix them upon the oft-repeated and all-surrounding proofs of completeness and perfection.

Some will grant there is yet another good in its protective power over the mind. Now-a-days we are surrounded with miraculous claims to supernatural nonsense; and we know of no study so curative of these thick-crowding absurdities as that of *nature*; and the more that natural science is studied, the less will impostors prevail. Ghosts are terribly afraid of day-light. Natural science, more than any other study, steadies the mind. Its truths once acquired are not like those vaporous theories that watch their occasions to vanish from the thoughts; but they are

substantial facts, and like our household friends are ever presenting their faces for grateful recognition. It is not among the least attractions of our favorite study that its truths are easily remembered.

Is the science we recommend isolated, or does it accord with our social instincts? It seems to us that every thing pertaining to it is diffusive and social. In this business of science, we are all indebted to the parent minds that have preceded us; but their legacies have descended to the world generally, and not to heirs and assigns that can be named only in the will of the testator. Nature's largess is universal and irrevocable. Natural science brings all classes and conditions together. There is no monopoly, there is no solitude; because the natural philosopher is addressed continually by many living voices; voices not of reproach, not of scorn, not of defiance, not of discouragement, but voices of endearment, of invitation, of trust and of hope. It is eminently a social study. Man's heart answers to nature, and nature answers to man's heart. They were both made by the same BEING, and made for each other. The mind thus instinctively forms a friendship with the nature, which is crowding about our path, and which is asking for communion and copartnership. Is there not a sympathy between the wide and winning lessons of creation and the open, asking spirit of childhood? Lord Bacon says: 'He that would enter the kingdom of nature must enter it as the christian does the kingdom of heaven, in the capacity of a little child.' No sentiment can be truer than this. Docility, thirst for exact knowledge, and love of truth; these are the beautiful attributes of childhood, and they accord harmoniously with the teachings of nature.

Allow us, then, in strongest urgency, to recommend the introduction of natural history as a regular classic into all our normal schools and academies, and especially into those institutions whose aim it is to unfold harmoniously *all* the faculties of man. We cannot but think that this science would be a welcome substitute in many schools for the history of national wars, the debates of angry politicians, the sublimities of rhetoric, and the mazes of grammar. We are sure that pupils will find its study both head-work and heart-work. It brings the reasoning powers into immediate contact with all the laws of matter, motion and life, while at the same time it brings the moral affections into communion with their universal harmonies. It leads us to see the works of God as they are, and then by irresistible consequence, to feel that they are 'very good.' It spreads out before us the proofs of a CREATOR, and then the reasons for our trust in His wisdom, power and love. How many therefore, are the pleasures of the naturalist! His are the satisfactions which flow from looking at nature from the divine point of observation, of seeing the relations man bears to the universe, of tracing the general adaptation, the all-pervading harmony and the sublime intent of the whole; and added to these, the joys of systematic and satisfactory thinking, of well-sinewed limbs, and a heart tuned to gladness. Permit us then to say, that when this study shall take the rank it deserves among our means of education, the rank it now holds in the best seminaries of Europe, that it will be found effective, above most others, in developing the intellectual and moral powers of youth.

Of examples there are thousands ; we content ourselves with one, and he is a host. Our own AUDUBON says of himself : ' When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words, always so endearing to parents, the productions of nature that lay spread all around were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates ; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on phrenzy, must accompany me through life ; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of these early impressions. My father generally accompanied my steps, procured birds and flowers for me, with great eagerness pointed out the elegant movements of the former and the splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons, and would describe their haunts ; and more wonderful than all, their change of livery ; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their great CREATOR.'

T H E A D V E N T O F S P R I N G .

THE Seventh Ode of the Fourth Book of HORACE is appropriate to the season on which we have entered. In the following translation, an attempt has been made not only to express the sentiments, but also to adopt the metre of the original, as far as the construction of English verse would permit.

I.

THE snows have fled, the green grass clothes the field,
Leaves on the branches throng ;
Earth all is chang'd ; the less'ning streamlets yield,
And gently glide along.

II.

The sister Graces dare, with vest unbound,
With dancing Nymphs to bend,
While the sweet hours, the year, in varying round,
To us a warning send.

III.

Warning of change and death ! The wintry frost
Melts at the zephyr's breath ;
The spring's soft gales in summer's heat are lost,
And Summer sinks in death.

IV.

The fruitful Autumn pours her bounties then,
Till Winter scowls once more ;
Yet the fleet moons shall every loss regain,
And brighter skies restore.

V.

But ah ! when we, to join the mighty dead,
Sink at the mournful call,
To where *ÆNEAS*, *TULLUS*, *ANCUS* tread —
Dust and a shade, we fall !

VI.

And who, TORQUATUS, who can know that Heaven
 Another day may spare,
 Ere all thy wealth, save that now brightly given,
 Shall bless thy greedy heir?

VII.

What can avail when brought to MINOS hence,
 What move his stern decree?
 Not thy high birth, thy pow'rful eloquence,
 Nor e'en thy piety.

VIII.

DIANA's self the chaste HIPPLYTUS
 Claim'd from the shades in vain;
 Nor could for his PIRITHOUS, THESEUS thus
 Break the Lethæan chain.

B. A. C.

THE SCALP-HUNTER.

A SEMI-HISTORICAL SKETCH.

FAR be it from me to detract from the fair fame of our ancestors. Least of all, would I cast any reflection on those frontier heroes, the memory of whose exploits lives in the homely chronicles of DRAKE, or in the 'collections' of some Historical Society; or faintly survives in the mouldering pages of some obscure MS. Yet, if truth be told, their valiant deeds were not always achieved under the inspiration of pure patriotism. The backwoodsmen of a century since sometimes hunted Indians from the same motive that urges those of our time to hunt wolves; viz., the bounty on scalps. In the year of which I propose to treat, 1724, the bounty in New-Hampshire was, if my recollections do not fail me, ten pounds; not an eighth part of the sum which peaceful and scrupulous Pennsylvania long afterward offered in the day of her distress, when the savages of the West broke in upon her frontier. How far such measures are consonant with religion and morality, is a question which I gladly leave to be decided by pious philanthropists, who can form no conception of the circumstances that made them necessary; for I propose merely to relate plain facts, and leave reflections and inferences to my betters. Should I be called upon to produce authority for what I say, I am permitted to refer to an ancient manuscript diary, kept by the Rev. PHINEAS W. STONE, of Portsmouth, and preserved in the small but valuable library of the New-Hampshire Fraternity of the $\pi. \tau.$ This, however, relates merely to the earlier part of our narrative. The remainder must be regarded as of a character somewhat less authentic, as it rests solely on the authority of a tradition preserved by a few old squaws of the St. Francis tribe; one of whom, rendered good-humored and loquacious by the benign influences of a bottle of rum, told the story at a hunting-camp near Lake Megantic.

A party of the tribe just mentioned came in July, 1724, to work their usual butcheries upon the back settlers of New-Hampshire. Eight white men undertook to chastise them, and secure the bounty. The savages were now retiring, which they did with remarkable celerity, and in an unusual direction. The whites plunged into the forests after them. For nearly a fortnight they hung on their rear, unable to find a good opportunity to attack. They traced them past Lake Winnipisiogee; and from the top of Red Mountain saw them cross the beautiful lake beyond, in two canoes, made hastily of bark for the purpose. Again striking their trail, they followed it some twenty miles farther, into the recesses of those wild mountains that stretch from the present town of Conway toward the great father of New-England hills. Meanwhile the savages lost all suspicion of pursuit, as was evident from their careless manner of encamping, and the great profusion of game which the frontiers-men found around their smouldering fires.

One hot afternoon, the party came to the brow of a precipitous hill, looking northward, which commanded a wide prospect of forests and lonely mountains. In all probability there was no human being within the range of a dozen leagues save themselves and their destined prey. In its terrible solitude it was a scene of more than Alpine sublimity; but what chiefly interested the hunters was a smoke that rose dense and distinct through the thick carpet of boughs at the bottom of a deep valley just below them. The afternoon sun was beating powerfully on the cliff where they sat, and filling the sultry air with the resinous odors of the spruce and pine that grew around. They watched till it had sunk behind the bristling firs on the ridge of the western mountain; and then, as the usual crimson hue of an American sunset, which had suffused the whole landscape, turned to a gray obscurity, and the half-starved wolves began to call and reply from opposite hills, they descended and groped their way toward their victims. With great difficulty and danger they managed to surround the fires of the savages. Their motives were none of the most magnanimous, it is true; but one cannot help admiring the hardihood of thus assailing a very superior force in a wilderness whose savage features were of themselves sufficient to fill with awe and terror any but the manliest heart.

It is useless to dwell on the incidents of the ignoble and desperate conflict that followed. The white men had to lie flat on the ground for hours, before the last savage had wrapped himself in his blanket, and lain down. They counted eleven Indians around the two fires. It was now near midnight; the damp air of the forest was very chill, and the fires had sunk to glowing piles of coals, that shed a dim ruddy light on the sleepers, the mossy trunks of the trees, and the thick undergrowth around the spot. The leader of the whites was about to give the signal, when an Indian turned in his sleep, murmured, and finally arose; awakened apparently by the cold. Dropping his blanket, he approached the fire, and stirred the embers with a stick; when a stream of crackling sparks flew upward, illuminating for a moment the distorted boughs and shadowy leaves. This sudden light was answered by a scream so piercing and unearthly, that the ferocious frontiers-men started at their posts; and with a loud flapping of wings among the branches overhead

a huge dark bird sailed off into the depths of the forest. The Indian immediately took a handful of tobacco from a pouch by his side, and scattered it on the coals, as an offering to the Great Horned Owl, whose supposed connexion with the divinities of his national mythology procured it this remarkable honor. This was the poor fellow's last act of piety. At that instant, the white men poured upon the sleepers a deadly fire, and bursting in with a fierce shout, beat down those who rose with axes and rifle-butts. Of the eleven, all but two were killed at the camp, or at a short distance from it. One of these two bounded into the dark woods and escaped; the other was soon traced to a neighboring 'wind-fall,' where no man could follow him, among the decayed trunks and roots and tangled branches. The dogs of the white men, however, soon penetrated into its depths, killed the wounded wretch, and drew him out.

Thus was a deed achieved, of which the reverend gentleman before mentioned speaks in his diary with high praise, as an act of eminent service to God and man. The actors themselves felt well satisfied. Having peeled the trophy from each head, they tossed the carcasses into the bed of a cold and sluggish rivulet, that flowing from the clear springs in the heart of some granite mountain, glided lazily hard by, half hid by fallen trees, decaying logs and mosses, and the abundant vegetation that sprang from the rich forest soil. There they left them to be nibbled by the minute trout that darted in the pure icy waters; while seated around the rekindled fires, they ate the moose-meat which the Indians had left, and refreshed themselves with draughts from their rum-canteens. They ate and drank with the spirits of a party of successful wolf-hunters; and when they laid down, they slept the sound sleep of health and toil.

But the morning brought reflection and regrets. They grumbled over their bad luck. One savage had escaped. The most prominent figure in their group was an old man, who sat on a log, leaning lazily forward, with his elbows on his knees, while he extracted the rich marrow from a thigh-bone of moose with his jack-knife. A little torn straw hat was stuck jauntily on one side of his gray bristly head; his leathery countenance expressed a kind of reckless good-humor, which his present discontent did not wholly banish; though you might see that his features could readily assume the expression of anger and even ferocity. He was venting his wrath and uneasiness through his toothless jaws, in a succession of oaths and injurious expressions, uttered by no means in a surly manner, but in a reckless, boastful spirit, that had survived his youth. This old reprobate was eager for gain; had a keen relish for the chase; and was desirous, moreover, to exhibit his superiority to his fellow sportsmen. These motives combined to produce the resolution he presently expressed, to set out alone, and not rest till he had taken the scalp from the head of the remaining Indian. So, calling his dogs and shouldering his gun, he calmly marched away, without a word of leave-taking on either side; after that cold manner which his countrymen seem to have caught from their extirpated enemies, the aborigines, and which often hides as warm a heart as ever beat in the breast of man. His companions returned with great glory to the settlements, whither we

will not follow ; but turn to pursue the old man on his adventurous quest.

For four days, the staunch huntsman tracked the game northward, through forests and over mountains. Whatever were his faults, fear was not one of them. Neither the howlings of beasts, nor the deep solitude of his situation, nor any sense of his ferocious purpose, ever disturbed his rest. With his dogs for sentinels, he slept as quietly on a bed of spruce-boughs, to the music of some savage stream, as on the straw of his own frontier cabin. His hardened muscles were never fatigued, though he struggled from sunrise to sunset through tangled brushwood and obscure ravines ; over decaying logs, and the thousand pit-falls and impediments that annoy the forest traveller. His course lay always through the obscurity and dampness of the dense wood ; except at times, when he would hear the noise of a stream below him, and emerge from the forest darkness into a beautiful sun-lit vista of trees and glancing waters. At such times, he could see that, as he proceeded, the mountains grew wilder and higher, and closed gradually around him.

Late one afternoon, when he had all day toiled stubbornly on in twilight, and was looking upward to catch glimpses of the bright sky through the leaves, he heard again the sound of water, and by the transparency in the screen of maple saplings before him, he knew the opening was near at hand. In a moment he put aside the slender boughs, and stepped out into the broad stony bed of the Saco, just where it emerges from the Notch of the White Mountains. It was a wild and beautiful scene. The tumbling waters, the long lines of birch trees, maples and beeches that reached their branches over it ; the stiff pines that shot up into the air above them ; the great pile of granite crags that rose from the woods, bristling with firs, three thousand feet sheer upward ; all were tinged with the crimson of approaching evening ; all lay in the quiet of the wilderness, which the ripple and murmur of the stream only made more impressive.

The old man did not trouble himself with the scenery. His feelings were those of bitter vexation ; for he knew himself close upon his game, and here the savage had taken to the water and thrown his dogs off the scent. He dashed into the wide and shallow stream, and wading up the middle, sent a dog on either bank to search for the lost track. The very first angle he turned showed him his prey, wading naked and unarmed, for he had fled from the massacre without his gun. The old hunter did not repress a cry of fierce exultation, which the sleeping mountains prolonged : then, as the unhappy savage leaped splashing to the bank, he followed close, and set his dogs again on the track. They made the woods resound with their fearful baying : the old man held his gun poised for a shot ; and the trio dashed on at a pace at which that tangled wood was never traversed before or since. He often tripped and fell ; the thorns and branches tore away fragments of his clothing, and bared his gray head. Twilight soon came on. The old human bloodhound cared for none of these things. At length, suddenly and unexpectedly, he broke out from the woods, upon a broad surface of rocks, stones and gravel, interspersed with stunted bushes ; while at a little distance on the right stood a forest of dead trees, bare and white, seem-

ing in the dim light like a host of skeletons. All around towered high mountains, half clothed with shaggy forests; and their precipitous crags, old weather-stains, and scars of avalanches, gave them the aspect of savage desolation. The old hunter scarcely saw them. All that met his eye was the slender figure of the Indian, leaping like a frightened deer toward the base of the mountain on the left. He dashed after him at full speed, over piles of rock and stone, strewn by an ancient avalanche over the narrow valley, where none but a sleep-walker, or such a frantic sportsman, could have passed in safety. It was in the Notch, close to the place where the unfortunate Willeys afterward met their fate.

The game soon began to ascend the mountain, choosing the place where the avalanche had come down, and cut for itself a pathway, resembling, in all but its depth, the bed of a torrent. These mountains are every where channelled with such ravines, which often extend from top to bottom, and seem at a little distance like deep gashes cut in their sides. Most of them expand and grow shallow as they approach the base, where the torrent of earth and stone spread itself over the valley. Such was the case in the present instance. The Indian bounded up; the hunter and dogs followed. The sides of the ravine rapidly approached each other, and grew more abrupt and high; the ascent became steeper and more perilous. A little stream that trickled down the narrow and steep passage-way, and spread itself over the smooth rocks, made the foothold very precarious. The dogs were soon brought up. They stopped at the foot of a deep pitch of the rock, against which they pawed in vain efforts to ascend, and made the rocks echo with their cries. The eager old man climbed on. The sides of the ravine now towered over his head, leaving only a strip of the darkening sky visible between their opposite edges. His efforts soon brought him to a height whence the baying of the dogs sounded up the passage faint and distant. He caught frequent glimpses of the Indian, scrambling on before him; and once, getting a fair sight, he fired. The mountains bellowed back the report; but the Indian climbed on unhurt. Still the old man gained rapidly on him, clenching his jaws together with eagerness and longing.

At length, however, a long reach of the ravine stretched upward in the obscurity before him! He looked, and saw nothing of his prey. Furious with anger and disappointment at the renewed activity of the savage, he pressed on faster than before. A smooth rock, nearly perpendicular, soon arrested his progress. He did not dream of pausing, but began to work his way up the dangerous precipice, with his mind occupied by the sole thought of overtaking and slaying the Indian. With every faculty at its utmost tension, availing himself of every little point and crevice, he did what no man else could have done; he climbed half way up the steep wet face of the rock; but here he was obliged to pause; and for the first time, his blood cooled, and he was conscious of the peril of his situation. He moved his hand to the right and to the left, over the rock, clammy with the spreading water of the little streamlet, and found scarcely a crevice large enough to thrust a finger into, or a projection that a foot could rest against. He looked up; the edge of the precipice was twenty feet above his head. He

looked down ; there were the sharp projecting angles of the rocky sides of the ravine ; and below, all lay in deep blackness, like a bottomless gulf. He tried to descend ; but his foot moved vainly from side to side, searching for the place where it had last rested when he was climbing up. To ascend was perilous enough ; to descend, impossible. His hair began to bristle. He listened, and heard from below the faint bay-ing of the hounds. Hitherto he had clung to his gun by a sort of instinct, but now he let it drop. The oaken stock struck at the foot of the cliff with a dull shock, and splintered to pieces : there was a pause for an instant, and then came the clanging rattle of the barrel, as it bounded from side to side of the ravine, down the mountain. The old man thought he must soon follow it, and the thought gave him desperation. His alternative was to be dashed to pieces, or to gain the top of the rock ; and to this fearful task he applied himself. His success was almost miraculous, as those who have seen the place will confess. He *did* reach the top ; but all his limbs were aching with the strong and continued strain of every muscle ; the ends of his fingers were worn to the bone ; the flesh was rubbed from his knees ; and his heart throbbed with a violence that, though unfelt while he was climbing, almost choked him when he laid himself down at the top. Poor wretch ! It would have been better for him had he fallen. The level rock he had attained was not eight feet across. Beyond it, rose up another precipice, full sixty feet high, perpendicular, smooth, and wet ; while on each side the loftier walls of the ravine destroyed every chance of escape. The old scalp-hunter was caught in his own trap. There was not a civilized man within more than ninety miles.

The Indian had escaped from the ravine at a point where its sides were less precipitous than elsewhere, and the long tough root of a spruce, hanging several yards from the top, helped him in the most dangerous part. He was now safe in the woods, on the surface of the mountain. The eager hunter had passed on, without dreaming that the game had given him the slip.

It is useless to dwell on his fate. In the morning he looked down the frightful gorge in front, and on the cliffs that imprisoned him, to see if no possibility of escape offered ; for till then his hardy spirit had not quite despaired. The daylight dispelled every shadow of hope. At the edge of the ravine, a hundred feet over him, his startled eye encountered a human face, peering down upon him from behind a stunted pine that projected over the gulf. It was the Indian, who had seated himself there to exult in the fate of his enemy.

The old man spent two days in his prison. The afternoon of the second day was peculiarly beautiful : the atmosphere had a softness not common in New-England ; and while the western mountains seemed enveloped in a blue, transparent haze, the warm sunlight poured full on the rugged slopes to the east. The desolate valley wore the mildest aspect its savage features could put on ; like a sleeping warrior dreaming of his home. The evening brought a change. A thunder-gust came up, and in a few moments filled every gully and ravine with foaming waters, and drift-logs driving down to the valley. The old man was swept from his place in an instant, but the watchful Indian found

him next morning wedged under a rock ; and a week after, his gray hairs were fluttering in the wind from the top of a cabin in the Indian village of St. Francis, by the side of the St. Lawrence.

The Indians, it is well known, believed these mountains the abode of a malignant spirit ; and this, they say, was the greeting he gave to the first white man who ever found his way into the Notch. The writer must not be understood to give his authority in support of so loose and frivolous a tradition, thereby putting in jeopardy his reputation as an antiquarian, and — what is of far more consequence than mere personal considerations — misleading, perchance, the unsuspecting reader, who has confided himself to his guidance. It is his duty to remind him that the White Mountains were visited long before, by one Neal, and his party, who found that country 'daunting terrible,' and made all haste to escape from the dismal neighborhood. It is not, however, recorded of this party, nor of any other, prior to 1724, that they visited the defile called the Notch ; so that this Indian story may, after all, be entitled to as strict credence as any portion of the narrative whatever.

D O U B T I N G M O M E N T S .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

Though the world be bright before us,
Bright with hill, and vale, and stream ;
Though the skies be sunny o'er us,
Golden as an infant's dream :

Though the heart with joy be gushing,
Guileless, hopeful in its youth,
Like a fountain upward rushing,
Sparkling with the dew's of truth :

And the future, cloudless breaking
O'er a clear and cloudless past,
Thoughts delicious awaking,
Wildly thronging, wild and fast :

Thoughts of pure and high ambition,
Martial honor, civic fame ;
Love, and passion's sweet fruition,
Laurelled glory, deathless name ;

Though the life that is within us
Presses onward, fearless still,
Pledged the gilded prize to win us,
Pledged the soul, and pledged the will :

Yet dark moments, doubt-beclouded,
Withering, chill the striving soul,
And the future, mist-enshrouded,
Darkens o'er the promised goal.

Visionary forms deceiving,
Lure astray the steps of youth ;
Lure us, trusting and believing,
From the narrow path of truth.

Gazing on the scenes Elysian,
Hope has painted on our sky,
Drawing near the winning vision,
Like a mist the colors fly :

Like a misty phantom flying,
Or perchance, in changed form,
Light and beauty slowly dying,
Yield to darkness and to storm.

Dim forebadowings of sorrow
On the spirit's future rest,
As we know a stormy morrow
By the sunset's clouded west.

Yet press on ! though doubting, fearless !
On ! with steadfast heart and eye :
Clouds that gather dark and cheerless,
Hide a blue and sunny sky.

Bold resolve and strong endeavor,
Heart that never faints nor dies,
In the struggle conquer ever,
Ever win the beckoning prize

T O M Y V I N E .

I.

HARD is the ground thou hast, my Vine,
 Strange is the soil where thou art placed;
 This is not, here, thy native home,
 Yet run not all to waste!
 Some few though slender clusters rear,
 For love of him who plants thee here:
 Thus answered be his pain,
 Nor all his labor vain.

II.

A hollow rock behind thee stands,
 That shields thee from the northern storm;
 Into the bosom of thy leaves
 Gathers the sunshine warm.
 Along thy trellis-frame are trained
 The tender shoots thy growth has gained;
 Thus strengthened may they rise
 Up tow'rd the sunny skies.

III.

Then drink the dew of heaven, my vine,
 Draw from the earth her juices rare,
 With its round-swelling lusciousness
 Thy purple burthen bear,
 Until the vintage days draw nigh;
 Then from the wine-press, laden high,
 The ruddy stream shall flow,
 To cheer the heart of wo!

IV.

And hast thou never heard, my Soul,
 There is another, nobler Vine,
 Planted by God, when Time was young,
 In blessed Palestine!
 He stretched his boughs from ocean blue,
 His branches to the river grew;
 Now to the wide world's ends
 Their woven shade extends.

V.

Placed in a thirsty, barren land,
 Yet of this Vine, my Soul, art thou,
 Like all thy Brother-Christian men,
 A young and tender bough:
 Sublime thy Rock behind thee towers,
 He shields thee from the storm, and showers
 The sunshine of His grace
 Upon thy grief-worn face.

VI.

Nor do His boughs untended droop,
 Nor idly in the breezes swing,
 Nor their blind tendrils feel in vain
 For strength where they may cling.
 For lo! the Church, and brethren dear,
 Parents, and priests, and angels near,
 (A wondrous frame-work) stand
 Among His chosen band.

VII.

And steady, from the parent-stem,
 The life-bestowing current flows;
 And under all, with FATHER'S love,
 And more than mother's woes,
 The 'everlasting arms' are spread;
 While dewy clouds roll overhead,
 And leave the barren plain
 Soft with the drops of rain.

VIII.

Then deep drink in the dews of Heaven,
 Grow 'neath the nurture of His hand,
 That when, at His high nuptial feast
 The LAMB OF GOD shall stand,
 And, with his white-robed Bride Divine,
 Shall drink anew his spousal wine,
 Thy Life-blood may be poured
 In the chalice of thy LORD!

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

JOHN H. RHEYN.

SCENES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TURKISH SKETCHES.'

'RAMAZAN' is the holy month of all Mussulmans, selected by their Prophet as a general fast, to be observed by all his followers above the age of twelve years. In this month the miraculous KORAN descended to him from Heaven; and he asserts that the respective revelations of ABRAHAM, MOSES and JESUS were sent to them also in this period of the year. Travellers and the sick only are excused from its observance, and the latter are even required to fast another month after their recovery. The higher classes of the Turks, particularly those who are in office, are strict in their observance of it; but there are many Mussulmans, not much given to frequenting the mosques, who respect *this* ordinance as little as some others. Though there are few infidel Mussulmans, there are many indifferent to the precepts of the Koran, especially those which have reference to the external forms of its worship; but as the temporal authority punishes infractions against spiritual law, none are willing to disregard it openly.

Islamism recognizes two kinds of fasts to be observed by its advocates during the Ramazan; to wit: the restraining of the members of the body, such as the ears, eyes, hands, tongue, mouth, feet, etc., from sin, and the fasting of the heart from worldly cares, and the refraining of the thoughts from every thing beside God. The usual prayers are made seven times a day, but in this month two more are added, with an increased number of genuflections. The fast commences with the new moon, and continues until the next new moon is perceptible. There is however an evident desire to shorten the month as much as possible. Generally, the Malla of Broosa has three men on the summit of Mount Olympus, in Asia-Minor, to look out for the new luminary; and the

news of the change is conveyed to Constantinople with most undignified, and to the devotion and zeal of the inhabitants here, scandalous haste. At times intelligence is brought from Koniah or Kuttaiah, far to the south-east, that the new moon has been seen by the requisite number of witnesses, and the length of the fast is then governed by calculation. It commences with day-break, or from the moment that a 'white thread can be distinguished from a black one,' and continues until sun-set. During the hot months of summer, the laboring public suffer greatly; but in the other seasons the privations are quite bearable to all classes. The loss of the pipe is the severest, and next, the dearly-loved coffee; but as the inhabitants of Constantinople make but a light meal in the forenoon, and always dine at sunset, they may well support the additional few hours of fast required during the Ramazan.

The Sublime Porte, (the official residence of the Grand Vizier, and all the ministers, and other civil dignitaries,) has always been closed during the day, and open at night; but this year, it being the pleasantest season in which the Ramazan could fall, the officers attended at their bureaux for a few hours during the day, and remained at home at night. They spend the day in sleeping or visiting, the latter in the afternoon, and the night in moderate amusements, feasting and dining with each other. The Sultan in the afternoon generally, if the weather is good, makes an excursion on the Bosphorus, or visits the city, where he wanders about the bazaars, *incognito*, (though well known to every one there) and attended only by a few of his own domestics. On Friday afternoons a great assembly takes place in the large square fronting the building called '*Eski Seray*,' or the old palace, where Mohammed II. made his residence after capturing the city, and which is now the bureau of the commander-in-chief of the army, and *ex officio* military governor of the capital. On one side of this square the young Sultan has a *kiosk* in which he reposes after his rambles, and from the windows of which he can behold the crowd, mostly of Turkish females, in their carriages, in the square.

To-day, having occasion to visit an officer of the Sultan's household, I had an opportunity of seeing His Highness depart on his daily visit to while away the Fast in the city. Passing up the Bosphorus toward the imperial palace, I observed a caique lying at the foot of the flight of marble stairs leading to its great entrance, which I at first supposed was that of a foreign ambassador, it being simple in size and decorations, compared with the royal barges of state. My caiqueji, however, corrected me, by saying that it was His Highness' *incognito*-barge. The Pacha that I was going to visit having already left the palace for the city, probably to prepare the way for his royal master, I turned back, just as the young sovereign was stepping into the barge. He was dressed in the usual frock-coat and pantaloons of the present régime, and a light cloak of blue cloth. Two of his attendants led him down the stairs by putting each a hand under his arm; and he stepped slowly toward the barge, holding his cloak open with his own hands. He was attended by four pages only, and no officer of rank was with him: the caiquejis were all on their feet. He stepped into the barge, aided as before-mentioned; seated himself facing the rowers, and received from

one of the pages a red silk umbrella, opened, which he held over his head with his own hands.

Two of the pages now seated themselves before him, and the two others took seats behind him on the elevated part of the caique, on which the coxswain sits; and when all were made comfortable, the barge moved slowly down the Bosphorus. It was rowed by fourteen men, each pulling an oar: they were dressed in the small red scull-cap, called here *fez*, thin white silk-cotton shirts, and white cotton trowsers à l'*Orientale*. The body of the barge was painted white; a line running round it of azure blue, on which were painted wreaths of flowers; its edge was richly gilded some four or six inches deep; the bow and stern deeper than the waist; and on the former, as if just taking wing, was pictured a white dove. All the guards around and above the palace presented arms and rolled the drum; and as it is well known that no one is to salute, or even show recognition of him when *incog.*, I was surprised to observe all the guards, at their several stations on both sides of the Bosphorus, turn out as he passed, to present arms and roll the drum; after which the fifes and drums played together an air, until he had quite passed them. The Bosphorus being here a mile wide, or more, the sound of the drum, coming from so many points, almost at once, had a very remarkable and pleasing effect. The barge majestically floated down the stream toward Point Seraglio, and proceeded up the Golden Horn, until it became lost to my sight.

Last night the young sovereign made his *iftar*, or breakfast, near the Holy Mosque of Eyoub, at the head of the Golden Horn, where he has a kiosk — and where has he not? There his dinner had previously been sent for him. The favorite of the day had provided a large number of caiques, lighted up with lanterns, and stationed them near the shore by which the royal barge would pass from the palace to the kiosk. The scene, I was told, had been a very picturesque one.

Near the end of the Ramazan, the 27th, or October ninth, was the *Lailat el Kader*, or Night of Power. Mussulmans believe that it was on this night that their holy Koran was sent from the throne of God down to the lowest heaven, from whence the angel GABRIEL revealed it to their Prophet in parcels, during the space of twenty-three years, as the exigency of affairs required. It was this year celebrated with more than usual splendor. On inquiry, during the day, I learned that the Sultan would perform his evening devotions in the Mosque of Top Khaneh; a beautiful but small mosque, called the *Nusretlich*, or Victorious, erected at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, on the Pera side, to commemorate the *coup d'armes* which he executed on destroying the Jannissaries. It is of white marble, from the island of Marmora, in the sea of the same name, of beautiful proportions, lofty and well-arched domes, and two tall tapering minarets, to lead the faithful to their 'namaz,' or prayers. Passing by the park of artillery, from which the place takes its name, to the water's edge, I found the street and square crowded with visitors, mostly pressing toward the great entrance of the mosque, to see the Sultan. The street was brightly lighted up with torches of pine-cuttings, so that the foundry of

cannon, the park, the adjoining houses, and the fair walls of the mosque were clearly visible.

Entering a caique at the wretched wharf of Top Khaneh, in company with some friends, I rowed off in the Golden Horn, among thousands of caiques and ships'-boats. The edge of the water around the mosque and park were brilliantly lighted up with torches and blue-lights; the two minarets were illuminated, as usual, around the two circles near the apex, and some yards higher, with blue and red lights. Between the minarets were being made what at first appeared to be a many-pointed star, but which soon developed into a well-formed representation, in lights, of the diamond decoration of the gallant young general of the artillery, Mehemet Ali Pacha, who, by the by, is decidedly the handsomest officer of the government, and who is, *on dit*, next spring to marry the Sultan's only maiden sister, the Princess ADLER. Spiral, and other frames in wood, erected in the park, showed that fire-works would be displayed; and the sea-shore and Park were filled with soldiery under arms, to salute their young sovereign. Around us, and as far up the Bosphorus as the eye could reach, the stream presented a most animated and beautiful scene. Beside the torches and blue-lights on the edge of the water, and the illuminated minarets on either side of the two streams, with the more elevated and larger ones of the great mosques of Constantinople, but dimly perceptible in the distance, and through the dusky atmosphere, thousands of lights lit up the surface of the water. Caiques and boats, each with two or more lanterns, formed a line from near the Sultan's Palace, called *Tcheragian*, on the European shore, down to Seraglio Point, and thence across to the mosque of his visit; and innumerable others were scattered over the centre of the half-circle which they formed. We had scarcely attained a good position, when the cannon near the palace announced that the Sultan had entered his state-barge, and was coming down the stream. Almost instantaneously a great number of reserved torches and blue-lights were lighted, and the water for more than a mile around us was as light as day! A large boat belonging to the navy, containing perhaps the Port Admiral, preceded the royal barge, lighting the way with an immense torch. There were several state-barges beside the one in which was the Sultan, all richly gilded; some an hundred feet in length, by ten in width, and rowed by thirty men each. The usual respectful silence, which in all eastern countries reigns in the presence of the sovereign, was now only broken by the sudden splashing of the bargemen's oars, as the Sultan approached the wharf; the troops presented arms, and when his royal feet stepped on *terra firma*, he was saluted by an astounding salute of cannonry, and the prayers of the soldiers.

We thought, in our impatience to witness the remainder of the pageant, that the Sultan was uncommonly devout, and made his *namaz* much longer than usual; but we were finally satisfied that he had ended, by a sudden most brilliant display of fire-works, representing, among other objects, a fountain, a cascade of water, and a kiosk, or summer-house. After these, a great number of excellent rockets were sent up, to the imminent alarm of the spectators on the water. After these were pretty well exhausted, there was a commotion among the troops and

artificers, and way was made for the departure of the young (and no doubt delighted) Sultan. Through the now dim light of the expiring torches, we could only faintly perceive the gilded canopy of his barge; with an occasional glimpse of the rowers, as they rose and fell in their seats, on their way up the Bosphorus.

The most brilliant annual pageant of Constantinople is that of the *Bayram*, at the close of the Fast. It is the carnival of the Mussulmans, and for the space of three days the streets are filled with gaily-dressed Turks on foot, some on horse-back, and others in wheeled vehicles. Parts of the city are appropriated to the 'rising generation,' and there whirlgigs, swings, etc., are erected for their amusement; not by the government, but by individuals who hire them out 'on time.' Friends visit each other, and should they meet in the street, kiss on either cheek and offer congratulations. No business is done at the Porte, or elsewhere, and all Constantinople is given up to festivity. The national vessels in the port are dressed out in their flags, and they and all the batteries fire a running national salute at day-light, noon, and soon after dark. This festival is opened by the Sultan performing his devotions at the mosque of Sultan Achmet, the largest public edifice in the city, after that of St. Sophia. He spends the previous night in the Seraglio, by which is meant the old palace of the Sultans, on the site of Byzantium, Point Seraglio; and before setting out, he sacrifices a sheep with his own hands; a discharge of cannon proclaims his accomplishment of the deed; and thousands of other sheep are similarly executed throughout the city, and their meat distributed to the poor. From the Imperial Gate, or great entrance to the Seraglio, to that of the Mosque, double lines of troops were drawn up under arms; near the gate a numerous band of music was stationed; and large crowds of the populace thronged the way. About nine o'clock, A. M., the sacrifices having been made, the procession from the palace to the mosque got under way. First came some twenty or thirty led horses, most richly caparisoned, their saddle-cloths being worked in gold embroidery, jewels and pearls, the bits and stirrups of gold, or plated, and a bunch of gay-colored plumes stuck in the head-gear, between their ears. All of these horses, though full of life and in excellent order, did not bear inspection; many of them were defective in the limbs, and others far advanced in years: they were generally of excellent proportions, mostly bays and sorrels, with a few blacks, all of the Syrian race of Arab crosses. They caracolled down the line in a very showy manner, evidently taking a lively interest in the festivities of the *Bayram*.

After the horses came a goodly number of chamberlains of the court, in olive-green dresses, the collars, cuffs and lappels wrought in silver; then followed some army officers, a promiscuous collection of captains, majors, colonels, and such 'small fry,' richly dressed and well mounted; one of the colonels a gentleman of color; next came all the officers of the Sublime Porte, the lowest in grade first, each surrounded by a number of domestic retainers; the heads of the different bureaux, the Dragoman of the Porte, the different ministers of state, the head of the army, navy, the Grand Vizier, and finally the favorite of the day, REZA PACHA, quite covered with gold and jewelry. After these followed a distinct

body of guards, in character and duties resembling the beef-eaters of Windsor, habited in the usual frock-coats, embroidered in silver, wearing high black hats and plumes, and bearing an assortment of now obsolete arms, such as battle-axes, maces, spears, etc., and in their midst, mounted on a bald-faced, light-colored bay stallion, the young Sultan himself. In addition to the dress in which I saw him at his palace steps, he wore a rich aigrette of diamonds on his red cap, and a tuft of gay-colored plumes projecting above it. His Imperial Majesty rode his steed well, and bore himself in an upright, manly position: his countenance was open, and its expression full of the gentle benevolence for which he is known in his capital, yet pale and apparently weak. He seldom turned his head, but continued to gaze vacantly before him: his eyes once fell on the party in which I was, and he did us the compliment, for such it was intended to be, to stare at us as long as he well could without turning his head. He was followed by different officers of his household, among whom was the *Kizlar Agasee*, a chief eunuch, a colored gentleman, of very portly figure, remarkably thick lips, dull eyes, and heavy countenance. Of white eunuchs I saw none, and believe they are now few in number at this court, and confined to the service of the old seraglio.

The crowd was immense; but I saw no where the least sign of intemperance or quarrelling among any classes of the people. There were, apparently, some fifty or sixty thousand persons assembled together, Mussulmans, Greeks, Armenians, Christians, Franks and Jews, without any one infraction of the peace; thus setting a good example to the more civilized Christian populations of Europe and — may it not be added — America.

After the Sultan had entered the mosque, I wound my way up through the crowd to see his horses. His prayers were about an hour in length; and at their close the same procession formed, and returned to the Seraglio, from which, though I did not go to see him, he entered his state-barge, and under a salute from the vessels of war and batteries on the Bosphorus, regained his residence.

J. P. B.

Constantinople, Nov., 1844.

S O N N E T :

ADDRESSED BY AN OLD HUSBAND TO A YOUNG WIFE.

THOU'ST still survive, when I to time shall bow —
 When my leaves scattered lie, thy rose shall bloom;
 Thou'lt walk the earth, alert as thou art now,
 When I am mouldering in the silent tomb:
 My face, my form, traced by the painter's hand,
 Thou holdest: hold them then; and with a sigh,
 When Night's dark shadows fall on sea and land,
 Bethink thee, musing, of the days gone by.
 Be not too happy, or my jealous sprite
 Shall deem thy laughter light, thy spirits folly:
 But, gazing on my portraiture, unite
 Serene content with sober melancholy,
 And cast, in thy beloved sobriety,
 Some thought on him whose thoughts all dwell on thee!

'BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.'

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away!
Those who leave thee, sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay!

Weep not for the Babe! Thy plighted word
Hath planted in the Garden of the Lord
A bud, that by the stream of Life shall bloom,
Nor waste on earth its heavenly perfume.
Mother! let songs of triumph dry thy tears!
For, while thou lingerest on some few dark years,
Thy blessed offspring to his glorious place
Hath gone before,
And sees the brightness of his FATHER'S face
Forevermore!

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away!
Those who leave thee, sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay!

Weep not for the strong and full-grown Man,
Who valiantly the fight of life began,
Girt with the sword that pierces from afar,
With helm and shield, and panoply of war.
Hath he been taken ere his work was done?
Wafted aloft with all his armor on?
Warriors, when summoned from their earthly posts
To yonder shore,
Stand in the armies of the Lord of Hosts
For evermore!

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away!
Those who leave thee, sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay!

Weep not when the old and hoary head
Sinks to repose among the peaceful dead:
Who weeps for sorrow when the ripened corn,
In golden sheaves, is to the garner borne?
When the slow laden wains all homeward come,
And joyous reapers sing their harvest-home?
So, when the life-long troubles of the blest
At length are o'er,
The Angels gather them into their rest,
For evermore!

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away!
Those who leave thee, sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay!

Weep not for the Dead, although they sleep;
And we alone, our weary way shall keep.
They are asleep in Jesus! Their repose
Beckons us upward through this world of woes.
The day of *our* deliverance is at hand!
With thoughts fixed high in Heaven, on Earth we stand;
With patience wait till Angels from above
Shall ope the door,
Nor death shall part our souls from those we love,
For evermore!

O N P E R C E P T I O N .

His are the Mountains, and the Vallies his,
 And the resplendent Rivers: his to enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,
 Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say, 'My FATHER made them all!'
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of interest his,
 Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied Love,
 That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
 So clothed with beauty?

COWPER.

Oh Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live!

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
 Enveloping the earth!
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and powerful Voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
 O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be;
 What and wherein it doth subsist.
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful, and beauty-making power;
 Joy, O beloved, Joy, that ne'er was given
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life of our life, the parent and the birth,
 Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,
 A new Heaven and new Earth
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.
 This is the strong Voice, this the luminous cloud!
 Our inmost selves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that glads our ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that Voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

COLERIDGE, FROM THE ORENS.

Joy, O my masters! joy to the young, the fair, the brave, the middle-aged, the old, and the decrepit! joy, true joy, to every christian soul of mortal man! Joy, O beloved! that over the once sterile passages of earth, radiant spirits of song and beauty such as these should have passed for thine inexhaustible delight! scattering flowers that can never fade and breathing music incapable of death! revealing to thee treasures, by which thou art surrounded, richer than all 'barbarick gold and pearl;' disclosing the latent glories of thine own nature; and proving that not to any future state of existence is deferred that highest of the beatitudes, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

Yes! — where, to the sensual and the proud, there exist only darkness and dulness and vague chaotic masses of unformed nature, to thee, O pure in heart, there shall spring forth a new Heaven and new Earth, wrought out in thy presence, and fashioned by the hand of HIM whose spirit breathes now upon thy spirit, as once HE breathed upon the dust of the ground and formed the father of thy race!

Thine are the Mountains, and the Vallies thine,
 And the resplendent Rivers!

I have placed at the head of this Essay a Fountain of golden light;

and all that I hope or can desire is, to behold some one young listener kneel with me at it's brink, and fill his urn with Joy. So great a part of my own life has been wasted in quest of that which *is not bread*, nor light, nor joy, nor spiritual sustenance, that all it's waning hours would be made comparatively rich by the consciousness of having pointed out to only one enquiring spirit the way that I have myself so lately found.

And therefore I venture to write these few unlearned words upon PERCEPTION, and upon the temper in which things should be perceived ; with which they should be beheld, and studied, and welcomed to the heart. The experience that is requisite to acquire this temper is within the compass of the human life of every soul ; and almost every moment of that life may be made a step toward the attainment of it. There is no position upon the surface of the earth so remote or desolate as not to yield full scope to the largest aspirations after such knowledge to the pure in heart. Indeed solitude, or the solitary communings of the soul within itself, are as indispensable to the acquisition of all spiritual knowledge, as the bustle and intercourse of ordinary life are to that which is merely worldly.

When that mysterious impersonation of the Evil principle was permitted to tempt the SAVIOUR of mankind toward the consequences of ill-regulated ambition, all the Kingdoms of the Earth were exposed in rotation to his view, and all the tumultuary glories of their dominion offered to his acceptance and enjoyment : and again, it was suggested to him that he should cast his body to the earth from a pinnacle of the temple, that thousands to do him honour might witness his miraculous escape from injury : — but it was in the lone stillness of the cloud-capt mountain, and from the narrow cleft of the overhanging rock, that THE ALMIGHTY, yielding in part to the request of the august legislator of Israel, caused His goodness to pass in review before the Eyes of His astonished and enlightened servant ; and when Moses descended from the mountain, it was necessary to veil his face from the people, because of the effulgence of spiritual light that beamed from it !

This should teach us that it is in retirement from what is called the world, that the soul mainly derives its spiritual good, while the crowd and occupations of society, not necessarily but more frequently, subject us to temptation and error. Joy then, O listener, in the mountain, and the valley, and the resplendent river ! Let not an imagination of self-appropriation enter into thy thoughts, but enjoy because it is His gift, alike to thee and to all mankind.

Who owns Mont Blanc ? whose is the Atlantic, or the Indian ocean ? Thine, thou rich one ! thine to sail over, thine to gaze upon, thine to raise thy hands from, upward toward Heaven in thanks for the glories of thy King ! Whose are the worlds on which thy sight shall then rest, and the boundless sea of blue in which thy soul is bathed with delight ?

And, when thine eyes return again to earth in tears of holy joy, who formed the granitic peak, that oldest of His earthly creatures ? or placed upon the ridges and summits of the Alleghany chain of mountains, the later wonder of those stupendous masses of limestone rock that rise in perpendicular structure to the clouds ?

The traveller, emigrating to the west, descends from the covered

wagon that contains his bed and his reposing children, and prepares his breakfast and his journey in the dawn of morning, before day has yet visited the vales below ; and the smoke of his fire, guided by the vast wall of rock, mounts in an unbroken column to the skies. The small and delicately pencilled flowers that are scattered at his feet or are trodden under by them and that seem as if they could only abide in solitude, who planted them ?

And the vine that creeps upward and finds for it's tendrils jutting points and crevices that are inscrutable to the eye of man, how beautifully does it's bright green foliage wave in contrast with the dark-gray of the towering mass of rock ! And the azure, the purple, green, and golden birds and insects that play around and welcome the earliest sunbeams with a vivacity and joy that prove their lives to have been one long festival of native sport and pleasure ! Every where, around, abroad, above, COLOUR, COLOUR, COLOUR, the unspeakable language of God's goodness and love ; with which He writes His promises in the Heavens and unnumbered comforts on the soul of man !

Now it is in this spirit that, when returning and mingling with the world, our powers of perception should be exercised and sustained. Teach thyself to enjoy the fortunes of thy friends, and enumerate the advantages of all mankind around thee as if they were all thine own. Do this without one envious, or repining, or selfish thought,

And from thy Soul itself shall issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth !

Thou art childless perhaps, or poor, or embarrassed with debt, or old, and broken-hearted in thy hopes. But the hearth of one of thy friends is clustering with immortal gems of beauty and intelligence of every age and promise ; go among them in this spirit ; thou shalt be more welcome than ever, and every child shall be thine own !

And the one only daughter of another friend, in whom all his hopes are centred, and all to be realized — that opening bud of grace and beauty, of refinement, gentleness and truth — let her be to thee a Treasury of Joy ! There can need no word, no regard that might by possibility be deemed intrusive, no earnest expression even of thy trust in the happiness of all her womanly affections. But when thine eye sees her then let it give witness to her, and when thine ear hears her then let it bless her ! Do this with a full heart and silent lips, and thou shalt share largely in the bright fortune of thy friend. Her image and her silvery voice shall come visit thee in thy walks or at thy lonely fire-side, and thou shalt count her among the jewels of thy soul.

The riches of another, thou shalt find unexpectedly to be thy wealth ; and in his youth and vigour, thou shalt become suddenly strong. Let another freely own the statuary or the painting ; so that the sight of it's magical beauties or it's delicious hues be accorded to thee. And another the library ; delight thou that the knowledge it contains is opened by the freshness of his heart to thy thankful and devout acquisition. Rejoice in his resources ; share, at least in thought, in all his pleasures ; his generosity ; his acquisitions and his success in life so superior to thine own. Walk with him ; build with him ; delight in his garden ;

admire his fruits and flowers ; love his dog ; listen with him in rapture to his birds, thou shalt find cadences in their song sweeter than were ever known to thee before ; and drink his wine with him in an honest and cheery companionship, with grateful reference to that BEING who planted the Vine to gladden the heart of man and warm it into social truth and tenderness.

Thus, that which many have esteemed the hardest requisition of Christianity, that we should love others namely as ourself, shall prove to thee a source of the richest and most refined and unfailing pleasure ; and, without diminishing the abundance of those who surround thee make thee a large and grateful sharer in it.

Thou shalt walk over the Earth like a Visitant from above, enjoying and promoting Virtue in every form ; and unfolding, out of the beautiful and useful, the cheerful and the good. Thoughts for the happiness of others shall rise whispering from thy heart, in prayerful words, to the Spirit of Truth ; and thou shalt know that they have all been heard. Thou shalt look upward for illumination, or for support, and no cloud intervene between thee and the Source of Light and Strength.

Young and old shall come forth to greet thee with open-handed Joy. And, if thou should'st be WOMAN — flowers shall spring up to mark thy footsteps, the skies smile over thee, and the woods grow gay and musical at thine approach ; for thou hast the happiness of others for their own sake at thine heart, thy pure heart, thy true heart, thy WOMAN's heart —

And thence, flows all that glads our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that Voice,
All Colours, a suffusion from that Light.

JOHN WATSON.

L O N G A G O .

I.

AFAR, by an ancient and shadowy wood,
In the midst of a garden, my early home stood ;
Perfume, with the honey-bee's murmuring sound,
Came faintly from blossoming orchards around ;
The sweet voice of gladness, the low sound of streams,
And wood-notes as wild as the music of dreams,
Went up like a hymn in the morning's rich glow,
In the freshness of spring-time and youth, long ago :
Long ago ! long ago !
In the freshness of spring-time and youth, long ago !

II.

The sweet thrilling tones of affection and love,
The soft plaintive notes of the cuckoo and dove,
The robin that sang in the poplar at morn,
The distant bell's tinkle, the home-calling horn,
The wild-ringing echoes from valley and hill,
Or sweet song at eve of the lone whippoorwill,
A lingering spell of enchantment would throw
Round the home of my childhood and youth, long ago :
Long ago ! long ago !
Round the home of my childhood and youth, long ago !

figures, upon and around which are innumerable marks of balls and other missiles.

The legend, as we have heard it, is as follows: The numerous and powerful nation, called the Illinois, formerly inhabited the State which now bears their name, over the greater portion of which their hunting grounds extended. For very many years they continued to increase in numbers and prosperity, and were deemed the bravest and most warlike of all the tribes of the Great Valley. At length, in the most populous district of their country, near the residence of their greatest chief, there appeared an enormous animal, part beast, part bird, which took up its abode on the rock, and banquetted daily upon numbers of the people, whom it bore off in its immense talons. It was covered with scales of every possible color, and had a huge tail, with a blow of which it could shake the earth: from its head, which was like the head of a fox with the beak of an eagle, projected immense horns, and its four feet were armed with powerful claws, in each of which it could carry a buffalo. The flapping of its enormous wings was like the roar of thunder; and when it dived into the river, it threw the waves far up on the land. To this animal they gave the name of the 'Bird of the Pi-as-au,' or Bird of the Evil Spirit. In vain did the 'medicine men' use all their powers to drive away this fearful visitor. Day by day, the number of their tribe diminished, to feed his insatiate appetite. At last the young chief of the nation, WASSATOGO, who was beloved by his people, and esteemed their bravest and best warrior, called a council of the priests, in a secret cave, where, after fasting for many days, they slept, and the GREAT SPIRIT came to the young chief in his sleep, and told him the only way to rid his people of their destroyer was to offer himself as a sacrifice.

Wassatogo started up with joy, and arousing the slumbering priests, informed them of what had occurred to him, and of his determination to make the sacrifice required. He then assembled the tribe, and made a speech, recounting his deeds of valor, acquainting them with his dream, and exhorting them to be ever ready, like himself, to die for their people. Wassatogo then dressed himself in his chieftain's garb, put on his war-paint, as if going to battle, and taking his bow, arrows and tomahawk, he placed himself on a prominent point of the rock, to await the coming of the monster-bird. Meanwhile, as he had been directed in his vision, a band of his best braves had been concealed in the interstices of the rock, each with his arrow drawn to the head, waiting the moment when their chief should be attacked, to wreak their last vengeance on their enemy. High and erect the bold Wassatogo stood, chanting his death-dirge, with a calm and placid countenance, when suddenly there came a roar as of awful thunder, and in an instant the Bird of the Pias-sau, uttering a wild scream, that shook the hills, darted upon and seized the chieftain in his talons! At that moment Wassatogo dealt it a blow in the head with his tomahawk, while his braves let fly their arrows from the ambush; and the unwieldy carcass of the bird rolled down the cliff, the chieftain remaining unhurt. The tribe now gave way to the wildest joy, and held a great feast in honor of the event. To commemorate it, they painted the figure of the bird on the side of the rock on whose summit Wassatogo had stood, and there it has endured

for ages, a mark for the arrow or bullet of every red man who has since passed it, in ascending or descending the great Father of Waters.

All nations have had their traditions of monsters and strangely-formed destructive animals. The ancient Greeks and Romans had their stories of Centaurs and Hydras; the Moors and Egyptians their tales of Anthropophagi, and various other hideous creatures; and even the English have transmitted the legend of the winged dragon vanquished by St. George. Historians have traced to probable causes, and reconciled to nature, the fables of the monsters of antiquity, by allowing largely for the workings of the imagination among a semi-barbarous people. It may be that the tradition of the Pias-sau Bird is not without a foundation in truth. When we reflect upon it, in connection with the enormous fossil remains found in various places in the West, and allow for the imperfect skill of the limners who sketched its portrait, and for the natural love of the marvellous in man, as well as for the additions made by the fancy of the rude savages who have perpetuated it in oral lore; and, taking these considerations together with the resemblance of many parts of the animal of tradition to the skeletons of the mammoth, the mastodon, and the Missourium, it would not be unreasonable to believe that some one of those animals formed the basis on which the imagination of the savage has erected his legend of the Bird of the Pias-sau.

In connection with this subject, and with a view of throwing out a hint that may be interesting to others, we make a few extracts concerning bones that have been found at different periods and places. Doctor William GORFORTH, of Cincinnati, in a letter to THOMAS JEFFERSON, dated in December, 1806, in describing some bones taken by him from Big-bone Lick, Kentucky, says: 'The bones of one paw nearly filled a flour barrel; it had four claws; and when the bones were regularly placed together, measured from the os calcis to the end of either middle claw, five feet two inches. The bones of this paw were similar to those of a bear's foot. Where I found these bones, I found large quantities of bear's bones at the same time, and had an opportunity of arranging and comparing the bones together, and the similarity was striking in every particular, except the size. The vertebræ of the back and neck, when arranged in order with the os sacrum and coccygis, measured nearly sixty feet, allowing for cartilages; though I am not confident the bones all belonged to one animal, and the number of vertebræ I cannot recollect. I had some thigh bones of incognita of a monstrous size, when compared with any other animal,' etc.

In 'THOMAS's Reminiscences and Sketches of his Life and Times' is an account of some bones brought to Cincinnati in 1830, which were found in the same place from whence Dr. GORFORTH's collection was taken. The author says: 'To reflect for a moment upon the appearance of a living animal, which, from the skeleton, is proved to have been at least sixty feet in length, and twelve across the hips, the upper bone of whose head weighs six hundred, and grinders eleven pounds each, and this after having undergone the decay of many centuries, must fill the mind with astonishment and reverence for that BEING who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light!' This animal as much

surpassed the mammoth in size as the elephant does the ox, and was of the carnivorous species. With the bones of this nondescript were found the bones of several other animals, some of which were of the herbaceous species, as is proved by their teeth, of which there are a number. The bones were found imbedded in black mud, upward of twenty feet below the surface. The first eighteen inches is alluvial, then yellow clay, to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet, and then the black mud in which the bones were contained. The proprietor brought a large quantity of them to Cincinnati, among which were the head and tusks of the nondescript; the latter measuring twelve feet in length!

In 1839, Mr. ALBERT KOCH, proprietor of the St. Louis Museum, procured a very large quantity of bones from the vicinity of the Sulphur Springs, on Little Rock Creek, in Jefferson county, Missouri, about twenty-two miles south of St. Louis. To a skeleton formed of some of these bones he gave the name of '*Koch's Missouriium*.' This animal had a trunk, and enormous tusks and claws, and was much larger than the mastodon. Among the bones found by Mr. Koch, was 'the head of an undescribed animal, from which it appears that it exceeded the elephant in size from four to six times.'

The tradition of the Indians certainly bears strong affinity to the existence of those immense animals, which have left us no trace of their being, save their bones. What an extensive theme for conjecture and research they afford to the antiquarian, the naturalist, and the philosopher!

BARBEAU'S CREEK, A LEGEND, ETC.

A REMARKABLY beautiful scene is exhibited about three miles back of the Mississippi, and two miles below the village of Prairie du Rocher, in Illinois, at a place where a small creek, after descending through a ravine in the Illinois Bluffs, pursues its winding way to the river. The rock, which is a portion of the bluffs, comes here to a point, almost abrupt, and rises about an hundred and fifty feet high, with a projection overhanging its base, some ten or twelve feet, and wearing the appearance of having been wrought into a cornice. The top of the rock is overgrown with cedar trees and shrubbery, and rising backward from it, with a steep ascent, to an elevation of two hundred feet from the crown of the rock, is a thickly-wooded hill. At the Northern base of the rock, is the residence of M. Barbeau, from whom the creek is named, and it is here crossed by a rural bridge, connecting the Kaskaskia road, which passes directly under the frowning crags.

Connected with this picturesque place, is a little legend, which some of the inhabitants in the vicinity take great delight in relating. In the early settlement of the village of Prairie du Rocher, a certain Canadian voyageur, named PIERRE MORCEAU, took up his abode among the settlers, and took to himself a wife. Pierre, like most of the inhabitants, made his subsistence by hunting. He was a good fiddler and a good dancer, sung a good song and loved a good glass, and was altogether a very jolly little fellow, and very popular. Contemporary with Pierre, there lived in the neighborhood, a Kaskaskian Indian, who had received the

name of Motty. In his rambles through the forest, Pierre made the acquaintance of Motty : they soon became great friends, formed a partnership in hunting, and were boon companions at the *cantines* or grog-shops. Pierre had resided about a year at the village, and the intimacy between him and his friend Motty continued unabated. He prided himself greatly on his skill in driving a bargain, and upon him devolved the business of disposing of the skins and furs taken by himself and partner, to the traders who occasionally visited the village. The common currency of the country at that day, as now, in many places, was 'coon skins,' and other peltries, and with these the few 'dry goods and groceries' needed by the inhabitants were purchased, and the jugs at the cantines and the flasks of the hunters were replenished.

It so happened, one season, that Motty and Pierre had been very successful in their hunting, and Pierre, as usual, went to dispose of their stock. Now, the identical buckskin jacket and breeches, elaborately fringed, and embroidered with porcupine quills, that had adorned the compact little body of Pierre Morceau, when he danced at his own wedding, a year before, continued, up to this time, to perform for him the same kindly office, although somewhat tarnished and faded from their former glory. Pierre, having purchased from a trader the necessary supplies for himself and partner, was about turning away, when his eyes fell upon a new pair of buckskin breeches, which the trader had for sale : he glanced from them to his old ones, and fetched a deep sigh at the contrast. Suddenly he determined that, cost what they might, he would have the new breeches. Accordingly, he commenced trafficking anew with the trader, to whom he returned the greater portion of the supplies purchased for Motty and himself, and departed, bearing off the breeches, and delighted with his bargain. On his re-joining Motty, the latter expressed great astonishment at the small amount of provisions that fell to his share ; and Pierre, in his turn, lamented the low price of furs, and cursed the rapacity of the traders. Motty hinted that he had received foul play, and the two friends were near quarreling ; but the asseverations of Pierre soon produced peace, and they sat down and enjoyed their flasks together.

A few days afterward, they met as usual for a hunt, each armed with his rifle and flask. Pierre had donned his new breeches, and so soon as they met the eyes of Motty, he at once became convinced of the manner of their acquisition. He however kept silence on the subject, and they pursued their way to the top of the hill at Barbeau's creek. Here they started a fine buck, and in an instant Pierre, who was about an hundred and fifty yards distant from the Indian, discharged his rifle at the animal. The moment he heard its report, Motty, unmindful of the game, shouted out :

'Aha ! you dam dog ! you Pierre Morceau ; you big little tief ! you cheatee me ; you buy breeches ; dam ! me shootee you !'

Accordingly he levelled his rifle, and the unfortunate Pierre dropped his in consternation, and took to his heels. Away he went, through the woods, and down the hill, as fast as he could go, the Indian shouting after him in hot pursuit. He soon reached the edge of the overhanging precipice, an hundred and fifty feet from the ground below : here he

paused for an instant, and turning his head, beheld Motty taking aim at him : he turned again, gave a wild yell, and took the fearful leap ! A large oak grew below, from which a branch had been riven by a storm, leaving a sharp splinter : in his rapid descent through the foliage, the splinter caught in the posterior part of his new breeches ; and there he hung, dangling in the air, forty feet from the earth ! Motty, arrived at the edge of the rock, gave a loud shout, and Pierre, looking upward, exclaimed : ' O Motty ! Motty ! don't shoot ! I'll give you the breeches !'

' Breeches be dam !' retorted Motty ; ' me no shootee ; if me shootee, dey hang me ; you hang self ; you dam tief dog ! — aha !'

And he commenced stoning poor Pierre, who yelled and kicked, until the better part of his breeches gave way, and he fell to the earth unhurt, except by a few bruises and scratches, and the loss of the nether portion of his garment, which remained on the limb, flaunting in the wind, like a tattered banner. Pierre made the best of his way home ; and his wife, with the old, repaired his new habiliments ; but the contrast between the patch and the rest was ever reminding his acquaintances of his adventure, and exciting a laugh at his expense, beside obtaining for him the soubriquet of ' Broken-Breeches.' And so poor Pierre became dispirited, and at last resolved to emigrate. Accordingly, he removed to *Vuide Poche* ; and his descendants are now respectable inhabitants of that ancient village.

THE MISSOURI RIVER.

ABOUT eighteen miles above St. Louis, and four miles below Alton, the Missouri and Mississippi rivers join, and for several miles down the stream of the latter, can be seen on one side the dark and angry waves of the Missouri, and on the other the pure crystal waters of the Upper Mississippi. They flow side by side for a considerable distance, without entirely mingling with each other, until at last the earth-laden torrent from the Far West gains the mastery, and thence the united currents roll on to the Mexican Gulf, in one dark, surly and perpetual torrent. From the Illinois shore, opposite the Missouri, the view of the scenery up the two rivers is beautiful exceedingly. The city of Alton, throned on its rock-based hills on the east bank of the Mississippi, gleams in the distance, backed by the oak-crowned summits of the Bluffs ; on the right of the beholder lies a heavily-wooded shore ; and in the middle of the river four small islands exhibit their rich verdure, looking like bright bouquets upon the soft swelling bosom of the water. To the left is seen the peninsula formed by the union of the rivers, clothed with heavy timber, and laved on the west by the black Missouri, as he rushes impetuously to meet the fair bride that seems to shrink from his embrace. A sand-bar, the spur of an island, stretches partly in front of the 'mouth,' covered with drift-wood, indicating the ravages of the river upon its own densely-wooded banks. The Missouri may be termed the *Nile of the New World*, for it more nearly resembles that famous stream than any other river in the Western Hemisphere ; and, like the Nile, it rises periodically and suddenly, and inundates a large tract of country. Its

principal sources are supplied from the snows of those stupendous 'hills that look eternal,' known by the general name of Rocky Mountains. The following description of the Missouri is collated from DABY, STODDARD, BRECKENRIDGE, and other writers :

The Missouri River rises in the Chippewa mountains, in latitude forty degrees twenty minutes north, longitude thirty-five degrees west from Washington City. Its general course to the Mandan Villages is north-east, and east, and in this distance it receives several large tributaries. At the Mandan Villages it turns to the south, and continues that course for three or four hundred miles, receiving a few unimportant tributaries from the left, and from the right, the large streams of Canon-Ball, Wetarhoo, Sarwarcarna, Chayenne, Teton and White rivers. Below the mouth of the latter, the Missouri turns to the south-east, east and south, three hundred miles to its junction with the La Platte, an immense body of water flowing from the west, and heading with the Arkansas, Lewis, and Yellow Stone rivers. In the latter course, the Missouri has also received from the left the Jacques and Great and Little Sioux rivers. Below its junction with the La Platte, the Missouri flows two hundred miles south-east to the mouth of the Kansas, a large tributary from the west. The Missouri has now gained nearly the thirty-ninth degree of north latitude, and turning a little south-of-east two hundred and fifty miles, joins its vast volume to the Mississippi, after an entire comparative course of one thousand eight hundred and seventy miles, and particular course of about three thousand miles. One of the most striking features of the Valley of the Missouri is the great difference of the length and volume of the confluent streams from the right, when compared with those from the left bank of the main recipient. While from the right the Missouri receives such vast branches as the Yellow Stone, Chayenne, Quicourre, Platte, Kansas, Osage and Gasconade, from the left all the branches are of minor importance.

The most peculiar appearance of the Missouri is the muddy, ash-color of its water, occasioned by the sand with which it is impregnated. This character is derived from the mountains in which it rises, and the vast plains through which it passes. To this cause also may be ascribed the formation of the numerous sand-banks and islands, and the alluvious nature of the lands on the Missouri. The water is lively and soft, and the specific gravity of it about the same as that of rain or snow water. A vessel filled with the Missouri water will, after remaining for some time undisturbed, be about one-third full of sediment. The quantity of the sediment varies with the rise and fall of the river, it being much greater in the spring than in the summer or autumn. This arises from the increased volume of water ; by which means the vast plains that bound the Missouri and its tributaries are inundated, and the current of the streams rendered more impetuous, and the washings consequently greater. The muddiness of the Missouri water appears, however, to be no objection to its use ; on the contrary, those inhabitants who reside on the banks of this stream consider the water preferable to any other. Some of them put it into large earthen jars, and let it stand until the sediment has subsided ; others filtrate it through stone or sand, and others again render it clear and transparent, by putting into

it a small quantity of alum, or a little corn meal, or the kernels of peach stones, either of which precipitate the impurities to the bottom. The greatest number, however, use the water in its impure state, and experience no bad effects from it. The Missouri water is impregnated with sulphur and nitre, and many who drink of it pretend that it is a remedy for cutaneous diseases. It generally has a slightly cathartic effect, on persons unaccustomed to its use. The current of the Missouri is considerably greater than that of the Mississippi, or any of the Western rivers, being generally about four miles an hour. It is on this account that the bed of the river is continually changing, and shoal islands and sand-bars are constantly forming. Hence it is not always safe to settle on the alluvious banks of this stream; for it sometimes happens that thousands of acres, containing houses and plantations, are swept away by the impetuosity of its current.

The floods of the Missouri usually begin early in March, and continue until the latter end of July; during which time it rises and subsides, as its different tributaries bring down their increased volume of water. It so happens that seldom more than two great rivers are high at the same period. Many of these floods are never felt in the Mississippi. The great rise of the Missouri itself, from the melting of the snows, takes place about the middle of June, and begins to subside about the latter end of July. From several circumstances, it is probable that the rapidity of the current of the Missouri was occasioned by some comparatively recent convulsion; for such enormous quantities of earth as is every year brought down, would have broken and mutilated the country in an astonishing degree. What immense quantities of earth must have been carried off to form the great alluvions of the Mississippi, by means of the Arkansas, Red River, and chiefly the Missouri, not to mention the vast quantities lost in the Gulf of Mexico! The result of a calculation would be curious. The marks of this loss are very evident in the neighborhood of nearly all the rivers which discharge themselves into the Missouri above the Platte. Some of these appearances may rank among the greatest natural curiosities in the world. The traveller, on entering a plain, is deceived at the first glance by what appears to be the ruins of some great city; rows of houses for several miles in length, and regular streets. At the first view there appears to be all the precision of design, with the usual deviations in single buildings, representing palaces, temples, etc., which appearances are caused by the washing away of hills, as before described. These remains, being composed of more durable substance, continue undecayed, while the rest is carried off. The strata have the appearance of different stones; the isolated and detached hills constitute the remainder.

Pumice and other volcanic productions are continually floating down the Missouri, to be deposited on the sand-bars and islands. By some these are said to be caused by burning coal-banks on the Upper Missouri; but the proof in favor of existing volcanos in the north-west is so strong, that there is little doubt but that they are referable to them. Immense beds of coal are found in every part of the Valleys of the Ohio and

Illinois, and yet they are entirely destitute of these volcanic productions ; a convincing proof that they must be produced by some other cause. The principal tributaries of the Missouri in the State of the same name are Kansas, Fishing, Grand, Osage and Gasconade rivers.

FLINT, speaking of the character of the country, and of the Missouri, at its head waters, says : ' What are called ' The Gates of the Rocky Mountains,' through which the Missouri seems to have torn itself a passage, are commonly described as among the sublimest spectacles of this range of mountains. For nearly six miles these mountains rise in black and perpendicular masses, one thousand two hundred feet above the surface of the river. The chasm is little more than one hundred and fifty yards wide ; and the deep and foaming waters of the Missouri rush through the passage as if it were a cataract. The heart of the beholder is chilled as he contemplates, in these wild and uninhabitable regions, this conflict between the River and the Mountains. The smooth and black walls of the cleft rise more than twice as high as the Mountains on the North River, below West-Point. Every passenger up the North River has been impressed with the grandeur of the scene in the midst of amenity and life. What then must be the sensations of the passengers through the ' Gates of the Rocky Mountains,' who witness the proofs of this conflict of nature, in a region three hundred leagues from civilization and habitancy ! Vast columns of the rock, torn from the mountains, and lying along the river, attest the fact of this forced passage of the river through the mountains.' The Missouri is navigable for nearly two thousand miles above its mouth, and several of its tributaries are also navigable to a vast extent. The country upon its banks is populating with unexampled rapidity. Very few years will elapse before the ' metes and bounds' of a new State will be marked out on its almost unlimited territory.

E P I G R A M S.

THE ROSE.

WHY is the Rose an emblem meet
Of most of womankind ?
It wastes its life in perfumes sweet,
But leaves no fruit behind !

ON MRS. M——'S MARRIAGE.

WHAT strange inflammatory art
Prevailed on Mrs. M—— to wed ?
The flame that fires his 'tinder' heart,
Was kindled at his sweetheart's head !

COLLEGE MORNING PRAYERS.

DAY's long petitions were delightful,
From morn they lasted until nightfall ;
For when to pray he once begun,
DAY never stopped till day was done.

'M A T E R D O L O R O S A.'

BY JAMES F. COLMAN.

WATCHING through midnight's mystic loneliness
Beside the couch some cherished form doth press,
The smile whose waking light diffusive shone
Seems in concentrated sweetness all our own.
Thus by thy side, my daughter! as I stand
With Love and twin-born Sadness hand-in-hand;
Those jealous misers who unlock their store
To count by night its hoarded treasures o'er;
Their low aerial voices speak to me
In tones of melancholy revery.
How tenderly entwined in Slumber's arms
Thou liest! — with thy host of maiden charms
Circling thee round, like angel guards that keep
Their vigils o'er the helplessness of sleep:
Thy showering ringlets settled into rest
Like nestling cherubs on thy gentle breast;
Thy lips with music's dreaming numbers fraught,
The tranquil home of unimpassioned thought.
Thy cheek, where Feeling's changeful hues are seen,
Like tell-tale shadows on the moon-lit green;
And thy fair hands o'er thy white bosom laid,
The bashful heart's pure fantasies to shade;
Oh! as each feature's placid rapture shows
What fairy scenes Hope's promises disclose,
How my fond spirit yearneth to presage
Thy fortunes in life's coming pilgrimage!
Ah! could my coined heart's blood buy for me
One glimpse of thy unveiled futurity!
Alas! that heart's prophetic sorrows tell
Thy tale of human suffering but too well,
And trace each flinty path thou wilt have trod
Ere thy torn spirit find its rest in God.

Thou pure white Dove! why didst thou come to me
But to announce the ebb of Passion's sea!
That Earth's uncovered shores were bleak and drear!
Thou 'st done thine errand; wherefore linger here!
The fragrant buds on April's painted bough
Blossom and fade unwept for — why not thou!
Upon the torturing, arid wastes which lie
Between Youth's hopes and Age's apathy,
Where dewless moons reflect the sultry glare
Of shadeless suns that scorch the noontide air,
How shall thy gasping spirit vainly burn
Once more to these dear privacies to turn;
Once more to lave thy feverish, throbbing brow
In the cool gurgling streams around thee now:
How shalt thou mourn thy thoughtless Infancy,
Thy bounding steps in Girlhood's bowers of glee;
And all the fleeting glories which adorn
The primal hour of Love's delicious morn!
Then the calm tide now circling through thy breast
Shall turn to maddening pulses of unrest;
And every gentle floweret planted there
Be trodden by the ruthless foot of Care.
Then shall sweet memories of household words
Moan like the wailing wind-harp's plaintive chords;
The fibres of uprooted sympathies
Breathe the torn mandrake's desolating sighs:

While from each quivering, lacerated part
 The bloody tears of Recollection start;
 Then shall Affliction's teachings, harshly given,
 Shake e'en thy spirit's confidence in Heaven;
 And thy fierce wrestlings with Despair and Wo
 Be for the world a gladiatorial show.
 Why shouldst thou stay, to count Life's journeying suns
 By added graves of Life's beloved ones?
 Or in the juggling alchemy of Fate
 Learn how sweet Love can turn to bitter Hate?
 Why make thy soul a sanctuary for one,
 And seek the shrine to find the idol gone?
 Or twine Affection's tendrils, but to bless
 The poisonous Upas-tree of Selfishness?
 Oh! 'ere Youth's angel-visitants depart,
 And Misery's vulture-talons rend thy heart;
 Before one human passion dare intrude
 Within that heart's celestial solitude;
 Better thou choose a bridegroom who shall be
 More faithful than art earthly spouse to thee;
 And as thou layest down thy graceful head
 Spotless and meek upon thy marriage-bed,
 Girt with thy yet unloosened virgin zone,
 Death's icy kisses freeze thee into stone!

A NIGHT-ADVENTURE IN CUBA.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

'WITH the rough blast heaves the billow,
 In the light air waves the willow,
 Every thing of moving kind
 Varies with the veering wind;
 What have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous constancy?'—JOANNA BAILLIE.

'Up! thy charmed armor don,
 Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.'—DRAKE.

'DULCE, will you go to the masquerade-ball to night?' said I to my lesser-half, on a bright evening during the gayest part of the 'carnival season.'

'No, my amor,' answered she; 'I am ill this evening; do n't go out to-night, but stay by my side, and let your cheering presence save a doctor's fee.'

'Madame, you know that I had made up my mind to go out in my new cabellero's dress: you are not *very* ill; and I shall be dull company for you, if disappointment holds a berth in my mind. You had better consent to my going; I will return early.'

'Do as you please, Sir,' she responded, poutingly; 'but if you neglect me thus in the first year of our marriage, how shall I be treated when Time's shadow shall darken my brow and dim the light of my eyes; when my spirits shall droop and my beauty fade before the wintry frosts of age?'

To shorten my yarn, reader, I rigged myself and went to the ball, my heart beating a 'conscience-tattoo' against its casing all the way;

for well I marked the soft reproach which my wife's full dark eye spoke when I left her side.

Having arrived at the ball room, I mingled with the gay maskers, listened to the music, and in the sparkling wine-glass sought for excitement; yet that perpetual drum-stick of conscience kept thumping against the parchment-head of reflection, and I could not feel happy. Dressed as attractively as possible, I sought and danced with the fairest maidens in the throng; yet still, Thought, that nettle in life's garden, kept Joy in a distant offing, and Pleasure far in my wake.

I was about to give up the chase for enjoyment, and had dutifully made up my mind to return home and moor myself alongside of my little wife, when a fair hand was laid gently upon my arm, and a tremulous, musical voice asked me, in a whisper, to retire a little from the crowd. The hand was delicate, and seemed smaller even than my wife's; and the taper fingers were encircled by rings of rare value, such as could only be worn by the rich and the titled. The lady was closely veiled in black; yet I caught one glimpse of eye-light through the thick crape. In the blackness of a night-storm I have seen the clouds for a moment open and permit a star to glance with supernatural brightness down on the agitated ocean; and even so fell that glance on me. The voice was one of those which, when it falls upon the ear, vibrates along every nerve until it reaches the heart-strings, where it echoes and re-echoes, till Memory, 'catches the tune,' and too truly for it ever to pass from her grasp.

I followed the stranger's invitation; and as I gazed on the fairy form which flitted before me, I forgot my little invalid at home. The 'mask' was but little if any larger than my wife; yet there was a fulness and elegance of figure, a grace and voluptuousness of motion in the former, which I had never observed in the latter. My wife had beautifully soft, glossy curls of jet, but they could never compare with the black tresses of twining silk, which hung nearly to the feet of my strange charmer. When we had got clear of the throng, she again spoke:

'Are you a gentleman? — one on whom a lady may in all honor depend?'

I answered, that to the best of my knowledge and belief I was, and thought I might be depended upon.

'Would you risk your own life, or destroy that of another, for a lady, if her honor required, and her love would reward the act?'

'For one so fair, so angelic as yourself, I would risk *more* than life!'

A shudder seemed to pass through her form; her little feet stamped the tessellated floor impatiently; her fingers were clasped together until they were bloodless, as she continued:

'Have you ever loved?'

'I may have felt a school-boy's passion,' I replied, with assumed indifference.

'Then you are not married?'

'I have been,' was my reply. Even so deceitful is man; even so is woman often lost; for while he pours forth his flattering tale, she listens; listening, she loves — loving, she is lost.

Again she showed marks of impatience and excitement, as if some great trouble rested on her mind. This I pressed her to reveal to me, offering every aid in my power to defend her, or even to avenge past wrong. I besought her to have confidence in my affection, new-fledged though it was, and to test its strength, even as she might direct. She faltered, hesitated for a moment, and then, requesting me to await her return, hastily left the ball-room.

'Now,' thought I, 'here is a scrape for a sober married man to get into! Perhaps she may be some beautiful siren, who, knowing my weakness, where the fair sex is concerned, has laid a trap to inveigle and rob, perhaps to murder me! Shall I await her return? — or shall I fly the danger? But I am armed; why should I fear?' I began also to think of my poor invalid wife; and these thoughts coupled with my fear of betrayal, by the aid of a little more solitude, would have conquered me, and sent me home: but, at this critical moment, the 'mask' returned, bearing in her hands a heavy black veil. She beckoned me to follow her into a neighboring street, where, in a moment, we stood beside a close-curtained volante, into which she sprang, I following her. She immediately enveloped my head in the veil which she had brought, cautioning me on my life not to attempt to remove it, unless at her request.

The carriage started off with speed; indeed, the driver seemed to be urging his horses to a rapid gallop. Our road was long; for even at this speed we must have ridden for two hours, some of the time over rough, rocky roads, and then along smoother ways, when at last the panting animals were brought to a stand.

Immediately thereafter I heard a creaking noise, as if a port-cullis were suddenly raised, or some old gate swung back on its unoiled hinges.

'Speak not a word, whatever you may hear; attempt not to raise the veil, or your life and mine may be the forfeit!' whispered my fair guide; and while she spoke, I felt that she trembled from head to foot. Her hand was cold as ice, and her impetuous voice stifled and husky. Before we advanced from the carriage, she also made me vow by all the saints in heaven, never to reveal what I might do or see, in that night's adventure.*

She then led me cautiously on, apparently through a large garden, for the cool night-breeze bore the perfume of orange, citron, pink, lemon and spice blossoms to my cheek. We soon arrived at another door, which creaked rustily as it opened before us; and then our way seemed up a winding stone stair-case, through a passage so still, so solemnly silent, that it even echoed the light foot-fall of my companion, while my own heavy tread rang, like groans in a cavern, through the still, damp air.

Until now, the lady had not spoken since we had stepped from the volante; but, as we arrived at the top of the stairs, and passed into a warmer atmosphere, she whispered that the hour to test my courage and love had arrived. We stepped across a soft carpet, and she seated me

* I HOPE the saints will excuse the broken vow. 'OLD KNICK' called for the story, and I could not disobey, for I have formed a 'league' with him. [All right! Yours, faithfully, O. K.]

on a yielding cushion. I could see nothing through the thick veil which she had thrown over my face, yet a kind of *bluishness* in the darkness before me convinced me that I was in a lighted room. No sound could I hear, save the suppressed breathing of my trembling companion, and the beating of my own heart. After remaining for a moment on the ottoman, which shook from her nervousness, she again addressed me :

‘ You are armed with pistol and dagger ? ’

‘ I am,’ said I, inwardly praying that I might have no occasion to use them.

‘ You will please give *me* those weapons,’ said she.

‘ Ha ! ’ thought I ; ‘ I am betrayed ; and she asks my weapons of defence, that I may be made an easier prey ! Let me ask,’ said I, ‘ your reasons for this strange request ? ’

‘ A true lover never asks for *reasons* from one in whom he *confides*,’ answered the ‘ mask ; ’ adding : ‘ The business I have in hand for you has need of courage, calmness and prudence, but your weapons could avail you nothing. They will not be required.’ She shuddered as she spoke ; adding quickly : ‘ Such as they have already done too much ! ’

She paused a moment, and seemed to be schooling herself to some dreadful task. Again she addressed me :

‘ I have a tale to tell you, Sir ; no, *not* a tale, but some questions to ask. Had you an only sister, one who was young, fair, innocent, and ignorant of the world’s wickedness, and thus unprepared to cope with vile art and sinfulness ; and should she meet with one who was in appearance all full of nobleness, purity, generosity, and true manliness ; and, in her own full-heartedness, should she love him as only woman in nature’s simplicity *can* love ; and should he, taking foul advantage of her affection for him, work her ruin, and having succeeded, then scornfully leave her without reparation, an outcast from even *his* bosom ; a dark thing upon the world ; unwilling to live, unprepared to die ; and should she, in the hour when he spurned her, a dishonored thing, from his feet ; even when she was pleading for the love and protection of one who with hellish art had wrought her ruin ; should she in that dire moment of crowded miseries strike a poniard to his heart — ’

‘ She would nobly do her duty ! ’ cried I, excited almost to madness by the painful picture.

‘ Would you *aid* her in removing all the proof of crime ? ’ continued the ‘ mask ; ’ ‘ would you assist that poor girl to place beneath the dank earth all that was earthly of her defiler ? ’

‘ I would ! If thou art she, lead on ! I am ready ; ay, ready to do more ! Would that *my* hand instead of thine had sent the recreant’s soul to its hissing home ! I love thee now better than before. True, thou hast been dishonored, but thou art avenged ! ’

‘ Be not too hasty, Sir,’ said she ; ‘ let me sketch you one other picture, before I call on you for action. Again I will suppose you to have an only sister. I will suppose her, with your full knowledge and consent, to have given her affections and her hand to one whom you believe to be noble, manly, and in every way calculated to make her know the true bliss of existence. She loves him, even *over* the bounds of this world’s adoration ; watches for his smile as the flower beaten

down by the rain waits for the sunshine; sighs and droops when the clouds of sorrow cast their shadows over him; joys when his hopes brighten; ministers to his every comfort, and seems a being as closely bound to him as light is to the diamond. Suppose that he to whom you have entrusted her, the innermost heart-jewel of yourself, the bright corner of your domestic fire-side; imagine that he should grow cold and unmindful of her peace; that his love for her should fade; that her smile should fall upon him cold as torch-light on a funeral pall; that her voice should no longer be music to his ear; that he should seek for other smiles, and give to other ears the words which were alone her due; when you saw her drooping, fading, *dying* beneath the shadow of his neglect, what would you do?"

'Slay him! by the HAND which made me! I would slay him as a dog that had bitten or a serpent which had stung me!'

Even as I spoke, I thought of my own deserted wife, and Conscience took a pull at the halliards of my heart, and wrung it to the very core. I felt as if I could have given a world, had it been mine to give, if I could be placed along-side the couch of my lonely bride; and I vowed in my soul never to grieve her again, should I return unharmed from the dreadful scenes of that night.

'Lady,' said I, 'if your first tale be, as I feel it is, true; if you have slain him who wrought your ruin, and have chosen me to aid you in your dreadful task, I pray you to hasten the deed. Let there be no delay.'

'Then follow me!' said she; 'you need not follow far.'

She led me on a few steps, into what I supposed to be another room: here she bade me to pause, and calm myself. I must acknowledge that I felt greatly agitated; but mustering all my self-possession and presence of mind, I prepared to cast aside the veil, at her bidding, and determined not to shrink from the horrible duty which lay before me.

She lifted the veil from my head. A blaze of light forced me to close my eyes; and then I dared not open them. Imagination painted a scene before me which I feared to gaze upon. At last shame unclosed my eye-lids, and I gazed around. . . . Surprise almost stunned me.

It could not be! — *yet so it was!* I stood within my own bedroom! The stranger raised her mask. My wife's large black eyes looked sorrowfully out upon me; she cast the long tresses of glossy hair from her head; and then appeared her own soft curling ringlets playing about her neck. She had fallen upon this plan to punish me for seeking pleasure at a time when she, by reason of sickness and suffering, could not enjoy it with me. She had indeed taught me a lesson of conjugal fidelity.

My own volante had driven me at full speed over half the city! I had been led through a back-gate, and had traversed a part of my house which I had never before entered; and all through the contrivance of my witch of a wife! Borrowed jewels had disguised her hands; she had spoken in an altered voice beneath her mask; and I, like most men, ever ready to be pleased with a new object, had actually fallen in love with my own wife!

What a 'fix' for a married man to be in!

N. B.

BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

I.

With slow and solemn tread,
Through aisles where warrior-figures grim
Stand forth in shadowy gloom,
While loudly peals the funeral hymn,
And censors waft perfume,
Bring they the kingly dead.

II.

They bear him to his rest,
Around whose lofty deeds is cast
The panoply of fame;
Who gave his war-cry to the blast,
And left a conqueror's mighty name
His nation's proud bequest.

III.

Around his royal bier
The chieftains stand, in reverence bowed,
Amid a hush profound;
When from the vast assembled crowd
A solemn voice, with warning sound,
Rung on each startled ear.

IV.

'Forbear!' it cried, 'forbear!
This ground mine heritage I claim;
Here bloomed our household vine,
Until this dread despoiler came,
And crushed its roots to raise this shrine,
In mockery of prayer!

V.

'By all your hopes of earth,
As ye before the throne of heaven
In judgment shall appear,
As ye would pray your sins forgiven,
Lay not the tyrant's ashes here
Upon my father's hearth!'

VI.

Mute stood those warriors bold,
Each swarthy cheek grew red with shame,
'That ne'er with fear had paled;
And for his dust, before whose name
The bravest hearts in terror quailed,
They bought a grave with gold.

VII.

Oh Victory! veil thy brow;
What are thy pageants of an hour,
Thy wreath, when stained with crime?
Oh! fame, ambition, haughty power!
Ye bubbles on the stream of time,
Where are your glories now?

New-York, March, 1845.

GEORGE F. PINDAR.

THE POLYGON PAPERS.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

LADIES and gentlemen; kind friends and candid readers—I will have nothing to do with any others—the top of the morning to you, and a New-Year's benison! The young Year has spread out his pinions before you, bright and beautiful as the wings of an angel. May you all have cause to look forward with hope to his progress, and back with regret on his departure! If you shall be *good*—good in its broad and comprehensive sense—you will be intrinsically happy: if not, you will be deservedly miserable. This is a truism. Ah! *why* should men forget it?

But while tendering you the compliments of the season, 'filled, pressed down, and running over' with all kindest wishes, I am myself the subject of bodily pain and mental embarrassment. Some lingering disease, deep-seated and ineradicable, which physicians may discover but cannot banish, may name but cannot cure, has invaded the interior of my microcosm, and encamped among some of the pectoral organs. He has struck his fangs into my breast, sides, and back, encircling my chest, as it were with a 'torrid zone.' By day I am constantly shifting my position, as if to shun his darts, and when the sun has closed his golden eyelids on the world he had all day illumined, I sleep with the nightmare, or toss from side to side, feverish and restless, like the Roman Regulus in his narrow cage, floored, ceiled, and wainscoted with piercing nails. Ere long, perhaps, with me, as soon or late with you all, Death will ascend the crumbling throne, and wave his bony sceptre over the vacant realms of life. Perhaps, too, the sweet breath of Spring, 'in the leafy month of June,' may diffuse through my frame-work, as through all animate and inanimate Nature, the joy and vigor of rejuvenescence. The 'shadow may go backward ten degrees on the dial,' and 'fifteen years' more be granted to lengthen out that pilgrimage, whose end and final resting-place is the tomb: who knows? But as that awful day approaches, when we shall 'turn our faces to the wall,' and close our eyes in deadly sickness on all the gloom and glory of the earth, may I, may you, may all, receive a practical knowledge of the octogenarian Waller's noble lines:

'THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which Time has made.'

I do not, however, intend to write you a sermon, which might be more appropriately preached to myself; and I must apologize for the gloomy tenor of this introduction, by the plea that invalids, whether of the body or of the mind, are necessarily prone to seek relief by the garrulous recital of their woes. A sorrow published is a sorrow half-forgotten.

But what is the cause of my mental embarrassment? Why, gentle reader, it is my inability to decide on what theme I shall endeavor to

amuse or profit you, and obtain a brief oblivion of myself. In reference to the various subjects, from which to select for the *nucleus* of a short 'palaver,' I am laboring under 'l'embarras des richesses:' in reference to the ideas, which should cluster around this *nucleus*, I am in a 'state of collapse,' like a frog dying for want of breath in an exhausted receiver. Certainly from a long course of reading and study I had once laid away in the lumber-room of my 'upper story' a few bars of gold, some of silver, more of copper and iron, beside heaps of dross, and mayhap a whole mine of lead. Of all these materials I can 'at this present' scarce find enough for the construction of a 'phrenagogue' or 'mentiduct'—do n't consult the Dictionary; I mint the words—from me to you. And where are the electric sparks of feeling, and the mercurial flow of thought, to fill that mysterious conduit? Ah, me! I am compelled to join in the dirge over the harvest-time of the Past, so often chanted by those whose life begins to weaken and waste and wane away:

'PETRI, nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
Scribere versiculos, amore percussam gravi.'

Loth, however, to sever the pleasing chain—pleasing, at least, to me—which links me, a sort of eremite, to your sympathies and to the billowy world of mind, I am disposed to seek some theme, to lift the spell from the slumbering tides of thought. Suppose that, instead of attempting to originate the plan as well as the materials, instead of hunting for an unworn subject, and fresh-made thoughts, we make a few extracts from our Note-Book—a chaos of 'embryon atoms,' each struggling for the right of primogeniture.

POLYGON.

January 9, 1845.

SELF-CONTENTMENT.

It is a very happy thing, the way in which some persons will always find something to render them satisfied with themselves, their condition, and all their circumstances and 'belongings.' They are blessed in another sense and more restricted manner with the quality attributed to the DEITY:

'From seeming evil still educing good.'

This faculty is closely allied to vanity, and while of equally sedative effect on its possessors, is scarcely less ridiculous in its displays. I once had a friend, who was the greatest blunderer 'in nature'—in all his thoughts and actions a perfect specimen of *topsy-turvitude*. Every thing he said was said *à contre-sens*: every thing he did was done *à contre-tems*: and I do not remember that he ever brought a single enterprise, of whatever magnitude, to a successful termination. But he never was in fault. Oh, no! 'T was his unlucky star. At each successive failure he would say, with a smile of cordial contentment, 'See there again! Well, *is n't* Fate against me! I should have come out splendidly, if it had n't been for'—something, and a few 'et ceteras' beside. Poor fellow! He died at last from a cold caught in visiting Washington to apply for office through the mediation of a political and personal foe!

I have an acquaintance, a lawyer, of brilliant natural endowments,

but of inveterate and incurable indolence. From the moment he first appeared at the bar, and a most powerful maiden-speech had opened a shining upward path before him, he gave way to his love of discursive reading, and literary *far niente*; and his character and fortune have been gradually ebbing away, till he is left on the bare sand without a copper or a case. But his consciousness of ability to recall the falling tide has consoled him during every hour of its recession, and he is still perfectly satisfied with doing and being nothing, in the knowledge that he *can* do and be any thing.

I know a good mother, whose sons are the expressed essence of stupidity, being unable, I verily believe, to distinguish between pleasure and pain. The worthy matron is, in some measure, conscious that her offspring are not mental race-horses: but she contrives to please herself with their *stationary* trade, by thinking that 'they are *slow*, but *solid*,' as, in truth, they are, *impenetrably* solid. She considers also that Chatterton died early; that many a sword of such ethereal temper has soon eaten out its mortal scabbard; and that, in short, to employ the poetical phraseology of the ancient adage, 'Soon ripe, soon rotten!'

I am acquainted with a young man of narrow means, but unexampled extravagance, who shakes hands with the sheriff oftener than mere sociability would dictate, and is afraid to look a man he meets in the face, for fear he should see a frowning creditor. How, think you, does he comfort himself amid his duns and miseries? Why, first, money is trash, and the love of it ignoble. 'Twas mine, 't is his,' etc. Secondly, his great uncle was governor of one of the 'Old Thirteen.' Thirdly, the great Julius Cæsar, before he crossed the Rubicon and seized the treasury of Rome, was involved in an amount of millions.

MINOR MORALITY: ABSTRACTION.

THERE are many very good men, who are careless of minor moralities, and while their attention is absorbed by the affairs of another world, they neglect the concerns of this; while their eyes are fixed upon the wonders of the heavens, their feet stumble among the impediments of earth. There are also many great philosophers, whose thoughts are so deeply buried in investigating the pure elements of social science, in solving on abstract principles those theorems which lie at the foundation of the great problems to be wrought out by man with the instruments of government and law, that they forget the variable quantities and mixed analysis that must enter into the calculation; they overlook the complex and ever-shifting character of human history, and the change that is hourly coming over 'the spirit of its dream.' In respect to their utter heedlessness of the little duties of man, and the daily mutations of his social character, they resemble the actors in that awful struggle, wherein the combatants were so engaged in the convulsive agony of their strife, that they noticed not the throes and heavings of the world around them, and

'An earthquake rolled unheededly away!'

Nor is this disregard unnatural. For as the telescope of the astronomer

is conversant only with far-off and immeasurable worlds, and cannot be adapted to the inspection of objects present and minute, so the eye of meditative Learning, or of soaring Genius, is continually directed to the 'immensum infinitumque,' and cannot correctly estimate the little affairs and hourly duties that make up the aggregate of life,

BASHFULNESS AND IMPUDENCE,

It is, perhaps, somewhat doubtful which of the two characters is the more desirable, or rather the more to be deprecated — that of a very impudent, or that of a very timid man. It is indeed certain that mankind look with more favoring eyes on the man of painful modesty than on him of the staring eye and the brazen face. The demeanor of the former always excites pity and not unfrequently esteem, whereas the latter is viewed by most men with unmingled disgust. The extreme humility of the former is a tacit compliment to our own superiority, while the unblushing self-possession of the latter is a continual and avowed assumption of preëminence. But in respect to the desirableness of the two qualities, as regards the happiness of the individual, the question is more open to doubt. The diffident man has, on the one hand, more delicacy of sentiment, and of course more of the pleasure arising from exquisite perception of the just and the appropriate: but, on the other hand, he creates to himself a thousand distresses, the more excruciating, because they are trifling, and causeless, and utterly fantastic. The impudent man is, indeed, free from all these imaginary evils; but he frequently gains the aversion and palpable ill-will of his acquaintances; and though he remain unabashed in countenance and unquelled in heart, yet he often meets with tangible harm resulting from the dislike of his fellows.

Beside, he is a stranger to all those finer feelings of the soul, which are always accompanied by a nice appreciation of the becoming, and are productive of perpetual and undefinable and manifold delight. And who would be willing to violate the loveliness of decorum, and trample on the rights of friendship and the claims of social life? Who would desire to outrage the tastes and feelings of mankind, even though he were insensible to the shame naturally resulting from such outrage, and dwelling in the secret chambers of the heart? Who would wish to be considered a stockish brute, devoid of modesty, devoid of feeling, devoid of decency, devoid of shame? Who would strive to exhibit in himself what in another he would regard with just abhorrence and disgust? And, on the other hand, who would be one of those downcast spirits, who tremble at the sound of their own voices, and in performing the most innocent and simple action, color and stammer like a thief detected in the act? who view the necessity of bowing as a penance, and regard an introduction to a lady as the thirteenth labor of Hercules, and more terrible than them all? who salute an evening party with the downcast eyes and shrinking confusion of a criminal; and, whether sitting or standing, are as much embarrassed how to dispose of their hands, as if they belonged to another, or were blotched and red with

murder? who would sooner stand up amid the 'hurting rain' of battle, or face the angel of darkness with all his dæmon train, than deliver a brief address, and gaze into the eyes of a listening assembly? Such men there have been: such a man was the strong-minded but nerveless Cowper.

The true medium, the character to be desired, although perhaps hardly to be attained, is a mixture of modesty and assurance, in which there may be so much of delicate sentiment as to prevent one from violating propriety in the smallest instance, and so much of confidence as to be abashed at nothing that is not wrong, and to do every thing as naturally, and quietly, and easily, as if an eternity were set apart for its performance, and not a being in the universe to behold.

'NULLUS argento color est avaris
Abdito in terrie.'—HORACE.

THIS maxim of the great Roman moralist is not more beautiful in language than it is true in application. The idea that gold and silver are of no value when rusting in a coffer, is so obvious that one would think there could hardly be found one being so unreasonable, even among an unreasonable race, who could deny its truth or disregard its teachings. Yet the miser's selfish passion for money — his love of gold and silver for themselves alone — is but one among the hallucinations under which men in their search for means lose sight of the end. The lover of learning has frequently fallen a victim to this moral 'hysteron-proteron.' His early studies were mainly incited by a desire to benefit himself and to exalt his race; the true end of all knowledge — the just aim of all exertion. But he soon discovered how much easier it is to find means than to use them; to acquire knowledge, than to employ it with diligent and faithful zeal for the interests of humanity. The *acquisition* requires nothing but the qualities of a passive recipient; the *employment* demands the steady and strenuous exertion of all the most active qualities of the head, but especially of the heart. And as with most men the heart is less richly furnished than the head, it is no wonder that so many labor only for themselves in the field of mind. Even the promptings of vanity and the stings of ambition were insufficient to force him to display the treasures he had won. The sentiments he had experienced in imbibing the inspiring thoughts of others were akin to the raptures with which the gourmand relishes his smoking viands, and guzzles his racy wines; and very similar are the effects of both the mental and the bodily surfeit, since both indispose for exercise. Many a learned man commences his studies intending some day to build himself a temple equally durable and splendid with those erected by the master-builders of past ages, and in whose *adyta* he has passed so many charmed and holy hours. But gradually he becomes dependent upon others; he teaches himself to look at man and the universe through the spectacles of books; he loses the habit of seeing and thinking for himself; with the glow and the glory of his early years fade imperceptibly away the glow and the glory of his early

vision, till, on the threshold of old age, he cries, with a despairing sigh: 'Too late! too late!' and, resigning himself more passively than ever to barren lucubrations, still pores with his aged eyes and shakes his palsied head over the recorded thoughts and actions of a buried world.

But he who thus shrinks from imparting, in some way, of his mental wealth to his indigent brethren, is justly amenable to the High Court of Heaven for embezzlement of public funds. He has no right thus to 'bury his talent in a napkin,' and 'sit all the day idle.' He has no right thus to render his mind an absorbent, instead of permitting it to refract the beams of intellectual loveliness and moral truth. The original constitution of his intellect was like that of a prismatic glass, and it ought to have been his duty and his pleasure to transmit to the minds of others with added brightness the beautiful thoughts and noble truths that had colored and heated, had beautified and ennobled, his own mind's essence.

SAVOIR-VIVRE.

WHAT the French term '*savoir-vivre*,' and what they so perfectly understand, is with most other men, and particularly literary men, a science of difficult acquisition. It may be called '*minute philosophy*,' and is certainly little less necessary to one who means to mingle with the world, than a knowledge of grammar, or of the most common elements of education. Till this philosophy of trifles is acquired, one will be exposed to a thousand petty vexations and most mortifying blunders. There is a choice between two alternatives: either to attend somewhat to trifles, and thus expend some of 'the precious stuff that life is made of' on matters of small importance, or else to neglect them, subject one's self to numberless mortifications, and be considered a strange, out-of-the-way sort of being. There are very few, who can bring themselves to renounce entirely the smiles of beauty and the favor of the world; and in my opinion, there are none who ought so to do. But to move in society with any degree of satisfaction, it is necessary to live in some respects as others do, and to devote some portion of one's time to the attainment of those universal branches of knowledge, which enable men to observe the conventional proprieties of life. Frail, human beings as we are, and emphatically an imitative race, we can never attain that height of philosophy to disregard little things; for they are essential to our comfort, and frequently important for the gratification of that vanity which, in some or other form, holds mastery over the best. Now, as these little things can never be entirely disregarded, they ought to be understood, and so much the more understood, because they are little, and therefore common. They are of hourly recurrence, and with them one's every-day acquaintances are perfectly familiar. The deficiency of a learned man in these matters-of-course is, consequently, so much the more surprising to others, and so much the more mortifying to himself.

For these reasons I sometimes conclude that, for all the ordinary purposes of society, and perhaps for his own intrinsic happiness, a man might better learn to carve a turkey or enter a drawing-room with ease,

than to scan the Greek tragedies, or compute in hair's-breadths the distance from Sirius to the Georgium Sidus. It is certain that the mortification of an unworldly scholar, consequent on failing in some of the 'bien-seances' of refined society, frequently outweighs the pleasure he has received from the most treasured volume in his library. He who devotes himself to books to the exclusion of all lighter accomplishments, should first ponder well his character, and consider whether there lurks not in his spirit a grain of ambitious worldliness, which might sometime urge him to shine on the more active stage of public and fashionable life. If he finds a secret craving for the pleasures of society, or the bustle and splendor of 'high-life,' arising unbidden in his silent heart, let me earnestly entreat him to devote a portion of his time, *while yet in season*, to the acquisition of those lighter branches of knowledge which enter largely into every relation of life, and are the very vestibule and only door of entrance to the hearts and houses of the 'haute volée.' If he fall in love, a knowledge of Hebrew will add no pathos to his soft persuasions, nor will the most perfect mastery of algebra enable him to reduce his wishes and hers to an 'equation.' All the languages, and all the sciences, and all the high philosophy of earth, will never reach the solution of that problem, whose only elements are impulses and instincts, and whose only answer is the value and the possession of that sweet, but unknown quantity—the female heart. If the amorous 'savant' feels that his gait is awkward and his manners ungainly, his tongue-tied confusion will render the riches of his intellect a thing of nought, and he will be more dull and stupid than the uncultivated and unembarrassed clown. The consciousness that he has within a mine of solid and inestimable wealth, does not in the least contribute to his self-possession. On the contrary, the bitterness of shame at his inability to display his intrinsic worth serves only to increase his embarrassment. I have known men with the richest natural and acquired endowments of the head and heart, who moved as if all their limbs were extraneous appendages; who shook hands like some machine moved by springs and pulleys; and who bowed and straightened themselves again with as little grace as a closing and opening jack-knife. I have seen them in an elegant assembly sit in shy and monosyllabic awkwardness, while shallow-pated coxcombs, graceful and vain as peacocks, and senseless and chattering as jackdaws, were the 'cynosure' of many a sparkling eye, and the magnet for many a fluttering heart. I have seen them leave the scene of their 'dim eclipse' in a perfect perplexity of passions; a mood to curse and despise themselves, the ladies, their species, and the world. But whose was the fault? Why had they not acquired some of those lighter graces which would have served as Corinthian pillars to adorn the strength and set off the fair proportions of their noble temple? He who is fearful of the face of man, and unable to communicate his knowledge to others with the ease of freedom and the graces of persuasion, is but half-educated, I care not what may be his erudition. And did all our men of science and of letters superadd to the acquirements of the closet the accomplishments of the drawing-room, they would fulfil a high vocation, and delight, embellish, and ennoble that society which they now enter with reluctant

terror, divert by their causeless embarrassment, and leave with feelings mingled of regret, disgust, and shame. For who that has witnessed the delight with which even children imbibe the tricklings 'sweeter than honey or the honey-comb' that drop from the lips of an eloquent converser, can suppose there is *any* company so frivolous, as not to admire the reflections from the surface of a brilliant and many-sided mind in its familiar hours; as not to watch with rapture the colloquial shower of glittering fancies, upspringing by their own impulse from a capacious and ever-flowing fountain?

It is, then, abundantly evident that every one who does not purpose turning anchorite, should become at least moderately well acquainted with the character and forms and usages of the world he lives in. The knowledge of Homer is hardly a counterpoise to an ignorance of the rules of conventional politeness; and even the inspirations of the poet will not always drown the shame arising from some gross 'faux pas' in the customs of society. It may well be doubted whether the dead is superior to the living, and it is certain that life was once a real presence to those who are now the day-dream of the scholar. *They* were rarely book-worms. They mingled in the scenes of active life, and were frequently themselves a part of what they described. Else how should they have drawn and colored so faithfully that complex human nature, which is the ground-work of all their paintings? A knowledge of the active or the passive heart is neither entirely intuitive, nor is it the acquisition of closet-study. The perceptive faculty must be sharpened by actual observation; the conclusions of reflection must be verified by the tests of experience, before the painter-poet can truly delineate the features of the character he would draw. Accordingly we find that most of the great literary masters were, in some sense, business-men, and mingled variously and largely in the currents of human life. Homer was evidently a great traveller, and any one may infer from the character of his writings that he was of a free and social turn. Cicero and Demosthenes were public men from their earliest manhood; and Horace, who had more good sense than any philosopher that ever lived, excepting Franklin, was thoroughly familiar with every phase of life. Shakespeare was no bookish drone. He was practically acquainted with all the sides of human nature. Lord Bacon was as deeply versed in men as in books, and Milton was as finished a gentleman as he was an accomplished scholar. Addison had studied nature, as it appears in the language and actions of living men. Pope, Swift, and Fielding, Scott, Byron, and Dickens, were all remarkable for the general freedom with which they entered into all classes of society, and the minute perfection of their knowledge in all that concerns the usages of the world.

For him, then, who wishes to distinguish himself in I care not what walk, save that of abstract science, or some great speculative creation, free intercourse with his fellow-men is needful, and a pretty general acquaintance with the habits by which men regulate themselves in their intercourse with each other. It is necessary for the preacher; since he wishes to stir the feelings of men, and can stir their feelings only by knowing their nature, and can know their nature only by studying men themselves. And I ascribe the general inefficiency of preaching to the

fact that preachers usually know no more of man than they know of the Hippogriff. They bury themselves in their studies, and pore over musty tomes the six days through, instead of walking forth through the broad fields of life, to *study the characters* of those whom they would reform and save. Not so did the apostles. For the lawyer, the physician, the historian, the orator, the poet, the business-man, this knowledge of human nature and of life is equally needful. For that contemptible thing, the mere man of pleasure, of course it is the all-in-all. To conclude: we did not come into the world as isolated beings; we are not attached to its changeful surface merely as fixtures; we form a part of its living, breathing mass; and struggle as we may, we have neither the power nor the right to tear ourselves away from our fellows, and stand coldly and sullenly aloof from the mingled interests and joyous influences of associated life.

'Homo sum : humani nil a me alienum puto.'

L I N E S

FROM A HUMBLE LOVER TO A CRUEL LADY.

AND couldst thou tell me to forget thee?
 Ah! teach me, then that blessed art!
 Full long I strove — the strife hath set thee
 The deeper in my lonely heart.

Forget thee! Bid the sunbeam sever
 Its union with the parent-sphere,
 And wander on through space forever,
 Dark, cold, companionless, and drear!

Forget thee! Bid the yearning mother
 Forget the child her love hath nursed,
 And in her murderous fury smother
 Its little life with hands accursed!

Forget thee! Yes! when Death shall sunder
 My spirit from its bonds of clay,
 And, cold and still the green turf under,
 I wait the burst of endless day.

Oh, lady fair! a secret union,
 Mysterious, sacred, and divine,
 Maintains a still but sweet communion
 Between my silent soul and thine.

And if thou break this soft alliance,
 This sympathetic union part,
 Thou'lt wake a wo no healing science
 Can banish from my darkened heart.

Then, lady dear, be kind, and listen,
 And grant the love I humbly crave;
 Or soon the midnight stars will glisten
 Above thy suitor's early grave!

Full oft hath cold and haughty maiden
 From Love's low pleadings turned her ear,
 Till her poor lover, sorrow-laden,
 Hath rested on his timeless bier.

And when an all-too-late repentance
 Hath fallen o'er her saddening soul,
 And she would fain revoke the sentence
 That sped him darkling to his goal :

His spirit then, at midnight, calleth
 Low, sad, reproachful in her ears,
 And sorrow, like a mildew, falleth
 Upon her bright and blossomy years.

Maryland, Feb. 1845.

PANSIEROSO.

H I N T S T O L O V E R S :

OR COURTSHIP REDUCED TO RULE: WITH OBSERVATIONS UPON THE SYMPTOMS AND
 TREATMENT OF DESPERATE CASES.

BY 'THE DOCTOR.'

ALTHOUGH the malady of LOVE is by no means confined to any particular season or state of the atmosphere, yet it has been laid down by fathers, guardians and maiden-aunts, as the prevailing epidemic of Spring. It is not our purpose to go into any detailed inquiry touching the cause of its prevalence at this particular season; in fact, although the subject of much discussion, it has never been definitely settled. According to some theorists, it may be traced to the brilliant combinations of color developed by the female, upon emerging from her winter garments. By others, it is attributed to the spring pressure in the money-market upon the sensibilities of the male, leading him to seek relief in the sympathy and bank-stock of a kindred soul. But the better opinion seems to be, that it is a species of insanity, transmitted from Adam, and leading to partial blindness, which is most effectually relieved by marriage.

Proceeding upon this last hypothesis, which it is believed presents the strongest claims for support, it will be at once perceived that to remedy the disease, we must remove the effect, which is partial loss of vision; and the cause, the disease, the insanity, will expire for want of sustenance. This, we concede, reverses the usual method of proceeding; but peculiar maladies require peculiar treatment.

The symptoms which herald the disease of love differ with the differing temperaments of individuals; but the following general peculiarities, indicating the presence of the infirmity, may be traced in a greater or less degree in all:

FIRST: Absence of mind; manifesting itself in the total forgetfulness of prior attachments, questionable acquaintances, and tailor's bills.

SECOND: Inordinate anxiety respecting personal appearance; invol-

ving the expediency of whiskers or no whiskers, corsets or no corsets, tight boots or easy ones.

THIRD : A laudable curiosity respecting the physical properties of the moon, more particularly when at its full.

FOURTH : Sentimental countenance, loss of appetite, and labored inspiration ; but mainly, that defect of vision which clothes certain females with imaginary beauties of body or mind, and transforms defects into excellencies, and earthly into angelic beings. Upon this latter infirmity the whole superstructure rests : demolish this weakness, restore the natural vision, and the disease gives way.

As we have before observed, the most popular and efficacious eye-wash for this purpose, is *Marriage* ; and that we will now consider. By ohemical analysis it has been discovered, that three parts of the sub-carbonate of cooing, dissolved in six parts of the oil of flattery, forms the sugar of courtship ; which being precipitated into the marriage service, produces the acid of matrimony. This is the true eye-wash, the moral strengthening-plaster : to render it accessible to all classes and capacities, with a third of the usual labor and expense, is one of the objects of the present treatise ; and with a moderate attention to the rules here laid down, no one need despair of success.

Cooing and flattery, the raw materials of courtship, are not within the reach of all : we therefore propose to dispense with their aid, and introduce the same, or a superior quality of courtship, by a new and less expensive process.

The sugar of courtship is of many grades or qualities ; but for the sake of simplicity, we shall confine our attention to the *Poetical*, the *Sentimental*, and the *Fiery*. And first of the *Poetical*.

The amount of capital necessary to carry on this branch with vigor, is very small ; and on that account it recommends itself more particularly to the mechanic and laborer. Let the patient provide a stout cotton shirt-collar, eight inches in longitude and five and a half in latitude, one pound of starch and three pins. Mix starch in cold spring-water, and strain : apply liquid to surface of collar and dry before slow fire ; it is then fit for use. Take the pins and fasten collar round neck at its junction with the thorax ; superior corners of collar should oscilate when walking. Hire thick volume of poems from library, find verses on love, and commit to memory ; curl hair, open eyes wide, and visit lady. Pull up collar, roll eye-balls, open mouth, and repeat verses ; care should be taken to state that they are original ; drop on right knee, seize hand, and inquire day. If lady says 'No,' faint vigorously, and repeat as before : if lady still obstinate, a pistol may be introduced with benefit : care should be taken that it is not loaded ; bring down left knee, and tear hair : if lady still declines, case desperate ; *vide infra. Desp. Cases, with remarks.*

II. THE SENTIMENTAL. The preparation of this variety of courtship is attended with somewhat more expense, but is preferred by clerks and apprentices on the ground of gentility : it is neat and powerful.

If the patient is stout, let him deduct one pound *per diem* from amount of solid food, till reduced to six ounces ; retire to rest at two o'clock, A. M., and rise at six ; avoid water and drink gin ; commencing with

three glasses *per diem*, and gradually increasing until attaining eighteen. Persevere in this course of treatment until the patient, if an adult, weighs seventy-two pounds; if under seventeen, sixty pounds; then chalk face and diet on green apples. If on third day no uneasiness in region of stomach, abandon apples and try cucumbers with skins on: continue till unwell; lay on wet grass till cough exhibits itself; black boots, wash face, mount white cravat, and visit lady. Cough, sink lower jaw, and let cucumbers distort countenance: direct conversation to moon, misery and matrimony; eulogize coffins and consumption; mention tomb-stones and tortured hearts; accidentally knock sofa-cushion on floor and kneel on it; exhibit handkerchief, and wait till you feel cucumbers, when introduce remarks on sympathy and happiness, and proceed as in Poetical.

III. THE FIERY: This form of courtship is economical and wholesome, but requires a considerable degree of nervous excitability, and extensive cultivation of hair. An abundance of the latter raw material is in fact indispensable; and it would perhaps subserve the cause of matrimony to append a few approved recipes for promoting its growth. The following is recommended as elegant and efficacious: Take the ends of six cotton cords or strings, surrounded by a circular mass of adipose substance, from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, (usually known as candles,) and melt over slow fire; then infuse three ounces *eau de rose*, and stir gently: let compound boil till reduced one-third, and apply warm to roots of hair: it is very nourishing.

Another: Procure a fine shoulder of lamb, and roast; invite friends to *soirée*, and eat; take remnants and boil in spring water; as adipose particles rise, skim off into platter, and infuse one pint raccoon oil: apply as before.

Another—very rich. Take *huile de mouton*, *huile de bœuf*, and gum caoutchouc, each three pounds, and boil over slow fire; add common lamp-oil at pleasure; put compound into water-pail and patient's head into compound, and let it steep: when well saturated, dry with coarse towel and lay in sun; in course of two hours, hair will vegetate.

The patient having by these means procured a large and well-selected stock of hair, let him borrow red waistcoat, hire jewelry, take infusion equal quantities of brandy-and-water, and visit lady; look wild, unbutton straps, and proceed as in aggravated cases of Sentimental. If lady refuses, request temporary loan of dinner-knife: care should be taken to state distinctly that the object is suicidal: lady will refuse; if, however, she should acquiesce, (which is highly improbable without they have been recently cleaned,) allege dullness, and return. Tear hair out, on liberal scale, by roots; its precocious growth will favor this operation; state lady will have occasion to use it for mourning-rings shortly: fall over chairs, knock down fire-irons, and retire.

Second Stage: Watch lady into chemist's soda-shop; rush in distractedly and inquire lowest price of arsenic per pound: ask particularly what physician does *not* keep a stomach-pump: request information relative to cost of pine coffins without plates: here recognize lady, and rush out abruptly: If no communication from lady in course of forty-eight hours, loiter on bridge till toll-keeper's attention is attracted:

then roll eyes, and jump over railing into water. Care should be taken that the tide be ebb, and water not more than three feet deep : toll-keeper will give alarm, and rescue from unpleasant position. Return home and change clothes : write paragraphs for morning papers, stating that highly-respectable young gentleman, (here give name,) rashly endeavored to commit suicide by drowning ; cause, disappointment in affair of heart ; presence of mind in toll-keeper ; melancholy results of coquetry. If experiment unsuccessful, case desperate : *vide infra. tit. Desp. Cases.*

We have thus briefly examined the three principal grades of courtship ; there have been many others recently introduced into practice, but more for the sake of variety than any intrinsic excellence in themselves. Indeed, those we have here laid down and explained are, either in a pure and undiluted state, or by judicious combination, applicable to almost every case that may arise. An effective combination may be manufactured of three parts Poetical and one part Sentimental : a slight dash of Fiery gives body and vigor to the rest ; but patients can mix at pleasure ; and any of them, well applied, will seldom fail of success.

There are, of course, cases upon record, which, either through unskilful treatment, or peculiar circumstances that could not be foreseen, have been pronounced desperate : though such contingencies are rare, yet we should leave our duty but half completed, did we not make some provision for their occurrence and ultimate cure. We shall therefore devote a brief space to the consideration of those desperate cases which have withstood the assaults of Poetry, Sentiment and Zeal, and compound a recipe for the restoration of perfect vision, in which the healing eye-wash of matrimony shall not enter.

The courses of medicine we recommend, are of two kinds : one acting upon the mental, the other upon the physical man : the former fallible, but the latter infallible. And first, of the mental or fallible.

If beauty had any thing to do with engendering the malady, discover lady's dentist, and ascertain state of her teeth ; the probability is, they are not indigenous ; if so, meditate on fact, and await result. If teeth genuine and mouth in good order, discover whether she thatches occiput ; whether her cheeks are painted, or her life insured. If all or any of these be the case, *think* on it ; *dream* on it ; *write essays* on it ; and the cure is complete. But if no flaws be apparent, and love continues undimmed on patient's part, immediate resort must be had to the infallible panacea which we shall hereafter recommend.

If wealth be the load-stone, discover in what species of property lady's money is invested : if it be real estate, go to register-office and hunt up mortgages ; if bank-stock, think of panics and failures ; if chattels, real or personal, look through newspapers for fires and incendiaries ; if in bonds and mortgages, put implicit faith in the general assertion that 'Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away.'

Much sound consolation can be derived from reflections of this nature ; but for a thorough and radical cure, we must refer the afflicted to the

Physical, or Infallible : Procure a stout rope, of hemp or tow, (if not readily at hand, a silk handkerchief may be substituted,) and an inch spike of wrought iron, or in absence of spike, a bed-post ; adjust rope

or handkerchief round patient's neck, in form of slip-noose, and secure other end of rope or handkerchief to spike or bed-post : rope or handkerchief should be sufficiently short to allow patient's feet to swing clear of incumbrances. If medicine does not operate in course of one hour, continue *drops* till successful.

Another : Prepare fish-chowder, and infuse six ounces white arsenic ; administer large quantities, and await result.

Another : Plain but powerful : Take half-pint cold spring water and quarter-pint Prussic acid ; mix, and sweeten with loaf sugar ; administer draught to patient before each meal and on retiring to rest : at first omit every other day for one week ; then take every day till cure is perfected.

Another : Very cheap : Place leaky wash-tub under pump-nose, and fill ; place patient's head in wash-tub and let *that* fill ; by the time patient's head has absorbed all the water that has not leaked out, cure is complete. Lovers anxious to extend their inquiries upon this branch of medicine, can consult city coroner with advantage : *vide Directory*.

We have thus presented a brief but practical synopsis of the malady of Love, and the most approved methods of modern treatment.

In the course of an extensive practice, we have been daily cognizant of many peculiarly aggravated cases, in which this system of medicine has been attended with the happiest results ; and we can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it to the patronage of the masculine public. With a brief report of a desperate case which we subjected to *fancy* treatment, we shall close the present treatise :

'Called in April 7, 1844. Patient male ; age nineteen ; cheek flushed : pulse feeble and irregular ; appetite poor. Immediately amputated patient's left whisker, and right lobe of chin-undergrowth : prescribed a fishing excursion.

'APRIL 8 : Patient stronger, but feverish : pulse full ; low-spirited from loss of left whisker ; amputated right one immediately ; whereupon patient picked up pieces, and fainted. Exhibited a fumigation of tobacco, and prescribed goose diet.

'APRIL 9 : Patient much improved ; but thought it expedient to amputate left lobe of chin-undergrowth, whereupon patient wept ; prescribed moderate exercise in open air, blue coat, bright buttons and green scarf : continued goose diet and increased fumigations two cigars.

'APRIL 10 : Patient decidedly improved ; reconciled to loss of whiskers and chin-undergrowth : caused him to examine Daguerreotype likeness of lady through piece of cracked window-glass, which excited wholesome disgust ; exhibited six pounds steak, and brandy mixture ; increased fumigations as before.

'APRIL 11 : Patient made light breakfast on cigars ; wrote essay to prove women destitute of souls ; and paid us our bill of fees : pronounced patient *well*.

'APRIL 16 : Called in, in haste ; patient saw lady at ball, and suffered relapse : symptoms alarming ; eyes green, tongue coated, and pockets empty : found him perusing Plato on immortality of soul, and inclined to believe ; the most energetic measures only would avail : immediately divided jugular vein and wrote obituary : patient discharged *cured*.

T H E G A L E S O F S P R I N G .

BY CLAUDE MALORO.

'The following lines were written after a spring visit to a friend who resided in Stamford Park, Canada, the well-known country residence of Sir PETERMAN MARRIOTT, while Governor of Upper Canada. The brilliant wild-flowers, the pine groves, and the balm-breathing winds of spring, are still its own at the proper season; but alas! it is in its decadence in other respects. The ornamental gliding of the once beautiful cottage drawing-room is tarnished, and the out-houses, lawns and shrubberies are falling to decay.'—NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

THE wind! the wind! the glorious wind,
Comes on with mighty sweep,
With mirthful sound, with sparkling glee,
Alike o'er land and deep!

Fresh from the sunny clime, far down
Where rolls the Southern sea,
Balm bearing on its healing wings,
For grass, and flower, and tree.

Hark to the giant forests! how
With sighs of love they greet
The bearer glad of tidings good,
The incense-breather sweet.

The pine-grove, sighing, softly bears
The melody along;
'Tis sweeter than the hurtling blast
It heard the winter long.

And though amid the dreary snows
For ever green, the pine
Rears high its verdant canopy,
It loves the sound divine!

The odor-laden, perfumed breath,
The spring's warm-breathing wind,
That brings the feathered choristers,
That doth the flowerets find.

The maple, rearing high its head,
Its sapless branches waves;
The soft caress thrills to the root,
And as from out the graves,

Summoned by the archangel's trump,
The dead shall living rise,
The vivifying flood of sweets
Flows upward to the skies!

Now, yeomen, in a busy troop,
Bend hitherward your way;
Last night the silvery hoar-frost gleam'd,
The sun beams bright to-day.

Now hew your troughs and tap your trees,
And as ye toil, upraise
A grateful song of home-felt joy,
A gladsome hymn of praise.

Ye are not gods; no nectar flows
Into the homely bowl;
But your maple shall a nectar be,
To every thankful soul.

The wind! the wind of early spring!
Glad reveller, it flies
Far over every hill and dale,
Far through the bright blue skies!

The ice-bound rivers heave and swell,
To greet the balmy air,
And as with thunder riven, lo!
The ice is severed there.

With booming sound, that runs along,
The mighty crack extends;
Outward each mass, dissevered now,
Its course unwilling wends.

Then from the mast-head floats the flag,
To greet the favoring breeze;
The sails expand, the joyous barque
Floats o'er the inland seas.

The wind! the fitful spring-time wind!
It comes with gladsome sound;
The blue waves heave right joyously,
In many a merry bound.

On sunny slopes, on mountain tops,
O'er peaceful valleys fair,
It comes, bequeathing gladness
And fragrance to the air.

Beneath the flat and marshy plain
The green grass softly grows;
The voice of Spring it bears again —
The mother-voice it knows!

Upon the hill-sides sparkling shine
The dew-drops, silver-bright;
And there the brilliant-petal'd flowers
Are struggling into light.

Upspringing from the moistened earth
The lady-slipper see;
And all the gorgeous orchis tribe,
The dragon, and the bee:

Starting amid the dark green leaves
Of shrubs unknown and wild,
The tiger-lily rears its head,
A native forest child.

On hills where dwell the rattle-snakes
The scarlet lichen glows;
Wild-columbine, and foxglove too
Replace the winter snows.

The wind! the gentle wind of spring,
Like a young mother's breath,
It calls each seedling germ to life,
From winter's dreary death.

Then let us, as it laughs along,
With truthful hearts upraise
Our voices, well attuned to hymn
The bounteous GIVER's praise.

THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

METHOUGHT I was exploring the hidden recesses of an extensive cave, whose winding passages had never before echoed to the tread of human foot. With ever-fresh admiration and delight, I was gazing at the thousand wonders which the flashing torch-light revealed on every side, at each step of my progress, when a strange sound, as of the hum of many voices, fell upon my ear. What such a sound could mean in such a place was more than I could divine.

Curiosity led me on in the direction whence it came. The buzz of conversation, cheerful as it would seem from the occasional bursts of merriment that were heard, grew more and more distinct, until the dark and narrow passage I had been following suddenly opened upon one of those magnificent rock-parlors, of whose grandeur and beauty description can convey but a faint idea. A flood of light illuminated the arching roof with the vast columns of stalactite sparkling with crystals that supported it, and was reflected with imposing effect from the huge sheets of the same material, of the purest white, that hung from the ceiling in graceful but substantial drapery. I stood in one of nature's noblest halls — but not alone.

A strange company had gathered there. 'Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,' were before me. A festive occasion had assembled in joyous mood and in holiday attire the first born of creation, the ELEMENTS of things.

In dreams nothing ever surprises us. It seemed perfectly natural to see these fairy forms in that strange grotto; so, accosting without hesitation the one nearest to me, I apologized for my intrusion, and was about to withdraw. From my new acquaintance, however, I received so cordial a welcome, and so earnest an invitation to become a partaker

in their festivities, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of accepting the hospitality so kindly proffered.

I was soon informed that some of the leading characters among the Elements had resolved some weeks before upon having a general picnic dinner party. Fifty-six family invitations had accordingly been sent out, one to each of the brotherhood ; and preparations for the feast made upon a most extensive scale. Sea and land had been ransacked for delicacies, and every thing was put in requisition that could minister to the splendor of the entertainment or to the enjoyment of the occasion.

At the hour I so unexpectedly came upon them, nearly all the guests with their families had assembled in the strange drawing-room I have described, awaiting the summons to the banquet. Spacious as that drawing-room was, it was nearly filled with these interesting children of Nature. And here they were ; seen, not as in the chemist's laboratory, writhing in the heated crucible, or pent up in glassy prisons ; or peering out of gas-holders and Florence flasks, but arrayed in their native beauty ; each free as air, and acting as impulse prompted. There were those present of every hue, every style of dress, every variety of appearance. The Metals, the Gases, the Salts, the Acids, the Oxides, the Alkalies — all were there. From the mine, from the shop of the artizan, from the mint, from the depths of ocean even, they had come ; and a gayer assemblage, a more animating scene, my eyes had never beheld.

Many of the ladies of the party were most tastefully attired. Chlorine wore a beautiful greenish-yellow robe, that displayed her queen-like form to good advantage. The fair daughters of Chromium particularly attracted my attention, with their gay dresses of the liveliest golden-yellow and orange-red. Iodine had but just arrived, and was not yet disencumbered of an unpretending outer garment of steel-gray that enveloped her person ; but the warmth of the apartment soon compelled her to throw this aside, when she appeared arrayed in a vesture of thin gauze, of the most splendid violet color imaginable. Carbonic Acid was there, but not clad in the airy robes in which I expected to see her. The pressure of the iron hand of adversity had been upon her, and now her attire was plain ; simply a dress of snowy white ; the best which the straightened circumstances to which she had been reduced allowed her to assume. Quite a contrast to her was her mother Carbon, whom you would have supposed to be a widow in deep mourning, or a nun who had taken the black-veil, so sable were her garments, so gloomy her countenance, had not her ear-rings of polished jet, and a circlet of diamonds that glittered on her brow, evinced that she had not yet altogether renounced the vanities of the world. The belle of the room appeared to be Nitrous Acid, the graceful daughter of Nitrogen ; airy in all her movements, and with dress of deepest crimson, that corresponded well with a lip and cheek rivalling the ruby in their redness.

Among the lady Metals too, there were many of bright faces and resplendent charms : but I must pass on to a description of the gentlemen of the party. Sulphur wore a suit of modest yellow-plush, while Phosphorus quite disconcerted some of the more decorous of the matrons present, by making his appearance in a pair of flesh-colored tights.

Phosphuretted Hydrogen, or as he is nick-named 'Will of the Wisp,' startled me by flitting by in a robe of living flame, the dress in which the graceless youngster is said to haunt church-yards and marshy places, playing his pranks upon poor benighted travellers.

The King of the Metals, Gold, was arrayed in truly gorgeous apparel; though it must be confessed there was a glitter and an air of haughtiness about him, from which you would turn with pleasure to the mild sweet face of his royal sister, Silver, who leaned upon his arm; a bright-eyed, unassuming creature, of sterling worth.

Mercury was there, as lively and as versatile as ever; a most restless being; now by the thermometer, noting the subterranean temperature; now by the barometer, predicting a storm in the regions overhead; now, arm-in-arm with this metal, then with that; and they all, by the way, save stern old Iron, had hard work to shake him off. A strange character surely was he; a philosopher of uncommon powers of reflection; the veriest busy-body in the world; well versed in the art of healing; a practical amalgamationist; in short, a complete factotum. Potassium, though a decidedly brilliant-looking fellow, manifested too much levity in his deportment to win respect, and was pronounced, by those who knew him best, to be rather soft. In gravity Platinum surpassed all the company; in natural brightness, Tin was outshone by few.

When Oxygen arrived, and his light, elastic tread was heard, and his clear transparent countenance was seen among them, a murmur of congratulation ran round the drawing-room, and involuntarily all assembled arose to do him homage. He was a patriarch indeed among them; literally a father to many of the younger guests. His arrival was the signal for adjournment to the banqueting-room, where of right he took his seat at the head of the table.

Touching the apartment we had now entered, I can only say that it was grand beyond description! It was lighted up with the radiance of noon-day, by an arch of flame intensely dazzling, produced by a curious apparatus which Galvanism, who excels in these matters, had contrived for the occasion, out of some materials with which his friends Zinc and Copper had furnished him. Festoons of evergreens and wreaths of roses encircled the alabaster columns, and made the whole look like a hall in Fairy Land.

But I must describe the table and its paraphernalia. The preparation of the viands—I mean the baking, boiling, roasting, stewing and the like—had been committed to Caloric, who has had long experience in that department. The nobler of the Metals had generously lent their costly services of plate, while Carbon united with Iron to furnish the elegant steel cutlery used on the occasion. Alumina provided the fine set of china that graced the table; and Silix and Potash, without solicitation, sent, as their joint contribution, cut-glass pitchers and tumblers, of superior pattern and transparency.

As among these sons of Nature there is no craving for artificial excitement, Oxygen and Hydrogen, (who by the way have done more for the Cold Water Societies than DELAVAN or FATHER MATTHEW,) were commissioned to provide the drinkables; and what beverage *they* furnished may easily be conjectured. Carbon, with Oxygen and Hydrogen,

found most of the vegetables; and Nitrogen, whose assistance as commissary here was indispensable, joined them in procuring the meats, under which the table groaned. No taste but would be satisfied with the variety; no appetite but would be cloyed with the profusion of good things.

Though the liberality of the four who have been named left but little for their associates to contribute, still some individual offerings to the feast deserve to be noticed. Thus the oysters, Carbonate of Lime had sent in the shell; the pyramids of ice-cream for the dessert were provided by the daughter of Chlorine and Hydrogen, the bride of Sodium, who was out several hours in the snow, engaged in freezing them; and the almonds and peaches came from the conservatory of Hydrocyanic Acid, the druggist.

After grace had been said by Affinity, who is a sort of chaplain to the Elements, having officiated at the weddings of all the married ones of the company, a vigorous onset was made upon the good things before them. At first all were too much engaged for conversation; but the dessert appearing at last, as they cracked the nuts the jest too was cracked; toast and song were called for, and wit and innocent hilarity became the order of the day. Even Oxygen, who had presided with such an air of dignity, relaxed from his sternness, and entertained the younger ones at the table with many a tale of his mischievous pranks in the days of old Father Chaos, when Time and himself were young. Strange tales they were, too, of earthquakes with which Hydrogen and he would now and then frighten the Ichthyosauri and Megatheria of the ancient world; and of conflagrations comical, as of old Vulcan's tongs and anvil, kindling them before his eyes with the very bolt he was forging: 'This, however,' he added, with a sly glance at his staid partner Nitrogen, who sat near, 'was before Marriage had sobered down his spirits, and tamed his impetuosity.'

I have no space to chronicle more of these freaks of Oxygen's early youth, nor any of the saying and doings of others of the party on this memorable night. Else would I give the marvellous story Nickel had to relate, of a *falling out* he once had with the Man in the Moon, and of a journey he was consequently under the necessity of making in hot haste to the earth for refuge. I would tell too of the drolleries of Nitrous Oxyd, that funniest, queerest, craziest of youngsters; and how Phosphorus made a flaming speech, and Potash a caustic one; and how Mercury proposed as a toast, 'The Medical Profession: to whom we say, 'Use us but do not abuse us.' I must speak however of a curious little by-scene I chanced to witness: it was a flirtation that Platinum was carrying on with Hydrogen, whom, much to my surprise, I found seated among the Metals, and quite at home among them, too. There was quite a contrast between Platinum, gray, heavy and dull as he was, and the light and buoyant creature by his side; but there soon seemed to be evidence of some mutual attraction. Platinum grew warm in his attentions, and ere long quite a flame was kindled between them.

So passed the evening: all went 'merry as a marriage-bell,' with nothing to mar the good humor that prevailed; till, in an evil hour, Sulphuretted Hydrogen, a disagreeable fellow, against whose appear-

ance at the banquet most of the company had protested, entered the apartment with a very offensive air. In an instant, the whole family of Metals, to whom he is particularly obnoxious, changed color ; Lead fairly grew black in the face with indignation ; Arsenic and Antimony seemed to be jaundiced with rage ; Ammonia, to whom his presence recalled very unpleasant associations, in trying to avoid him, precipitated several Metallic Oxides to the floor ; while Chlorine, with more self-command than the rest, advanced with a firm step to expel the intruder, looking as if she were about to annihilate him on the spot.

How the scene might have terminated I know not ; for just at that moment a strange sound, of awful import, like the trampling of a mighty host, came to my ears : I felt sure it was 'an earthquake's voice,' and that now my fate was sealed ! My knees tottered under me ; the arching grotto and the festive board gradually vanished from before my eyes, which —— *opened* upon the class, as they were leaving the laboratory of our worthy Professor of Chemistry, where it seemed, much to my confusion, I had fallen asleep during lecture, and

'Dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers.'

S. R. H.

Medical College, Crosby-street.

THOUGHTS AT MOUNT HOPE.

'A few days after a delightful stroll through the beautiful cemetery of Mount Hope, in the vicinity of the pleasant city of Rochester, the accompanying lines were written. Let the Editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER* do with them as seemeth good in his sight.'

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

E'er since mid Eden's thornless flowers,
And shades with fragrance sweet,
There trode at twilight's dewy hours
Jehovah's burning feet:

E'er since that evening-calm was broke,
By ADAM's name pronounced,
And God's majestic voice had spoke
The curse on man denounced :

A star of hope has shed its light
On hearts with anguish riven ;
To brightly gild their gloomy night,
With 'Man may be forgiven.'

That sacred star ! its light divine
In rainbow beauty, yet
Shall sweetly span the stream of time,
And arch CHRIST's coronet :

O'er golden harp, and glittering wing,
And jewelled crown on high,
Its hallowed radiance shall fling
Through all eternity.

No longer let the afflicted bleed,
Or mourn the pious dead ;
On Calvary's mount the woman's seed
Hath bruised the serpent's head.

P.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PHRENO-MNEMOTECHNY, OR THE ART OF MEMORY: The Lectures delivered in New-York and Philadelphia, in the end of 1844. By FR. FAUVEL GOURAUD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS work, so long expected, is at last upon our table. It is not, as many may perhaps have anticipated, a dry book of statistics; a condensed scientific treatise, abstract, monotonous, and unrelieved. It is, on the contrary, a very interesting volume, full of wit, eloquence, talent, and instruction. *Phreno-mnemotechny* has established itself in the opinions of many of the first men in this country both as a science and an art; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, the 'Lectures' before us will render its popularity general, wherever they are studied. If haply the reader had not the good fortune to be present at the Professor's capital entertainments, his 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' last winter, what will he think of a system by which thousands of valuable facts may be permanently impressed upon the memory with little labor, nay even 'by a slight effort of attention?' To those who know by experience that 'facts are stubborn things,' this may seem paradoxical; but to those who have availed themselves of the *Phreno-mnemotechnic fulcrum*, and who have thus discovered what immense leverage the memory may obtain over a world of difficulties, this statement will appear just, and, in its widest sense, within the limits of verity. 'Oh! *inexorabilia fata!*' why did ye not permit our natal star to shine upon our cradle in a more auspicious era! Why was not our native parish gladdened by our advent when *Mnemotechny* was in the ascendant, and science had been converted from a toil into a luxury? 'Heu! *me miserum!*'—why? oh, why! The doleful reminiscences of school-boy grievances crowd upon the memory like the ghosts of OSSIAN that 'sighed with the night-wind on the heights of Cromla.' The iron visage of our august pedagogue looms up before us, and the budding birch extends over our 'trembling flesh,' in striking *alto-relievo* against the well-scribbled, white-washed wall. ROLLIN is before us, the secret of our misery. His most *memorable* dates are *immemorable* to us. Now, what a change! Seriously, though not more sincerely: the importance of cultivating the memory is so obvious, that argument to prove it would be superfluous. Among students, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and men in every walk in life, the great advantages of a retentive memory are constantly to be seen. There is scarcely a man of genius, who has distinguished himself in any department, whose eminence has not been owing in a large degree to the possession of a powerful recollective faculty. The correctness of our inferences, in matters of business or taste, depends much upon our ability to array before the mind, in a single group, all the necessary premises. Logic, or the art of reasoning, is at the foundation of all intellectual excellence and all worldly success. In all logic, comparison is necessary, either between the qualities of ideas or the qualities of things; and extended comparison is impracticable without a powerful memory, natural or artificial. The object of *Phreno-*

mnemotechny is, to assist the natural faculty by artificial means; means which high authorities have declared to be of immense assistance in every department of literature and science.

In the general introduction, our author gives a most interesting historical sketch of the origin and progress of Mnemonics, showing the gradual development of the science, and preparing the reader for appreciating its triumphs under the new name of Phreno-mnemotechny. Then follow the Lectures; and we are surprised to find that in a printed form they lose so little of the brilliance which characterized them during their oral delivery. In their preparation for the press all of them have received many valuable additions, especially the last. The introduction to the sixth lecture, which relates to the astronomical applications of the system, contains some remarkable specimens of English composition; and, when we remember that four years ago Professor GOURAUD was a total stranger to our perplexing vernacular, we cannot help expressing our astonishment, that in so short a period he should have attained so complete a mastery over its idioms. We might quote many paragraphs in illustration of this remark; but our limits confine us to the following passage from his description of the setting sun. The theme is a trite one, and a thousand writers have attempted it; but the truthfulness of nature has seldom been more closely adhered to than in this brief segregated sketch:

'THE sun now rapidly advances toward the bordering line of the horizon. His pencil-rays, flashing above and beneath the mountainous clouds, appear like sheaves of multi-colored flame springing up in awful majesty from the bosom of a Titanic volcano. The heavens appear to glitter with the bright blaze of a devouring conflagration. Presently the sun, becoming visible through a vast opening, burns before the beholder like an incandescent sphere of molten metal; his bulk, immensely magnified, pours forth a flood of intense scarlet light, which for a while fills the whole concave of the sky. At this moment, his lower edge dips into the liquid surface of the lake. He seems to hesitate and pause a while, as if to take a last view of the gorgeous and indescribable scene produced by his parting presence, before bidding a last farewell to the day which he has so gloriously ended, which he shall see no more, and which now belongs to Time! Half his disc has already disappeared; and as he descends, he seems to magnify his orb, and swell his bulk, as if to prolong his presence beyond his allotted hour in the magic scene, which soon must vanish with himself. Myriads of ephemeral insects, whose existence begins and ends between the roses of two Auroras, conscious, it would seem, that they shall no more feel the vivifying rays of the day-king, assemble every where in long and innumerable columns, as if resolved to pass away together; they cover the fields with their flitting shadows, performing a thousand evolutions in their death-dance; stretching upward and downward, hither and thither, scattering, combining, and scattering again; destined in a few moments to vanish, never more to sport in the sunlight. As if to hasten their ephemeral destiny, numbers of darting swallows, whistling in their joyous flight, pass through the mobile crowds, seizing the victims in their path, with which to feed their little ones. Emblem of the indifference of the living to the fate of the dead! No sooner has the messenger of death thinned their dancing hosts, than the survivors unite again, once more to dance on lighter wings.

'Already the eastern side of the heavenly vault presents a few silvery stars upon its dark-blue concave. The sun hides himself below the horizon. The brilliant colors which painted the clouds fade away gradually; they change, chameleon-like, from tint to tint, to fainter and fainter hues, presenting successively all the irises of a thousand chromatic prisms. By-and-by, only their loftier summits and westward edges reflect for a little longer the evanescent hues of the evanescent sun; while the gray mantle of night, growing darker and darker, gradually folds around their bases, soon to wrap them in its drapery of darkness. Now the scene changes. The heavens assume a new and still more variegated appearance. The clouds, breaking gradually into fragments of every variety of form and size, offer in turn pictures of the most fantastic character. Here are seen monsters of the most formidable and massive structures springing up into a sort of existence, again to pass into new shapes and revive under new developments. There, slowly arise threatening towers, impenetrable walls, dungeons, bastions, and lofty ramparts, in gigantic proportions. Again, ruins of the most stupendous aspect rear their broken columns, and moss-grown porticoes, and deserted fane. These vanish in their turn. Insect forms, covering whole acres of the sky, as they are magnified on a colossal scale, are ready to be crushed beneath the impending weight of Oceanic mountains. Pigmy chariots are drawn by mammoth monsters; aquatic leviathans fly with the wings of birds, and birds are seen diving into transparent ocean-lakes; while farther on, like the phantom of another Babylon, springs forth a mighty city, crowned with hundreds of steeples, battlemented walls, and embastioned towers. A few moments, and all these gorgeous structures dwindle into other and equally fantastic forms, gradually to vanish, as those that went before them:

'Bright emblems of the names renowned in story!
Celestial satires on terrestrial glory!"

These passages 'speak for themselves,' and render editorial comment upon the merely literary merits of the work from which they are taken, quite unnecessary. The volume has the *external* recommendation of being exceedingly well executed.

THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN TEACHER: a Lecture delivered before the American Institute of Instruction at Providence, Rhode-Island. By JOHN N. BELLOW. Providence: THE INSTITUTE.

WE have perused this admirable lecture with a consciousness, we think, of the evils which it deploras, and the wants which it portrays. And certain we are, that if the republic had more of such teachers as our author, school instruction would soon cease to be the bugbear it now is, to thousands of children. Mr. BELLOW desires no mock respect to be paid to his vocation on the part of his pupils. 'A happy day it will be,' he tells us, 'both for teacher and pupil, when the former shall be regarded as not infallible, and when deference shall be shown to the man, the friend, the guide and counsellor, and fellow-learner, and not to the ghost of an authority, which has crushed many a tender spirit, and exalted many a learned blockhead into an importance he was by no means fitted to wield.' The following passage contains truths which should be brought home to the school-committees of every common-school district in the union: 'Who is the American teacher now? Who is it that is leading the youthful mind among the hills of New-England, in the valleys of the west, and along the plains of the south? Who is the man now forming our future voters and governors and judges; those who are to decide the destiny of our dear country? Is he a man trained to his profession by study or even practice? Is he an intellectual man, with refined tastes of any kind and degree? He is probably a young man of indifferent health, who is anxious to escape the stigma, as he considers it, of being a mechanic or farmer. Heaven help him! he wants a profession. He keeps school for his own improvement. This scheme of schoolmastership is a kind of first step in his own education. By and by, he will begin the study of law, or medicine, or divinity; and this may be very well for him, but the parents who employ him ought to know better.' The teacher should be a man capable of making his pupil realize that whatever subject he is taught has an existence independent of books: 'By addressing a young, clear mind in common language, not giving him to understand that you are doing a very difficult thing, whether upon language, mathematics, or the natural sciences, you may teach him a great deal almost before he feels aware of it. But give him a large hard-looking book, full of technical expressions, and he will be thinking of the difficulties in his way, finding expedients to get off, until his mind is confused; and, whenever the subject is mentioned, there comes over him a current of misty associations, that perplex and disgust him with all study.' Is not this undeniable? Books, adds Mr. BELLOW, 'are useful only in a certain way, after much has been learned, to refresh the mind—a kind of review. Who learns poetry from books? True, there it is read, but first it is learned from nature; from mountain, sea, and wood; from the tempests without and the struggles within our own hearts; from the calm of evening, and the quiet of domestic peace. The book but tells us what we know already.' The following passage should commend itself to the reason, to the common sense, of every influential well-wisher of his country and its rising generations:

'Go to a manufacturing town, and you see wealth in its great factories; you hear the sound of dollars in its noisy water-wheels; and, as the bales of rich goods pass by you, you are struck with astonishment at the contrivances of human ingenuity and industry. Pass into these same factories, and you will find men engaged in apparently dull and tedious processes, which to your eye, bear no relation whatever to the results you have just seen with so much astonishment. The results and effects of the teacher's labors are never, or rarely, seen in connection with himself. By the time the mind he has helped to form has got into busy life, and is taking an active part in the operations of the world, his share of the credit is quite forgotten, or the voice that would speak it is unheeded, amid the brazen-throated trumpets and the noise of indiscriminate praise. But however the world may regard him, not unsupported is he by a sense of the importance of his vocation. The neat, small school-house cannot compare with the large, noisy factory, in size and bustle; the tender, delicate mechanism of the human soul cannot be seen so obviously as the ponderous wheels and hammers of the mill; but while the latter turns out cloths and products which at best answer but a temporary use, and finally perish and are forgotten, the little modest school-house turns out minds which move the great machinery of society; produce or quell revolutions; free or enslave a country; commit great crimes, or deeds of heroic virtue. Here are formed the poet, the sage, the orator; one to charm the world with his numbers, another to enlighten it with his wisdom, and the last to move multitudes, as the winds bend with resistless force the stately trees of the forest. . . . The education of circum-

stances, the teachings of nature, often produce men of noble character, whom some great crisis summons out from their seclusion to surprise and delight the world; and because they have not gone through the usual routine of school and college, they are objects of wonder, and are said to have no education. As this good, accidental education is rare, so these men are rare. But education they have had.'

Our author remarks that it has always struck him (and the same thought has often occurred to us,) as a gross inconsistency to suppose that those persons are best qualified to direct and plan schemes of education who know nothing of it practically; and who, it is taken for granted, must know best what is for the good of the young and the good of the teacher, because they excel in some branch of art, or are elevated to some particular station. We may as well undertake to learn agriculture from sailors, and navigation from farmers, as to hope for much light upon this subject from those who consider children as so many little figures, to be moved about at will by the arbitrary machinery they contrive, like the parts in MAELZEL's celebrated exhibition of the burning of Moscow.' We want *facts* upon the subject of education. 'The practical teacher, the man or woman who has been in the toil and sweat of the day, the sailor himself who has coasted about this comparatively unknown region of the young mind; who has found shallows where he looked for deep water and deep water where he looked for rocks; who has found no hold for his anchors when the tempest caught him on a lee-shore; and again has been saved from shipwreck often when ready to despair, by the springing up of favorable winds, or the gleaming of a light just seen on the verge of the horizon; he alone can furnish these facts, and from him alone must come the foundation of all schemes of education.' We think no one can rise from the perusal of this earnest, well-reasoned and well-written treatise, without comprehending the importance of having humane, educated, *practised* instructors for our children and youth; without, in short, agreeing fully with the writer, that 'if uneducated men must teach, let them take the advanced, the sturdy, the already well-disciplined; but suffer not such to tamper with the ardent curiosity of a young mind; which, like the tender shoot of the vine, yields to the breathing of the lightest zephyr; but which, like the same vine, after it has become the stock of new shoots, is able to withstand the tempest and the storm.'

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Volumes Three and Four. pp. 884. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

WE have on more than one occasion commended this well-edited and well-executed series to the attention of our readers; but each succeeding issue renews a fervent wish that the volumes which they embrace might find their way to the fire-sides of every American who loves and would cherish the names which his country should 'not willingly let die.' The first of the two volumes named at the head of this notice contains the lives of Gen. JOHN SULLIVAN, (who took an active part in the affairs of our country, and who has hitherto scarcely had justice done him,) by Rev. W. B. O. PEABODY; of JACOB LEISLER, admirably written by C. F. HOFFMAN, Esq., and in the spirit, we are glad to perceive, of a genuine KNICKERBOCKER; of NATHANIEL BACON, the 'founder' of 'Bacon's Rebellion' in Virginia, by our correspondent, the author of 'The Palmyra Letters,' Rev. WILLIAM WARE; and of JOHN MASON, of Connecticut, (a man made famous in the exterminating war waged against the Pequot Indians,) by Rev. GEO. E. ELLIS; a very spirited sketch. The second-named volume contains the Lives of ROGER WILLIAMS, the founder of 'Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,' a biography abounding in interest, and extremely well written by Mr. WILLIAM GAMMELL; of TIMOTHY DWIGHT, President of Yale College, by WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.; and of Count PULASKI, by the Editor, JARED SPARKS, Esq. The volumes of the 'American Biography' are admirably printed, upon fine white paper, and the engravings with which they are occasionally illustrated are in the first style of the art. We cannot doubt that the series receives a wide diffusion.

INDA: A LEGEND OF THE LAKES: WITH OTHER POEMS. By LEWIS F. THOMAS. In one volume. pp. 132. Saint Louis: V. ELLIS.

THIS we learn is the first volume of poetry that ever emanated from the press west of the Mississippi. The principal poem, and the one which gives the title to the work, was delivered some years since before a literary society at Cincinnati, Ohio, and subsequently before a kindred body at Saint Louis. The minor poems, it is candidly avowed, 'were put in to eke out a book.' The author, with the same frankness, adds: 'Most writers put forth their first efforts 'at the earnest solicitations of numerous friends;' I publish mine against the advice of friends, merely to gratify my own whim. Whether my little work succeeds or not, is a matter of but slight consideration, except to myself; and I am free to confess that its publication is prompted as much by my own vanity as by any other feeling.' He was quite right in inferring that a volume of poems from the west of the Mississippi, with the theme of its principal poem entirely western, would at least prove a novelty; he may well assume too that it is *something* to be the 'pioneer of poesy' on the other side of the Great Valley. In this spirit, he casts his wild prairie floweret to the Father of Waters, trusting only that it may be deemed 'worthy to blossom in the bright bouquet which the Genius of the Great West is gathering, to bloom on her bosom.' We do not greatly affect Indian poems, having in our boyhood dwelt near, almost among, one of the tribes of the Six Nations, whose chief men we always found any thing but poetical. We cannot refuse our verdict, however, in favor of such graphic limning as is contained in the annexed sketch of a native chief:

'His forehead open, wide and high,
His clear arched brow, and piercing eye,
And features even, broad and bold,
Right well his noble nature told;
While his full lips, in thought compressed,
An ever active mind confessed:
His glossy hair, of raven black,
In flowing locks fell down his back;
And loosely from his shoulders hung
His quiver and his bow unstrung:
His robe from rabid panther ta'en,
Which he with his own arm had slain,
Was tightly girdled round his waist,
By belt with wampum interlaced,
In which was sheathed, at hand for strife,
The ever ready scalping-knife:
His leggings were of beaver-skins,

'The deer supplied him moccasins,
And ever, on the lake, or shore,
Or listening to the council-talk,
One hand the peaceful calumet bore,
The other grasped a tomahawk:
An eagle's plume waved o'er his crest,
(Like some tall oak above the rest,)
Marking the chieftain of a race
Unequalled in the war or chase:
Upon his breast, that else was bare,
An eagle bald was painted there,
With head erect, and outspread wings,
As in his airy wanderings,
While, glorying in his destiny,
It is his joy to soar on high,
With an unwinking, dauntless eye,
Full at the Day-god's majesty!

The picture of WAYNIM, and the trophies which adorned his wigwam, is sufficiently vivid, but like BYRON's 'bit of the terrible' in his 'Siege of Corinth,' is equally disgusting. Far better, and in better taste, is the admirable picture of the heroine. The lines we have italicised would do credit to MOORE himself:

'SCARCE had the fifteenth summer's sun
Been counted, since her life had run.
Her locks of jet at random strayed,
And o'er her budding bosom played;
That bosom—the pure home of truth,
And feelings known alone to youth,
Within whose shrine her warm heart's swell
Better than words those feelings tell—
Was only veiled by the dark hair,
That fell in glossy ringlets there.
In graceful folds, from waist to knee,
Her robe hung carelessly and free;
Its web was woven from the wings
Of every forest bird that sings,
And those of plumage rich and gay
As oriole, or painted jay,
Or brilliant humming-bird, whose name
And that of INDA is the same.

'The sandals on her feet she wore,
In colors rich were 'broid-red o'er:
Her step fell light as evening dew;
So softly did she tread the plain,
The flowers that in her pathway grew,
Soon as she passed, rose up again,
As if their heads had only bent
To pay her homage as she went:
So sly did her figure seem,
It scarce were fainful to deem
That she was not of worldly birth,
But rather of the Air than Earth;
Some Houri from her sphere astray,
Wandering from her heavenly way,
Waiting a messenger of light
To guide her in her homeward flight,
Across the azure, star-gemmed sky,
To realms of immortality.'

The description of a stag-hunt, which follows the foregoing passages, is evidently faithful, and is certainly most striking. In the speech of ULLWA before the council, we find this vivid reminiscence of his 'line of life' after he had passed his papoosehood :

'It was my lot, in that sad hour,
To fall in yonder Panther's power;
He took me to his wigwam, where
He reared me — his adopted heir.
He taught me how to bend the bow,
To wield the hatchet and the spear,

To lay the horned bison low,
And course the antlered elk, and deer,
The beaver-trap with skill to make,
To launch my bark upon the lake,
To tell the stars, to track the foe,
And all a warrior's arts to know.'

The fight between ULLWA and WAYNIM is well depicted; and the tranquil sketch from nature which ensues is contrasted with it with much artistical skill. Here is a sketch of quite a different character; a very forcible picture of the advent of 'darkness and cloud and storm' in the western wilds :

'NIGHT frowns now in his deep mid-nom,
As loth to leave his bride, the Moon;
And, like a funeral train on high,
Black ghostly clouds are moving by;
And oft they shed huge drops of rain,
As though they wept the graveless slain:
And ever as the fitful gales
Blow the dark vapors to and fro,
The stars, like eyes through sable veils,
Gleam sadly on the world below.
Loud thunder-tones, that shake the sky,

Red lightning, flashing vividly;
The blast, that comes in hollow moanings,
Like some perturbed spirit's groanings;
The trees, whose limbs lock one another,
As though they wrestled with each other;
Dead leaves, that leaping from the ground,
Like sprites dance in the whirlwind's round;
The fretful waves, that lash the shore,
And mock the heavens' pealing roar;
The wolf's loud howl, the night-hawk's cry,
Bespeak a wrathful tempest nigh.'

Of the 'Miscellaneous Poems,' the longest is 'The Black Knight and the Fair Ladye,' after the manner of an ancient romaunt. It shows imagination, and has many good and some very bad lines. There is a pretty conceit, prettily expressed, in the ensuing stanza :

'WHAT time in the West the moon sunk to rest,
At late night and early day,
The Ladye was led to her bridal bed,
And there in her beauty she lay;
Her cheek's blushing glow seemed her bosom's snow
To threaten to melt away.'

The poem concludes with a stanza which commences with : 'My tale it is done, pray think it upon;' an inversion of which the writer ought to be ashamed; at all events, that is what we 'think it upon.' In the 'Epistle to a Lady,' a lover gazing at the stars, under the impression that he is looking into his mistress' eyes, indulges in this felicitous comparison :

'THE window of the soul's thine eye,
Through which the light of mind is beaming;
Stars are the windows of the sky,
Thro' which the soul of heaven is streaming;

And thus in my philosophy,
When at the rays of either gazing,
The all of heaven that shines for me
Is only in thy bright eyes blazing.'

There is a very pleasant conception of the feelings of those happy wights 'whom Time gallops withal,' in the piece entitled 'Time and Love, a Fragment.' The old gentleman of the hour-glass and scythe is quite lost in the picture of the 'boy' whose place he sometimes usurps. The lines 'To INA' are in blank-verse; indeed about as *blank* verse, if we regard only its construction, as one would be likely to meet of a long summer's day — say the twenty-first of June. If the meaning and inculcations had been equally blank, it would have been quite as creditable to the author. Had we not reason to believe that Mr. THOMAS now regrets the publication of such poems as this, and one still more pernicious in its tendency, entitled 'Beauty, Love and Prudence,' we should be tempted to animadvert upon them with the severity which they demand. We must not omit to mention that the volume is illustrated with several 'plates,' among them a portrait of the author; and that the engraving, printing, and binding, as well as the contents of the work, are the product of that truly great city of the Great West, Saint Louis, in the State of Missouri. Some of the pictures, it is true, are not what they should be; but in the main the book is as creditable in its execution as in its conception.

EDITOR'S, TABLE.

EARLY AMERICAN TRAVELLERS IN THE HOLY LAND. — 'Steam power,' says the last London *'Quarterly Review,'* 'has burst its way through the old forgotten paths, and brought the East to our threshold. Suez is already assuming the aspect of an English colony, and Aden is becoming an Eastern Gibraltar. Until recently, Egypt seemed to present an impassable barrier; it now affords a stepping-stone to English commerce. Peaceful enterprise has quietly opened those 'gates of the East' at which war stormed so long in vain. The lonely and silent desert now swarms with English caravans, and its indolent Arab starts to hear that constraining Norman voice, whose cry is ever 'onward,' and whose burden is ever 'haste.' It was far otherwise, when the letters were penned from which we take the following interesting extracts. They were the last lines written by our young countryman, Mr. CORNELIUS BRADFORD, who perished far from his friends, among the monks at Jerusalem, whither he had gone, in the enthusiasm of his travels, having passed over ground which has since been visited and illustrated by the talent and learning of STEPHENS, Professor ROBINSON, and other distinguished American travellers. 'He died, and was buried' in the convent garden. It is a hard lot to be cut suddenly down among scenes where one expected only the excitement and flush of pleasure; the associations of strange lands, whose wealth of wonders is utterly valueless to the dying man, compared with a single glance of affection. But he died upon holy ground; his last aspirations in health were holy; and as his prayers ascended so fervently from the earthly Jerusalem, it is the Christian's hope and consolation to believe, that he ascended to a better city, 'even an heavenly.' The first extract is from a letter dated Suez, on the borders of the Red Sea, June 1, 1830: 'I cannot resist the opportunity to date you a few lines from hence, which I trust you will look on as a remembrance not only of the interesting spot from which they are penned; but of the affectionate friendship of the writer. Our journey from Cairo to this place was entirely across the parched and sandy desert. We came on dromedaries, which are the same as camels, with the difference that they are early trained for more speedy travel. Our small caravan consisted of Doctor Y —, myself, МАНОМЕТ, our servant, and an Arab guide, all well armed, and five dromedaries. It would be difficult for me to convey to you with accuracy the dreariness of the route over which we travelled. Nothing but sand and sand-hills burning to the touch, and occasionally the bleached bones of some weary camel of a caravan, who had breathed its last during the tedious journey across the barren wastes. The town of Suez is a most desolate place; on the one side the desert, on the other the waters of the Red Sea. It contains five hundred inhabitants, who are dependent entirely for every article of provision on Cairo, and some of the small towns on the southern borders of the sea. No shrubbery of any kind exists here. The land does not admit of the slightest cultivation; not even a solitary blade of grass is to be met with. Though I am very glad to have seen so celebrated a place as the Red Sea, I shall be heartily glad to get into civilized countries again. But few travellers have reached this spot. I am the *third American* who has ever

gazed on the Red Sea which overwhelmed PHAROAH and his hosts. . . . 'JERUSALEM, JULY 10: I feel totally inadequate to the task of doing justice to a description of this once proud Jerusalem, the magnificent residence of DAVID and of SOLOMON. I have been on Mount Zion, on Mount Moriah, where ISAAC was on the point of being sacrificed to his father ABRAHAM, and on the Mount of Olives. I have crossed the brook Cedron to the valley of JEHOSEPHAT; have stood by the tombs of ASSALON, of JEHOSEPHAT, and of ZACHARIAH; have visited the house of PILATE, and of CAIPHAS the High Priest, where PETER denied his MASTER; have stood on Mount Calvary, where the SAVIOUR of the world was crucified; and kneeled at the foot of his humble and holy sepulchre! These are associations which fill the soul with a power inexperienced among the most sublime ruins of the world. I have been to Bethlehem, and seen the place of the stable where JESUS was born. On the way there, which is a two hours' journey from Jerusalem, I saw the tomb of RACHEL and the ancient city of EPHRAIM. The population of Jerusalem is about thirty thousand souls; and there are houses in sufficient number to contain one hundred and fifty thousand. On every side ruined churches, empty bazaars, and deserted houses are met with. The rapacity and oppression of the Turks is one of the principal reasons of the decreasing population. It has however been so often the object of the just and divine vengeance of Heaven, that it is not wonderful to see misery reign to so great an extent as it does here. 'JUDAH mourneth, and the gates thereof languish; they are black unto the ground, and the cry of Jerusalem has gone up!' I have kept a complete journal of all the observations I have made since my arrival in the East, which I will one day show you; I regret that my time will not now permit me to make copious extracts from it for you. In the midst of these hallowed scenes, you, my dear —, and my dear home, are not forgotten. Kneeling at the foot of the humble tomb of the REDEEMER, my prayers for you and yours, I trust favorably received, have ascended to Heaven.'

SCENE IN A PARISIAN COURT OF JUSTICE. — If you happen, reader, to be a mere worldling, proud of the coldness which sometimes comes with years, and is commonly called 'experience;' if you chance to consider sympathy weakness, and feeling out of place in a world that demands only shrewdness and labor and prudence; just pass by the following little sketch; for it will possess small interest for such as you. It is only a 'limning' of a case recently brought before the Judge of a Parisian court of justice, wherein the objects in dispute were two white roses, whose withered leaves are now blown to the four winds of heaven. But let us give the scene:

'M^{ME} GALLIEN, dress-maker: 'I claim thirty francs damages from M^{lle} FLORA MINVILLE; for she was the cause of my losing an order for work worth one hundred and fifty francs.'

'THE JUDGE: 'Please explain why you make this claim.'

'M^{ME} GALLIEN: 'These are the facts, Monsieur. About two months since M^{lle} LEONTINE DE CRILLON was married to M. le Prince de CLERMONT-TONNERRE. The 'corbeille' and the 'trousseau' were magnificent. I obtained the order for the bride's wedding-dress: it was to be a splendid affair; trimmed with lace, pearls, gimps—in short, all the wonders of our art were to be united upon it; but there was still something wanted; something very rare at that season of the year; a natural white rose—a white rose in February!'

'THE JUDGE: 'And did M^{lle} FLORA promise to procure the rose?'

'M^{ME} GALLIEN: 'Yes, Sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells the earliest and rarest to the great 'modistes' of the capital. I called upon her, and she promised to furnish me with one or two roses she then had, for twenty-five francs, payable on delivery. I relied upon her promise, but she did not keep it. She did not bring the rose; and the dress was refused.'

'THE JUDGE: 'M'lle FLORA, why did you not deliver the flower?'

'M'lle FLORA, timidly: 'It was not my fault, Monsieur. The evening before the rose was to be delivered, there came up, during my absence, a heavy shower, which caused the bud to burst into a rose, and in a few hours afterward there was nothing left but the stem. What I say is the truth.'

'THE JUDGE: 'I believe it, my child. But why did you not deliver the other one?'

'M'lle FLORA's eyes filled with tears: 'Oh! as for *that* one, I did not promise. I might easily have sent it to M'me GALLIEN, for it was much the handsomest of the two; but — but I could not: it was destined for my mother.'

'THE JUDGE: 'Was it your mother's fête-day?'

'M'lle FLORA replied, sadly: 'No, Monsieur; it was the day of her death. Every year I carry to the cemetery of Montmartre, and place on her grave, one of those white roses, which when alive she loved so much. This year I did the same. I said to myself, 'The bride will be quite as handsome with one flower the less, and my dear mother shall yet have her favorite rose!'

'Here the poor girl wept bitterly. M'me GALLIEN approached to console her. 'Strike off the cause, Monsieur le Judge,' said she; 'I should be ashamed to sue this poor child for doing a good action. Let us speak no more of it, M'lle FLORA; it was unfortunate, and that's all that can be said. All I could ask for a compensation, would be, that I might one day have a daughter like you.'

'The Judge dismissed the cause, in a voice tremulous with emotion.'

THE French have a tact and delicacy in many things, which is inimitable. To illustrate this in a little affair of charity: In the month of September, 1841, M'lle SORRIS NIVIANI died at Paris. Her small earnings had been the sole reliance of her father, an old soldier of the army of Italy, until attacked by a pulmonary complaint, she was forced to give up her modest profession, which was that of under-matron in an institution. Still, she had the courage to continue her exertions, although in a state of suffering worthy of the greatest pity. On her death, her friend published *under her name* a fanciful little poem called '*Une Fleur aux Cendres de Napoleon*,' and a few prose sketches, of which the advertisement is too felicitous and characteristic to be translated into other words:

'J'AI promis a une mourante d'être l'appui de son vieux père. Si la charité répond à mon appel, j'aurai accompli mon vœu.

'DROVIN,'

'*Directeur en chef de l'Institut des Pères de Famille, rue des Faubourg-du-Roule, 90, à Paris.*'

Of the prose sketches, comprised in a small pamphlet of some ninety pages, one is so graceful, that it may not seem unworthy to be placed with 'The Two Roses,' rendered above by our correspondent, CHARLES H. TOWN, Esq., the American translator of HARRIS' edition of the 'Mysteries of Paris.' It is called '*Notre-Dame aux Violettes, a Legend*;' and with our reader's permission, we shall venture to place a hurried version of it before them. We think they will agree with us, that the incidents, and the simplicity of the style, are alike touching and characteristic:

'It is well, my dear child, that you think of your old aunt. You know how I love flowers, and have come to bring me these violets. Those little fingers, which have culled them by the first beams of the morning sun, impart to them their chiefest charm. I owe you a reward; and on the subject of these sweet flowers will recount to you a story. Sit near me, and give me your hand. Tell me now, if your first thought has been of your father and mother who are in Heaven? Poor orphan! while you pray in a lowly voice, the blessed spirits of your parents stoop down to hear you, and carry back your prayer to God. Be ever gentle, and pious, and HE will bless you, as he blessed MARIE DU TILLON, the child of the Poor Widow. Like yourself, she was very fair. I knew her, the little angel! for I was a child at the same time. It is long since, for I am very old. She is with

the angels of God, and I am left behind; but if God delays to call me, it is because you have need of me on earth. She was a beautiful child, more so for her piety, than for a complexion which equally blended the lily and the rose. Her mother, who was quite young, was a poor widow, without support, and who came to the village from a great city as from a vast sea, out of which she had only saved from shipwreck her most precious treasure, the cradle of her child!

'We have both been for devotion to the chapel of *Notre-Dame aux Violettes*. You have noticed the marble tomb, much venerated by the inhabitants of Tillon; the château with its superb façade, its beautiful large windows. I have myself seen in place of that magnificent building a poor cabin in the wood, with its low door, narrow dormer-window, and transparent paper for glass. There lived the widow. In abodes like this when the Virtues have made their home, they leave after them the germs which exalt themselves in prosperity and grandeur. Then the cottage becomes a palace. On the contrary, where Vice has sojourned, it scatters the elements of destruction, and turns the palace into a hut. In place of that marble tomb and costly chapel, there rose from the earth the cross of poverty, which told of a sepulchre without a name. Often above the humble stone where the anchorite prays in the solitude of the desert has arisen the immense cathedral, assembling under its vast roof the children of a great christian city, as you have seen a hen gather her chickens under her wing. But I forget that you are a child: let us return to our history.

'The poor woman educated her little *MARIE* in the fear of God. In the harvest, she obtained the gleanings of the poor from the fields of the rich. In the winter she struggled beneath the load of faggots which she fetched from the distant wood; and in the evening spun by the pale light of the fire, looking wistfully on her child. But she died. Before she went to join her husband in heaven, she commended her own soul and her child to God. God made them angels — the one in heaven, the other upon earth. She had much trouble, the poor orphan! Twenty times in a day she went to kneel down on the fresh sod which covered the remains of her mother. She planted violets, and they increased marvellously, watered by the tears of the child. These simple flowers exhaled a delicious perfume, as if their balmy breath were impregnated with the celestial spirit of the dead. *MARIE* was admired by all good souls, but suddenly she disappeared. This gave rise to different reports. The men merely said, 'What has become of that pretty young girl? Who has taken her away?' The young girls of her own age said, 'The angels have come to take her, and have translated her alive to Paradise.' These marvels gained the more credit, as the grave continued to bloom under the care of some unseen hand, while the Graces on high seemed to descend on the village in the shape of a thousand blessed charities.

'Never were so many secret alms performed. The orphans were mysteriously provided for, and the indigent poor did not want for succor. What helped along these marvellous stories was, that on a beautiful day, the festival of the *VIRGIN MARY*, they were surprised to see, in place of the simple cross of wood, a white marble tomb, inscribed in letters of gold, '*MARIE, THE POOR WIDOW!*' This epitaph presented a contrast with the richness of the monument. A little after, the curate received a large sum to add to the tomb a chapel dedicated '*à Notre Dame des Violettes*.' They say that miracles were done there, and the popular devotion to this chapel increased every day. A long time after, an old lady came to buy the cabin, and transformed it into the superb château of Tillon, which you have admired. The rich lady did much good, died, and according to her will, was buried in the tomb of the widow. Who was that great lady? *MARIE*, the daughter of the poor widow! One day as this amiable child, as I have told you, held a bouquet of violets at the carriage of a princess, God put it into the heart of the rich lady, who was without children, to conceive the affection of a mother for the little girl. She took her to her palace, educated her with the greatest care; made her the mysterious agent of many benefits to her village; built the marble tomb and chapel; and at her death, left the child of the poor widow the inheritor of her immense fortune, which thus became the treasure of the poor.'

EARLY WESTERN ELOQUENCE. — 'It is pretty impossible,' said an eloquent native orator, on one occasion, 'to communicate to others those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possessed of; for in so doing, a person is pretty apt to imbibe those errors from which he finds it extremely difficult for him to eradicate himself therefrom.' We have had in our mind this lucid exposition of a mental 'fix,' in perusing a Fourth-of-July oration, delivered several years since at Dayton, Ohio. We are assured by the obliging correspondent from whom we receive it, that 'it is a genuine, veritable production,' and was actually delivered as printed. The author (ambitious of the law we infer, from his occasional indulgence in the use of legal Latin terms) is 'a leading and distinguished Ohio politician!' After remarking that the Fourth-of-July 'is apt to be used by the federal and ingathering States as a day of unusual festivity,' the orator proceeds:

'THOUGH the practice by some has been denounced with a bitter disapprobation, in consequence of the moral turpitude of venerating man, however proper, or otherwise, this practice may be, is left for you to decide. But palsied be the tongue to proscribe, and withered the arm to prevent the practice of celebrating the birth-day of this nation, of commemorating the first jubilee of our independence; of commemorating those imperishable principles of equality that are so naturally implanted on the breast-bone of human nature, as it is in the least creeping insect that crawls on the earth, as well as the mightiest animal that stalks in the forest. Is it a privilege then to celebrate this annual peace-coming day? It is; and may God grant it may be perdurable as the livid stream of time! Roll back the tide of time to the infancy of this government, to the period of its impotency and oppression, and now behold its rise! Behold the potency of its almighty power; behold her principles as the best digested political fabric known to the civilized kingdoms of the inhabitable earth. To give hearty cheers of jubilation to these occurrences in her history is highly commendable.'

The author here indulges in some rambling reminiscences, touching the period 'methodized and distinguished as the time of discoveries;' and he brings his hearers down to the era when the pioneers attempted to 'set their seal down amid the wild grama of a forest-howl,' and in defiance of 'the untamed savage.' England looked upon us 'as a pigmy,' and treated us after a fashion that 'elicited one round and universal burst of fulmination from every son of the continent;' she 'sucked the very arter of our political respectability as dry as the inner walls of a pyramid.'

'Yes, the protectress of the pigmy proved the betrayer of the same; for would it be a fair inference to say, that because England was auxiliary troop to the Americans during the French war, that the Americans should ever remain a tributary power, and subject to English political and municipal regulations however unnatural to reason and universal justice? It would not. Yet the assumed right was enforced. It was this that *galled* the pigmy, and made it cry aloud, as the heated embers were rolling in volcanic combustion from the edicts of the Judas parent! The provincial called for equal rights and free principles. A voice heard the necessitous call of the chill worn inhabitants of the new world, and transmitted unto them the translucent garb of equality; independent of these trials, they met with other catastrophes, which are beyond my reach to decipher. The Indians who formerly inhabited this, and primitively the old States, have receded by cartel or otherwise, to other almost impenetrable forest, where they may still exercise the immunity of making a barbecue of each joint of the distrained animal; leaving no vestige here of their tenantry at will, save the tumuli that are so prominently interspersed over their former habitations: they are gone, going, and are still to go, it is to be lamented, as the migratory subjects of power, to the place stipulated in the compact, which saitheth not the volition was a legal one, or that the eviction defyeth continual claim. And it is equally to be feared that the inherent indolence of their nature forbid a hope of their ever being introduced into the folio of civilization; however they seem happy in their lambent pathway of attenuation. They invoke their Aroouaki, whiff the *kalumet* of peace, and on *de novo* *outer*, they mingle their di-thyrambric requiem with the bland breeze that sifts itself through the rush and supple-jack of the woods! And, as an expiation of an inheritance abated, the sanctity of the lawn has gone forth in its purification, to withdraw from their eyes the humid curtain of anguish, by urging the sun-worshippers to humiliation under the vine and fig tree of promise, as the future safeguard to become joint heirs of an inheritance under a sure and invariable law-dispenser.'

Our journals have sometimes taken in great dudgeon the reports by English travellers among us, of the specimens of public speaking which they encountered in certain portions of the country; but we should be glad to know if any of our readers have ever met with any English *caricature* of American oratory that would bear a moment's comparison with the foregoing extract? Scarcely less brilliant is the speaker's eulogium upon WASHINGTON, 'whose character is unsparingly embosomed in the affections of living millions,' and a 'true description' of whom 'must excite many to climb by example the same virtuous steeples of interminable glory!' 'T was he who was stable in the hour and article of death.

He colluded with no party, but collated fate with liberty. Morpheus' embrace never complained of his lethargy, or the camp tent of his indolence. His furtive vigilance watched the haze of distress, whilst the morning star shone upon his emblazoned armor in unretrenched delight. He stood in the gates of Thermopyla for eighty years, and no one dare stain his name with a foible.' When he left New-York, 'the unbroken accents of mingled veneration rended the air, and dissolved in tears.' His career 'was as unspotted as the vestal gleam that glitters from the sun, and dances upon the horizon; his name glides along the walls of the political assemblies of these republics; the redolent breeze wafts his pennants on the surface of all waters,' and so forth. Speaking of Baron DE KALE, the orator tells us that 'he withstood a long while *Cornwallian* skill and device; and after the strange veteran had received eleven wounds, he breathed the death-vapor of an immolated martyr for our rights.' 'Can you,' exclaims the speaker, 'behold the glowing texture of departed glory, and not sigh at the blood-rivulets that meandered from such as died for our liberty?' In allusion to the prediction of the elder ADAMS, he observes: 'The rays of light and glory, as predicted by the old venerable ex-president are verified; they are beaming refulgently, and he has lived to see the end, and the end of his seeing is *apt to be* under the administration of his own son. The discrimination, firmness and soundness of diction, in all the arts of our land, are not less exalted to those of any other country.' We have no space for the 'debt and burst of gratitude' paid to the heroes of the revolution, and 'the almighty siege-worn arms' of Grecian patriots; nor for the tribute awarded to the 'ladies, who fill a very important character in the human family; who *calms* the agitated seas of man's troubles, when stale melancholy is looped upon his brow,' and 'things of that sort.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — Ladies and gentlemen, *All Fools'-Day* to ye, 'and many returns of the same!' And as apropos to the occasion, suppose you follow us while we follow a wag who many years ago recorded his experiences of April-fooling in a very pleasant, and we may add, instructive manner, since he proves to us that tricks conveying discomfort and annoyance to others sometimes return to plague the inventors. We condense a few of his tomfooleries. He rose 'on the first of April morn by the chime;' went to the table-drawer, silyly pocketed three little lumps of alabaster, then returned and took his seat at the breakfast-table as if nothing had happened: 'Put the alabaster at the top of the sugar-bowl, and to my great delight saw KITTY put one into each of the children's cups. Children hammered and pushed, and wondered sugar would not melt. Thought I should have died; three of my best silver tea-spoons, though, bent as crooked as ram's-horns.' After breakfast: 'Took pen, ink and paper, and wrote a letter as if from DOBBS the druggist to lawyer LYNX, telling him to arrest SHUFFLE the shoemaker for twenty-three pounds ten shillings, goods sold and delivered.' In the afternoon: 'Called at BLUEFIST's, the broker; asked for pen, ink and paper; wrote a letter from JOLTER inviting SCRAGGS to dine off a fine hare and sweet sauce: ditto *vice versâ*, SCRAGGS to JOLTER, to dine off real turtle. Gave waiter a shilling to take both letters, and be sure not to tell.' Coming home: 'Halted on London bridge. Tide running up. Looked through balustrades, clasped my hands in agony, and exclaimed, 'They'll every one of them be drowned!' and ran across to look through balustrades on the opposite side. Mob in a frenzy; all traffic suspended; hundreds of necks craned out to peep at the sufferers.' The cry of 'April fool!' brings the mob upon the hoaxer, who escapes with sundry bruises, and covered with mud. But his troubles have only commenced. Arrived at home, he finds a polite note from lawyer LYNX, informing him that hoaxing an attorney is felony at common law, and that he means to indict him at the next sessions, unless he pays the costs in DOBBS v. SHUFFLE, 'according to enclosed account: 'Attending plaintiff by appointment, when he asked me how I did, six-and-eight-pence; attending, answering

him 'Pretty middling,' six-and-eight-pence, etc.; total, 'five pound eighteen!' Damned all pettifoggers, and gave bearer a check for the amount.' Hardly had the lawyer's clerk departed, when: 'Visit from bowing, bobbing waiter from the City of London Tavern: 'Beg pardon, Sir, but here's the bill, Sir.' 'What bill?' 'Mr. JOLTER, Sir, and Mr. SCRAGGS, Sir, them as you April-fooled this morning; met and compared notes, Sir; knew your hand; went to master's tavern together, City of London, Sir; ordered your own dinner, Sir; turtle and roast hare for two, Sir; and told me to bring you the bill, Sir.' Swore I would n't pay it; but looked out of the window, and saw JOLTER and SCRAGGS walking up and down the pavé, flourishing a brace of horse-whips. Set it down for no joke, and paid waiter his money.' The joker's day's work ended with: 'Candles for bed: one made by me, consisting of a round pole of cut turnip, tipped with charcoal, unluckily selected by my wife. Much poking with snuffers before trick was detected. Glance of vengeance: exit wife up stairs, husband following: listened to curtain lecture fifty-nine minutes, and then fell asleep.' And if you are not asleep, reader, we will pass on. . . . A THOUSAND times, sitting in musing mood of an evening in our silent sanctum, having paused for a few moments from grateful labors to gaze into the fire—a thousand times have we experienced the feeling in relation to our *readers*, which a distant yet cordial friend expresses below, concerning the EDITOR hereof. And to-night, having just passed another of the landmarks that stand between us and the grave, we have had the longing strong upon us to take every one of our readers by the hand. What a 'multitude that no man can number' are they, 'from the beginning hitherto!' And how widely scattered over the length and breadth of our own fair heritage, and in distant countries beyond the main! It is a sad thing to reflect, that unseen friends, with whom we may have laughed and wept; who may sometimes have stretched out invisible hands toward us, as we to them; we may never meet upon the shores of time. But let us not keep our readers from the most kind note of our esteemed correspondent: 'Alas! for me, that I shall never know the good DEIRDION KNICKERROCKER; that I shall never be any thing to him, beyond a tolerably punctual subscriber; that, although year after year he has been so warmly welcomed by my quiet fireside, I shall never be able to take him by the hand, with a kindly 'God bless you!' feeling that at last I may cherish something more than the pleasant vision of a far-off friend. Do you know, Mr. EDITOR, that many a time these regrets have saddened my enjoyment of something touching or beautiful in your admirable Magazine; and as often I have been tempted to write, and frankly own the pleasure it would give me to acknowledge how greatly I am indebted to you for many a pleasant fancy that has whiled away a lonely evening; for many a merry laugh, many a good resolve; for very many beautiful things, which have brought tears to my eyes, and I trust, their 'saving moisture' to my heart. But it is only since I have learned a still deeper gratitude, that I have allowed myself to yield to the wayward impulse. It is but a few days since the recovery of a tenderly-beloved infant from a lingering and dangerous illness. Through the long nights of sorrowful watching, I recalled the many beautiful poems for the bereaved which every now and then you have given us in the pages of your 'Gossip;' and ever with a blessing upon you, as upon the writer. I had thought them 'beautiful exceedingly' in their mournful tenderness, but never till then had I known the consolation they bring to a sorrow-stricken heart. Sometimes I found myself, almost unconsciously, murmuring snatches of song; and especially from that most exquisite of all:

'Yes! with the quiet dead,
Baby! thy rest shall be!' etc.

And at such times, it was almost as if angels were singing around me; till, in the dim chamber, where but a moment ago we had so dreaded the coming of the Angel of Death, 'the kingdom of heaven' did indeed 'come nigh unto us;' and we were even more than reconciled that our little ROSIN should be taken away. But I am forgetting myself in thus idling away your time; yet I trust you will none the less accept my most sincere and

earnest thanks. MARY HOWITT has a free translation of one of HERRER's ballads: I do not know whether it is included in the late edition of her poems or not; but I cannot help thinking it will please you, if you are not already familiar with it; and in the selfishness of my heart I trust you are not; so that you in turn may say 'Thank you' to the 'wee bit body' who has the assurance to call herself 'your friend.' We give place with pleasure to the simple and touching poem alluded to by our fair correspondent:

THE BOY AND THE HOLY IMAGE.

Among green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
There sat a marble image
Of the VIRGIN and her CHILD.

There oft on summer evening
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the LORD JESUS
Was once a child, like him.

'And now, from highest heaven,
He looketh down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say.'

Thus spoke his tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the broad round sun descended,
Mid clouds of rosy light:

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
'Oh, beautiful child JESUS,
Come down and play with me!'

'I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown,
I will get thee ripe, red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

'Oh! holy, holy MOTHER,
Put him down from off thy knee,
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me.'

Thus spake the boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
Though she spoke to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw young JESUS
There, playing with her boy.

'And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessing shall be given,
A thousand fold, to thee!

'For in the fields of Heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shall have, dear child! thy fill.'

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child JESUS spoke;
And, full of careful musing,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished:
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spake, in dying,
'Oh! mother, dear, I see
The beautiful child JESUS
A-coming down to me!

'And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries—
Dear mother, let me go!'

The boy died; but the fond mother restrained her grief. She knew that her child had been welcomed to an heavenly home; that HE who on earth had beckoned little children to His arms, had taken him to Himself, 'and she asked him not again.' . . . 'A MAN,' writes a pleasant and occasional correspondent, 'should never miss going at least *once* to a *Ladies' Fair*. Beside the gratification of having contributed a trifle toward some charitable object, for which these fairs are generally projected, the visiter, if he have one drop of the milk of human kindness in his bosom, cannot fail to be highly amused; and, if he have an observing eye also, he will see and hear many things worth remembering, and not a few worth telling. I stepped into one of these fairs on St. Valentine's Eve, rather by way of accident; and being a bachelor of timid and reserved habits, I wandered about quietly by myself, apparently absorbed in thought, although noting and inwardly enjoying the spirit of the company. While thus loitering along, stopping at times, now to purchase a knick-knack of some pretty amateur trades-woman, and now to listen to the music of a glee-club, I suddenly found myself abreast of the 'Post-Office.' I just glanced at the

sign, and was passing on, when I heard some one calling, 'Mr. K — ! Mr. K — !' I turned around, not that my name was K —, but because the voice was so musical. 'Mr. K —,' repeated the post-mistress, looking me full in the face; 'there's a letter in the office for you.' I was about putting my hand behind me, when a moment's thought checked the movement, and I answered: 'My name is not K —, madam; it is J —; GEORGE J —.' 'Ah! J —,' echoed the lady, turning to her assistant, who was writing at the desk; 'GEORGE J —; I believe there is a letter to *that* address also?' 'Yes; and here it is,' answered the ready assistant, handing to the fair official a letter, which she in turn passed over to me. I looked at the superscription, and true enough, there was my name as plain as could be! The hand-writing, however, was perfectly new to me; and what appeared not a little remarkable, the ink of it was as fresh as if but just written. Laying down a silver dollar on the counter, I broke open the letter and commenced reading; and soon was so absorbed in its contents, that I forgot to take the change, which I have no doubt the fair post-mistress duly counted out for me. Here is the letter:

'DEAR SIR: I hope you will excuse the boldness of these lines, in consideration of the motives of kindness that prompted them. Though I perhaps am totally unknown to you, you are not so to me; for long since, by observation as well as hearsay, I learned the sterling worth of your character; a character in which the gentler affections of our common nature seem so intimately blended with the sterner virtues of manhood, that it is hard for a casual observer to tell which of the two classes predominates: and knowing this, I have often felt regret that so much of talent and goodness, so much of what gentle hearts admire and yearn after, should be suffered to 'waste its sweetness on the desert air;' in other words, that *you*, Sir, who are so well fitted to make *one* woman happy in her own eyes, and so exalted in the eyes of others, should feel contented to creep through the world, a solitary, useless being, with all the fiercer feelings and affections of your nature mouldering away in ignoble sloth, for the lack of some near and dear object around which to cling and expand to their full growth. Remember, my dear Sir, the distant and antiquated tower, lovely as it may show in the setting sun, loses half its interest, if on approaching it we discover that its sides are rugged and bare, and destitute of that green and clinging verdure which *truth* as well as romance ever associates with it. Even so the solitary man, gifted as he may be in intellect and person, seems shorn of half his glory, if on a closer acquaintance we find him a stranger to those mutual affections which cluster and glow around the domestic altar-fire.

'Now, my dear Sir, *do* think of these things, and don't, I pray you, be a musty old bachelor any longer; and, above all things, don't plead in excuse, as you have heretofore done, the inaccessibility of our sex. There is many a solitary flower still blooming in nature's garden, waiting patiently its turn to be plucked; and I know of no man who would transplant one of these so easily and wear it so gracefully as yourself. No, Sir; your solitary position is *all your own fault*, I assure you; or at least, it will be so hereafter. Let me whisper a word in your ear. I KNOW A YOUNG LADY — But no matter. If you take these lines as kindly as they are meant, you shall soon hear from me again. Till then, adieu!

'HELEN —'

'And so,' thought I, as I closed this epistle, 'here's a dead-set at last! But who upon earth, or 'elsewhere,' is 'HELEN;' HELEN, who has discovered so many good qualities in me, both personal and mental, of the existence of which I was myself so profoundly ignorant? I recalled the names of all my female acquaintances of former and later years, but that name was not among them. And then, above all things, who is the 'lady' whom HELEN 'knows?' After some hard cogitating, I began to perceive the uselessness of conjecture; and so, thrusting the letter into my pocket, I again commenced loitering through the crowded hall, in hopes that a smile, a glance of the eye, or some other gentle token, would reveal to me something farther in the matter. I was disappointed, however. All faces appeared alike to me; and, after a few moments more of fruitless search, I retired from the hall, and turned homeward. That night I dreamed of 'HELEN,' and of the lady whom Helen 'knows;' and so vivid was the impression of that dream, that on awaking in the morning I could have picked them both out from among a million. I have dreamed of them often, since; but I have never been able to see their faces among the living, although I have sought them every where. What is rather vexatious, too, HELEN seems to have forgotten entirely her promise that I should hear from her again. Perhaps she does not know what feelings her letter has given rise to; and, if peradventure she has seen me since, mistakes my constitutional timidity for indifference to the sex. It is partly in the hope that she may change her opinion, if such be her belief, and partly for the purpose of reminding her of the promise at the close of her letter, and to assure her that I am open to all honorable proposals on the part of her fair friend, that I lay the whole affair before the

public.' . . . We suggested, not long since, that a simplification of the nomenclature of the law would not be amiss; and we ventured to offer a few arguments in support of that position. We are quite of the opinion that a similar simplification of *Medical Nomenclature* would prove of service to the masses. We have sometimes seen the necessity of this very ludicrously illustrated. Very much confounded was our friend Doctor DOANE, a few years since, by a remark of one of his patients. The day previous, the Doctor had prescribed that safe and palatable remedy, the 'syrup of birch-thorn,' and had left his prescription duly written in the usual cabalistic characters: '*Syr. Rhum. Cath.*' On inquiring if the patient had taken the medicine, a thunder-cloud darkened her face; lightning flashed from her eyes; and she roared out: 'No! I can read your doctor-writing — and I aint a-go-in to take the *Syrup of Ram-Cats* for any body under God's heaven!' 'Hence we view the great necessity there is' of a material change in our medical nomenclature. . . . THERE is a small class of 'entertainers,' if such they may be called, who have a very mistaken idea of what constitutes true hospitality. We have heard of some 'hospitable' tables in this town where it is made a *sine qua non* that a guest on his initiation shall be 'drank under the table;' and no man who is not carried home on a shutter is entitled to a subsequent place at the board of his host. We are struck with an illustration of the true nature of such enforced 'hospitality,' which we find in a review of the 'Life of MARION.' 'He was not present when the city surrendered. He had marched in from Dorchester when his services were needed, but an accident removed him and preserved him for greater achievements. Dining with some friends in Tadd-street, the host, through a blind hospitality, turned the key upon his guests, that they might not escape until gorged with wine. MARION was a temperate man, and resolutely raised the window and let himself out upon the pavement. The fall, from the second story, cost him a broken ankle. The injury was severe, and disabled him for many months. He left the city in a litter, according to the orders of LINCOLN, for the departure of 'all officers unfit for duty.' He retired to his residence in St. John's parish. His mental and bodily sufferings while thus confined can be imagined.' . . . More persons have heard perhaps of the direction given by a gawk to a traveller: 'You go down this road, till you come to Squire JONES' house, which always stands by a little yaller dog.' An amusing continental traveller — who was so 'indifferent' to natural scenery that he rode around the lake of Geneva in a *char-à-banc*, with his back to the lake — adopts a similar transposition. He tells us that the German universities are 'always placed at the seats of celebrated beer!' The French traveller in Scotland, who reported that at every village they kept relays of dogs to bark the feeble coach-horses on toward the next one, did not awaken more ludicrous associations. The continental gentleman might as well have assumed, from a little circumstance of which he makes mention, that there prevails in Italy a universal taste for wine 'with a fly in it;' for he tells us that they never put corks into their wine-bottles; and that consequently the neck of the bottle for several inches becomes quite full of flies. 'When I poured out some wine into my glass, perhaps a hundred drowned flies came out with a small quantity of liquor, like currant-sauce for roast pig.' . . . It was a sad thing for the early admirers of STERNE's 'Sentimental Journey' to be obliged to revise their opinion of its author. They were unwilling to believe that while he was writing so feelingly upon an imprisoned bird, and sympathizing so warmly with a dead ass, he could have been in the habit of grossly ill-treating his wife and family at home. Some such feeling came over us, while reading WORDSWORTH's remonstrance, in a late London journal, against the construction of a rail-road through the beautiful lake-district of England. The love of his kind, the interest which he feels for the PETER BELLS around him, seems to be something more than questionable, when we find him contending that no good is to be obtained by 'transferring uneducated persons in large bodies' to see the lake scenery of England. They cannot have acquired the proper 'educated habit' of observing and studying such scenes. The 'tempting of artisans, laborers, and the humbler classes of shop-keepers, to ramble to a distance,' to look upon Nature in her loveliest forms and moods,' it seems is a thing not to be thought of.

Such is the difference between preaching and practice. The London '*Spectator*' weekly journal, adverting to this evidence of WORDSWORTH's real character, remarks, that 'it raises unpleasant notions, and will form unwelcome materials for the immortal bard's future biographer.' It is a little amusing to see the earnestness with which some of the London journalists go about to fortify the 'argument' that the 'lower orders' are really capable of feeling and enjoying the beauties of nature and of art. A crowd of people, we are gravely informed, 'although,' as is pointedly mentioned, 'poor and humble in exterior,' while examining 'The Mourners,' a group of statues exhibited at Westminster-Hall, 'were affected to such a degree, that tears coursed down their rough and care-worn cheeks!' Indeed! Who would have thought it possible! . . . We have already encountered one or two parodies upon Mr. POE's '*Raven*,' but have seen nothing so faithful to the original, nor so well executed in all respects, as one which has been sent us, entitled '*The Black Cat*.' The lines purport to have 'slipped from the hat of a wild-looking young man, as he rushed from the door of a respectable house in one of our inland towns. It only serves to show the effect upon country minds of so large an amount of 'pokerishness' as was contained in the poem alluded to.' We subjoin a few stanzas:

'When at midnight gently dozing, on my humble couch reposing,
Now and then my eyelids closing, in unconscious dreamy thought,
All at once I heard a scratching, as of something lightly catching
At the casement's fastened latching, as if it an entrance sought:
Scratching, catching at the latching, as if it an entrance sought.
Is it aught or is it naught?

'Then said I, with whispered wonder, 'What in thunder! what in thunder!
Is this something, whose faint scratches I have thus distinctly caught?"
But I was n't much enlightened, and growing somewhat frightened,
And my fears becoming heightened, as against my fears I fought,
I determined to determine, while against my fears I fought,
Whether it was aught or naught.

'Then I felt a little better, and my fears dropped like a fetter
From my spirit, upon which they thus so potently had wrought;
But I waited half a second, for in truth I rather reckoned
That the ghost of CARLO beckoned, and his ancient quarters sought,
CARLO, gentle CARLO beckoned, and his cushioned cover sought,
CARLO, ne'er by me forgot.

'Soon, with trembling limbs uprising, in excitement past disguising,
I proceeded to the window, and the casement wildly caught;
But there was no need of raising, for I saw my CARLO gazing
From the dog-star that was blazing, in its high and holy spot;
Meekly gazing down upon me from that high and holy spot—
Other object there was not.

'From the casement I retreated, but again was hardly seated,
Ere the summons was repeated, and almost to frenzy wrought,
I uprose, while loudly pawing, came a harsh, incessant clawing,
Mingled with a dismal gnawing, and then rose the dreadful thought
That most likely I was sent for! but I could n't go, I thought;
'After all, perhaps 'tis naught.'

'Then I turned me, half despairing, with a kind of desperate daring,
Little fearing little caring what should prove to be my lot;
Raised the courage that was needed, and unto the door proceeded,
Lifted up the latch as HE did, he whom I such tricks had taught,
He, the fond and faithful creature, whom I once such tricks had taught,
He who was but now is not.'

Hence it was not 'CARLO,' but a huge *Black Cat*, 'with tail aspiring gifted, and bristling back uplifted,' between 'whom' and the writer there ensues a colloquy, which is quite like the conversation carried on between Mr. POE and '*The Raven*.' . . . 'MERE stupidity,' says a clever modern essayist, 'accompanied by a certain degree of fluency, is no inconsiderable power. It enables its possessor to protract a contest long after he is

beaten, because he neither understands his own case, nor the arguments which have been triumphantly used against him.' This remark came to our mind recently, while perusing in a northern journal a long and labored reply to our brief strictures upon the undigested odds-and-ends that go to make up a slipshodical book, facetiously termed 'BOYD'S *Rhetoric*' by the compiler thereof. The writer of the article in question, beyond all doubt our author himself, says: 'I had *myself* formed a very favorable opinion of Mr. BOYD'S work.' 'Altogether likely;' but in common with several of our contemporaries, we had formed quite *another* opinion of the book, from the book itself, knowing nothing and caring less about the compiler-author. Mr. BOYD, by a pleasant PECKSNIFFIAN method of reasoning, makes the village where he resides a theme of defence against our 'aspersions!' Rather 'a weak invention,' but characteristic enough. The bump of 'esteem' for mere pen-and-ink book-makers, adepts at nothing save verbosity and scissors, is very faintly propelled on our cranium; and when in the exercise of professional duty we manifest this 'deficiency,' we must expect to take the consequences; for

'Who e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law?'

The rhetorician's defence of his book is a very weak one; indeed, except the book itself, we remember nothing more contemptible. But 'we trifle time.' Good morning, Mr. BOYD! . . . We came across the following the other day; and so forcibly, so vividly does it portray the thoughts which have a hundred times passed through our own minds, when surveying similar scenes, that it seemed more a remembrance than 'any new thing:' 'We often pause beneath the windows of some public hospital, and picture to ourself the gloomy and mournful scenes that are passing within. The sudden movement of a taper, as its feeble ray shoots from window after window, until its light gradually disappears, as if it were carried farther back into the room, to the bed-side of some suffering patient, is enough to awaken a whole crowd of reflections; the mere glimmering of the low-burning lamps, which, when all other habitations are wrapped in darkness and slumber, denote the chamber where so many forms are writhing with pain, or wasting with disease, is sufficient to check the most boisterous merriment. Who can tell the anguish of those weary hours, when the only sound the sick man hears, is the disjointed wanderings of some feverish slumberer near him, the low moan of pain, or perhaps the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man? Who but those who have felt it, can imagine the sense of loneliness and desolation which must be the portion of those who in the hour of dangerous illness are left to be tended by strangers; for what hands, be they ever so gentle, can wipe the clammy brow, or smooth the restless bed, like those of mother, wife, or child?' . . . THAT was strong 'presumptive evidence' of personal cleanliness, which was conveyed by the reply of a lad to a gentleman who asked him why it was that his father came to have such dirty hands: 'Cause,' said he, 'he is always wiping them on his face.' The old gentleman usually illustrated a small distance, as for example, three-fourths of an inch, by saying, 'It was as broad as *the black* of my nail.' Every body has heard of the man who said, in reply to a remark touching an 'awful pause' in a company, that 'he guess'd *they'd* have awful paws too, if they performed as much labor as *he* did.' The following, however, is the most amusing application of the word that we remember ever to have seen: 'At an election dinner at Cambridge, the mayor sat at one end of the table, and Sir PETER PAWSEY, a gentleman of good estate, at the other. Sir PETER'S son, a raw, long-legged lad from Harrow, was also at table. After dinner, the general buzz that frequently occurs in a large mixed party was succeeded by a momentary silence. 'Here is one of those awkward *pauses* that one sometimes meets with at table,' observed the mayor to a doctor of civil laws on his right. Well, the conversation went on, and in about ten minutes a cessation of talk suddenly took place. 'Here is *another* of those awkward *pauses* at table,' repeated the mayor to the doctor. 'Not half so awkward as a Cambridge mayor!' bellowed Sir PETER PAWSEY, casting a furious glance at the astonished

chief magistrate. The fact is, the baronet had pocketed the first supposed personal affront, which he had taken to himself; but the second, glancing as it seemed to do upon his darling and only son, was too much for his endurance.' . . . 'Sunday in a Country Village' has been somewhat anticipated by a paper included in the 'Sketches of the Country,' by our friend 'N. S. D.,' entitled 'Sunday in New-England.' The present sketch is well written, especially that portion of it which depicts the Paul-Pryhood of a small village on the Sabbath. 'As the poet says:'

On Sunday is the time, of course,
When Gossip's congregated force
Pours from the central chapel:
Then hints and anecdotes increase,
And in the mansion-house of Peace
Dark Discord drops her apple.

Open a shutter, turn a lock,
The whole row feels the electric shock,
Springs tilt, their blinds up-throwing;
And every ear and every eye
Darts to one centre, to decry
Who's coming or who's going.

WE have dropped in on two or three occasions to hear Mr. HUDSON discuss the merits of that very clever writer, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, of whom most persons had 'by parcels *something* heard,' before Mr. HUDSON, like 'PETER CRAM at Tinnecum,' had 'cal'lated to lectur' among us. We were not a *little* disappointed the first time we heard him. Notwithstanding the Boston *prestige* which preceded his advent, we had not listened to him for ten minutes, before we said, mentally:

'He is one of the tribe who subsist by their wits,
Remembered by starts and forgotten by fits!'

and 'it will go nigh to be *thought* so, shortly.' But, however natural the inference, this proved not to be altogether a 'righteous judgment.' His gestures, his manner, his intonations, were — we desire to use a mild term — ridiculous. *Str. VITUS* and the *Rev. Mr. MAWORM* seemed contending for the mastery in the composition of his style. And what was worse than all, the fact could not be disguised that his manner was assumed — that it was not natural. Affectation of any kind is sufficiently contemptible; but *affectation of uncouthness* strikes us as the height of vulgarity. That his manner was affected, could not, as we have said, be disguised; and moreover it was *proved* by the fact that the speaker found it necessary, in his subsequent lectures, greatly to subdue and modify his ludicrous defects. They were found 'not to do,' exactly, in *this* meridian. Mr. HUDSON is a *striking* lecturer. He has been a diligent student of SHAKESPEARE, but a still more faithful compiler of the opinions of his commentators; some of whom he condemned in no measured terms, while he was actually serving out their own criticisms upon the Great Bard, after an antithetical method of his own, which to those not conversant with HAZLITT, SCHLEGEL, COLERIDGE, and other writers upon the characters of SHAKESPEARE, doubtless seemed as original in matter as in manner. We recognized many an old friend in his transposed and inverted thoughts; just as CARLYLE would have recognized himself in the lecturer's description of BURNS in the society of Edinburgh, on his first visit to the Northern Metropolis. Mr. HUDSON possesses earnestness of manner; he has fortified himself for his task by some reading and much *remembering*; he has occasional feeling, underneath all the semblances of uncouthness which he no doubt finds to stand him in good stead, in *one* point of view; and these are his principal attractions. But, with our contemporary, the '*Albion*' weekly journal, we decline to receive as a capable *expounder* of SHAKESPEARE one who holds such absurd opinions touching the character of POLONIUS, and who denies to LADY MACBETH the possession of mind. . . . Our story of the negro who 'hear'n sumfin drop' when he fell from the top of a tree, has recalled to the mind of a friend in the country the following circumstance: 'A young gentleman, a member of our college, was expelled for the crime of drawing young ladies up to his room at night, and letting them down in the morning by means of a rope and basket arranged from his window. Of course a great deal of gossiping conversation was the consequence. The following colloquy occurred between two young ladies: 'JANE, do you really believe that students draw girls up to their rooms?' 'Certainly, my dear; more than that, I *know* they do.' 'How?' 'Well, I was going by the colleges one morn-

ing; it was just before light; 't was *very* early in the morning; and I heard a noise in the direction of one of the college-buildings. I looked that way, and as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket, about half-way from a three-story window to the ground; and just then the rope broke, and — *down I came!*' Very improper, JANE — *very!* . . . *Not on the Battle-Field* is the striking title of a noble poem from the pen of Reverend JOHN PIERPONT, of Boston, contributed to a recent number of 'The Peace Advocate.' It has this motto from 'The Neighbors:' 'To fall on the battle-field fighting for my country, that would not be hard.' The poet expresses a different aspiration; although it is not in conformity exactly with the sentiments of a former poem of his, in which these lines occur:

'In the God of Battles trust;
Die we may, and die we must,
And oh! where can 'dust to dust'
Be consigned so well?'

as — *where*, do you suppose, reader? Why, on the battle-field! But *n'importe*: the following is otherwise considered:

'O NO, no — let me lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmeted head:
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

'From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

'I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshins flashes on the lifted lance:
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rang
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave.

'Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.

But, as his eye grows dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
'What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No: let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave
The world, when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered;
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits — spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

'And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there in virtuous deeds,
Have sprang up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!'

There is a *something* which seems to us prosaic in the construction of the lines we have omitted; the familiar names, perhaps, of the towns and monuments that bear record of American valor; and the mere remark, 'Some of these piles I've seen,' with which they are introduced. But the ensuing, as a picture, is perfect, and 'sweetly musical':

'THY 'tomb,' THEMISTOCLES,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis:
And thine, too, have I seen,
Thy mound of earth, PATROCLUS, roled in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over, as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.'

A profound essay upon 'The Spirit of the Age,' in a late English Magazine, contains many hopeful auguries of the general peace of the world in all future time. Instead of

soldiers marching to and fro to express their desire for peace, by the sound of the trumpet; to force conviction at the point of the sword, and inculcate charity by grape-shot, a network of rail-ways shall be stretched over the globe, that shall enable men of every nation to meet and mingle freely with each other; giving and receiving hospitality; explaining and receiving explanations upon all matters of difference; learning and exhibiting, in a word, to each other their true hearts and minds; when each, finding the other but a reflex of his own, will eschew harsher modes of communication, and leave the lovers of war to enjoy among themselves their own system of peace-making. Hosts of agencies are also at work to remove the thousand distinctions that agitate and divide society. The philosopher will yet behold the time which he is anticipating and working for, when man, leaving to his powerful and faithful friends, the machines, the wear and tear, the rough and displeasing portions of the business of life, shall find the remainder a recreation rather than a toil, and begin to devote himself in earnest to the grander duties of life, that of developing wealth that economists never dreamed of, the surpassing wealth of his own intellectual and moral being. 'A consummation devoutly to be wished:' may GOD speed the time! Since the foregoing was in type, we perceive that the Hon. Mr. CHARTERIS, the member of the British Parliament who moved the address in reply to the QUEEN's speech from the throne, among other things remarked in reference to the recent visits of foreign sovereigns to England, that the time was not far distant when the power of steam would unite the capitals of all the countries of Europe, until the inhabitants of each became so interested in the public works of all the others, that a unanimity of interest would ultimately prove to be the best of all safeguards against the chances of a war. This reasoning is based upon sound philosophy. . . . It is not without a sense of exultation, that we cordially commend the 'Original Papers' of the present number. They are so much to our own taste, that we cannot but hope our readers will share the pleasure which their perusal has given us. The initial article will command the reader's attention, not less by the importance of its theme than by the graces of its style. The next prose paper needs no praise of ours. If its closing portions are not deemed to be scarcely less striking than COOPER's very best scenes, we shall be willing to 'surrender our guess.' The 'Scenes at Constantinople' are of recent occurrence, and fresh from the facile pen of our old and esteemed correspondent at the Turkish capital. None of our readers will lack the 'perception' to discover, the heart to feel, or the taste to admire the beauty of the thoughts 'On Perception' by 'glorious JOHN' WATERS. In the 'Sketches of the Great West,' the reader will be impressed with many objects of striking interest. The opening section reveals to us the *reality* of those monsters of the early creation, 'whose very ruins are tremendous.' What an animal must have been the '*Missourium*!'

'Soon as the deluge ceased to pour
The floods of death from shore to shore,
And verdure smiled again,
Hatched amidst elemental strife,
He sought the upper realms of life,
The tyrant of the plain!

'Creation felt a general shock:
The screaming eagle sought the rock,
The elephant was slain:
Affrighted men to caves retreat,
Tigers and leopards licked his feet,
And owls his lordly reign.'

AN amusing writer tells us, that at a certain town in Italy they exhibit the skeleton of the first animal that drew blood, and thus broke the general peace; namely, the flea that bit EVE, the night after her fall! It is of immense size; a circumstance much in favor of the truth of the story, and of the antediluvian origin of the insect; for 'there were giants in those days,' and men reached a prodigious age; but since the deluge both mankind and fleas have gradually degenerated in size and figure, until they have come to be a stunted, short-lived, squishy race. The slow but steady-purposed bug, the mosquito with his sounding horn, the frisky and agile flea, are not what they were, 'by a long chalk.' In reading the sketch of the rise of the vast Missouri in the Rocky Mountains, we called to mind the striking remark of a late English traveller. 'It is interesting,' he says, 'to trace the rivers upward to their last fibres; they have their roots in the skies; or they may be considered as the roots of the sea, which thus grows in the heavens, and draws its supplies of nour-

ishment from thence.' By the by, we accidentally omitted, in the description of the 'Grand Tower' rock in the Mississippi, in our last number, the following passage: 'A highly poetical suggestion in reference to the Grand Tower has been made, which every American would feel proud to see carried into effect. It is, that a monument to FULTON be erected upon its top. The expense could easily be defrayed by collections from passengers on the boats which pass it. A statue of FULTON, executed by POWERS, the native sculptor of the Valley, and erected on the top of Grand Tower, midway in the length of the great Mississippi, and in its strongest current, would indeed be a noble memorial, at once honorable to the mighty genius who taught how to stem the tide of the great Father of Waters, to the art of sculpture, as developed by the Great West, and to the gratitude of a great nation.' This suggestion is quite too important to be overlooked. — NED BUNTLINE, with 'a clear field' asks 'no favor' of his readers. He is one of your gallant, dashing sort of persons who *compel* admiration. Witness this passage from a letter of one of our most felicitous contributors: 'I s'pose you *know* that NED BUNTLINE is 'clever, very?' If you don't, be aware of it. He is one of those provoking fellows that I can't altogether like, either, for I am sure to find an unpublished thought of my own too often to be comfortable, to say nothing of phrases, or combinations, or something which ought to have been mine, and would have been, if I had thought of them; and yet I don't think I am jealous of any thing in the wide world; for there is room enough, Heaven knows, and 'the blue sky bends over all.' — THE opening of the present 'POLYGON Paper' arrested our sympathies at once; 'and therewithal the water stood in our eyes.' Young; an accomplished scholar; a man of the world, in the best sense of that abused term; and a most felicitous writer; we will *not* believe that his earthly doom is yet sealed. The shadow *will* go back upon the dial; the sweet airs of spring *will* breathe into his nostrils a new breath of life. Heaven send him health and strength! — If our readers laugh only half as heartily as we did at the 'Hints to Lovers,' our object, and we are sure that of the writer, will be attained. 'The Chemist's Dream,' from a new contributor, is fully equal to the 'Dinner of the Months,' by a distinguished English writer, which has been so much admired. The poetical department, we trust our readers will agree with us, is unusually well supplied. . . . THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH is *dead*. What a wholesome satirist, what a subtle wit, what a benevolent reformer, has the world lost in him! Admirable as was his written style, we are informed by those who knew him most intimately, that in society his literary was lost in his excelling personal manner. His conversation sparkled and cheered, as if it were colloquial champagne. We remember hearing Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, who met him frequently during his residence in London, remark, that when encountered in society, he was sure to be found the centre of some circle, whose delighted countenances evinced the source of their enjoyment. Titled dames, ministerial dignitaries, lordly bishops in their stoles, all might be seen gathered around him, drinking in with 'pleased alacrity' his delightful wit or sparkling humor. But, as is well observed by a London journal, SYDNEY SMITH's character will be estimated by posterity on higher grounds. 'It will not be forgotten, that he supported Roman Catholic claims, and that they were conceded; that he strenuously assaulted the game-laws, and that they underwent great modification; that he compelled a large portion of the public to acknowledge the mischief of our penal settlements; that he became the advocate of the wretched chimney-sweepers, and their miseries were alleviated; that he contended against many of the unjust provisions of the Church Reform Bill, and they were amended; that whereas, before his time, a man accused at the bar of a criminal court might be hanged before he had been half heard, now every prisoner has the benefit of a defence by counsel. It will be freely acknowledged too, that no public writer was more successful than he in denouncing a political humbug, or demolishing a literary pretender; that he was, in fine, an upright and a benevolent man.' We cannot help asking ourselves: 'In the state upon which the departed prelate has entered, shall there be exercised no pleasant wit, no immortal humor? Can that be to him a happy place, in which those elements which have entered so largely

into his intellectual enjoyments in *this* world are unknown! One is scarcely willing to believe it. We are almost tempted to wish with LAMB, that there may be a provision for the peculiar tastes of such choice spirits in the 'unknown land to which we go.' . . . A FRIEND writing from Washington early in March gives us this pleasant sketch of a 'Sucker' office-seeker: 'DICKENS might draw some laughable caricatures from the live specimens of office-hunters now on hand here. The new President has just advised them all to go home and leave their papers behind them, and such a scattering you never saw! One fellow came here from Illinois, and was introduced to a wag, who he was told had great influence at court, and who, although destitute of any such pretensions, kept up the delusion for the sake of the joke. The Sucker addressed the man of influence something in this wise: 'Now, stranger, look at them papers. Them names is the fust in our town. There's Deacon STILES — there aint a piouser man in all the county; and then there's JOHN ROGERS, our shoe-maker; he made them boots, and a better pair never tramped over these diggins. You would n't think them soles had walked over three hundred miles of Hoosier mud, but they have though, and are sound yet. Every body in our town knows JOHN ROGERS; just you go out to Illinois and ask him about *me*; you'll find out how I stand. Then you ask JIM TURNER, our constable, what I did for the party; he'll tell you I was a screamer at the polls. Now, I've come all the way from Illinois, and on foot too, most of the way, to see if I can have justice. They wanted me to take a town office to home, but I must have something that pays beforehand; such as them *char-gees*, as they call 'em. I haint got but seven dollars left, and I can't wait; just get me one of them *char-gees*, will ye? Tell the old man how 't is—he'll do it. Fact is, he *must*; I've aint the office; d—d if I haint!' . . . We perceive that the subject of '*National Nomenclature*,' first agitated by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING in these pages, and subsequently discussed by the public journals from Maine to Missouri, is again on the tapis. We hold, with the '*Broadway Journal*,' that if a new name for our country can be adopted, *Apalachia* should be chosen, being indiginous, springing from the country itself, calculated to reflect honor upon the aborigines, and moreover a just tribute to Mr. IRVING, 'who should be entitled to name the land for which in letters he first established a name.' . . . We do n't exactly know how 'to take' our correspondent at Lexington, Kentucky. His letter is about as definite and specific as the method given by one old dame to another, to ascertain whether Indigo was good or not: 'You see, you must take the lumps and pebünd 'em up e'en a'most to a pebänder, and then sprinkle the pebänder on top of a pan of water; and if the indigo is *good*, it'll 'ither sink or swim, and I do n't know which!' We 'don't know which,' dear Sir. Will you enlighten us? . . . We hear from Paris that a countrywoman of ours, whose name is not given, has been so shocked at seeing a little *statuette*, by one of the most eminent artists of France, representing a young mother, half dressed, fondling her infant child, a work of most exquisite beauty, that she has caused neat little black silk dresses to be made for the mother and the child, and has had them habited therein! The *statuette* of the two figures, becomingly clothed, now occupies a prominent position on her chimney-piece, and excites a good deal of remark, and not a little ridicule. Miss M'TAVISH, formerly of Baltimore, a lady of great intellectual and personal endowments, has attracted marked attention and admiration in the highest English and French circles. She is a near relative of Lady WELLESLEY; and it was to her kindness that we were indebted for the admirable poem, '*The Battle of Camperdown*,' by the late Marquess WELLESLEY, which was first given to the public in these pages. . . . We have large accessions of '*PUNCH*' by the late arrivals. The 'eastern contributor' gives a peculiarly *Frenchy* description of his ascent up the pyramid, to introduce PUNCH to CHOROS, to 'leave his card at the gates of History.' He would have hunted for rhymes in which to express his emotions, but he was 'occupied all night in hunting for something else.' In the gray of dawn, however, he 'lighted a fire of camel's dung at the north-east corner of the pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo,' and made a pot of paste; and at precisely nineteen minutes past seven, the big placard of PUNCH was stuck upon the topmost stone, amidst cheers which astonished the undiscovered

mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers beneath, and even disturbed the broken-nosed old sphynx, who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. PUNCH is much troubled with curious contributors, who sometimes ask him difficult questions, but he is never at fault in his replies. Par example: 'If you have a check, what ought you to do with your pawn?' The answer is: 'If you have a check, and the amount is sufficient, call at your uncle's and release your pawn at once.' 'Potato, to be sure, is nothing but starch; but a piece of potato dropped into a glass of grog would not have the effect of stiffening it.' This display of knowledge in the instances of chess and chemistry, is equal to the 'Sunday Mercury's' of anatomy, etc. Their NIMROD is a genius: 'How does man differ from the brute creation?' 'He stands upright, but does n't act so. He walks on two legs, contrary to the Bible, for it says, 'Upon thy belly shalt thou go all the days of thy life.' 'Where is situated the carotid artery?' 'It commences both sides of the neck at the shirt-collar, passes up under the hat-brim to the top of the head, then down the incensate canal and terminates in both boots!' 'How long ought a person to remain in a warm bath?' 'Till he finds his toe-nails floating on the surface of the water.' But, *revertens à nous Ponce*: The QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT have been on a visit to Brighton. The comfort of 'the royal children' was not forgotten: 'The royal carpet-beater was sent for, and entrusted with the hearth-rug of the Pavilion play-room; the inspector of palaces had been sent down expressly to see to the lighting of the fires and airing of the beds; and the steward of the clothes-horse held a consultation with the warming-pan in ordinary, as to the airing of the sheets and blankets.' . . . THE remarks of our correspondent at Hartford, Conn., would have 'hurt our feelings,' but for a note from a friend, received within the same hour. It takes *all sorts* of people, Sir, to make a world: 'You are right in doing what you can to extend the realms of good humor. Blessed be the wind that wakes a few ripples on the stagnant waters, and the pleasant sunshine which makes them sparkle in the light! Give me the new-comer whose philosophy brightens all faces like his own, rather than the grim didactic visage which cools the whole atmosphere around. *Non amabile frigus*!' . . . THIS fair 'hit' at the semi-original of GALT's 'Laurie Todd' is one of the funny scraps of the 'Broadway Journal': 'Mr. THORNBURN has grown fat, figuratively, upon the reputation of LAURIE TODD; he looks as smiling as one of his own perennials whenever any one asks him if he was really the original of GALT's hero. The career of Mr. THORNBURN has been an exceedingly common one, and it is proof of his simple-heartedness that he regards himself as an evidence of divine goodness, in having attained to the venerable age of seventy-two. But we have known a parrot that attained to a greater age even than that.' 'Anent the bird, I wish he had n't said *that*.' By the by, we incline to think that the 'Journal' and its highly technical correspondent might as well relinquish the idea of writing down Trinity Church. The truth is, that that *rather* respectable structure has an appeal to the eye, the instructed as well as uninstructed eye, that neither unexplained sneers nor minute technical criticisms can in the least affect. The noble spire, at the last advices, rose gracefully into mid-air; but then 'OPERATIVE's reserved 'strictures' have not yet appeared. By the way, has 'OPERATIVE' ever seen the Moravian Church, in Houston-street, east of Broadway? *That* now is a fair subject for critical satire. Seen from the Bowery, it looks like a barn with a 'kiss-me-quick' hood on. . . . Is there a greater bore in christendom than your person who takes nothing for granted!—who insists upon minute particularity in every sentence you utter!—and who has no conception whatever of a figure of speech?' An inquisitor of this stamp will reply to the remark, 'Ah! that is something like,' with, 'Like *what*?' and insist upon an answer. An entertaining travelling companion gives us an amusing specimen in this kind, a fellow-Englishman, whom he encountered at Naples. Chancing to make use of the term 'a stone's throw off,' he was at once brought up with: 'It is but 'a stone's-throw,' you say; but my dear Sir, what do you *call* a stone's throw? Mount Vesuvius now will throw you a stone a matter of thirty miles; and little King DAVID, though not so strong as Vesuvius, would throw a stone much farther than I could: witness his attack upon GOLIATH.' 'Oh! I mean it is but a street's length off,'

carelessly answered the victim. 'Well, but my dear Sir, streets *differ* in length,' rejoined the indefatigable querist; and he proceeded to illustrate the correctness of his assumption, by citing divers examples of long and short thoroughfares. Defend us from such utterly matter-of-fact persons. Like DICKENS's 'Parlor Orator' they require proof of every thing. 'He is a true friend to his race,' says he. 'Prove it,' said I. 'His acts prove it,' says he; 'Prove *them*,' says I. . . . A SUBSCRIBER at Society Hill, (S. C.) in a note to the publisher enclosing his subscription to the KNICKERBOCKER, adds by way of postscript: 'By the by, Mr. Publisher, you will oblige me very much by sending me (on the wrapper perhaps of your next number) the EDITOR's name. I hardly think it right that one should be so well entertained at a gentleman's 'Table,' without knowing his name. *Pardonnez*, Mr. KNICK, but a subscriber craves an introduction.' Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in life: 'Mr. 'H. A. S.,' permit the publisher to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, who since the fourth number of the third volume (out of its series of twenty-five) of this Magazine, has been its sole Editor. Of the few issues which preceded his administration, two or three were edited by Mr. CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, author of 'Winter in the West,' two or three by the late TIMOTHY FLINT, and the remainder by Mr. S. D. LANGTREE, deceased. . . . THE 'Letters from Cuba' and 'The St. Leger Papers' arrived too late for the present number. They will appear in our next. 'Dark Ellsaph's Life-Tale,' having been unavoidably delayed, will be concluded in the same issue. The following papers are either filed for immediate insertion, or under 'favorable consideration': 'My Grandfather's House'; 'American Poetry'; 'Polygon Papers'; 'A Pioneer Group'; 'The Seven Tyrants'; 'Necessity of a National Literature,' etc. . . . SEVERAL new publications, and new editions of old ones, were received at too late an hour for other reference than this mere acknowledgment. They will be duly noticed in our next.

LITERARY RECORD.—MR. EDWARD DUNNIGAN, in Numbers Twenty-three and Twenty-four, has completed his superb edition of the Douay Bible. We have already twice or thrice adverted to this excellent edition; but we must not omit to mention that its original excellence has marked the series of numbers to the very last. The first of the issues before us contains a touching and tasteful design on steel, for a 'Register of Deaths.' . . . Messrs. SAXTON AND MILLS, Broadway, have published in a remarkably convenient form, 'The Vocal Guide, a First Book for Schools and Classes in Vocal Music,' by WILLIAM J. EDSON. This is a very comprehensive and well-arranged treatise. It contains a systematic arrangement of the elements of the art, adapted to the modern mode of teaching by the aid of the black-board; with directions, illustrations, and remarks, on the application of the rules, the attuning of the voice, and the practice of singing, etc. Not a word of praise of 'The Vocal Guide' need be added to the fact, that the present is the *twelfth* edition of the work. . . . Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, enterprising gentlemen, who faithfully perform their promises to the public, and who are acquiring a wide reputation, republish without abridgment that eminent medical work, the 'London Lancet,' in a style of excellence, alike of print, paper, and multitudinous illustrations, which renders it quite impossible to distinguish the American from the English edition. Among the papers in the number before us, is one, elaborately illustrated, upon distortions, etc., of the nose, by disease or freaks of nature. Beside being very full in relation to the diag-nose-is and treatment of maladies which attack the facial 'handles' of 'us humans,' the article has certain touches of playful humor, which render it very entertaining. The writer lays down several unanswerable propositions, and among them this: 'If the nose is large, it is a good deal in the way; and he gives drawings of several patients, who truly had, as is well observed, 'a great deal too much nose.' Speaking of the Tulliacotan operation, or new nose-making from the skin of the forehead, the writer says that 'A good deal of paring is sometimes necessary, to make the nose quite handsome.' We should rather suspect as much. It seems, however, that the dreadful and frightful looking wound in the forehead soon fills up, and presents little or no deformity. BUTLER, in his 'Hudibras,' tells us that noses are sometimes made from a part of some other individual, which could well be spared, and that when the party died, from whom it was borrowed, the nose dropped off! We have seen only three or four persons who upon this hypothesis originally 'ran their face' for a 'proboe-kia' to the same. Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY have become the publishers of our eminent novelist, J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.; and have in press a new romance, from his pen, entitled '*Satanstoe, or the Family of Littlepage*.' It will appear early in May.

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LITERARY RECORD.

MESSRS. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY'S MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS; WORKS PUBLISHED BY MR. J. S. REDFIELD; THE 'GOVERNMENTAL INSTRUCTOR,' THE MAY-QUEEN, BY MR. DEMPSTER; DR. BEDFORD'S ADDRESS; THE 'SPIRIT OF THE TIMES' LITERARY AND SPORTING JOURNAL; 'THE BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS,' ETC.; HAL-LECK'S POEMS.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers to the KNICKERBOCKER are hereby notified, that after the first of July next, the POSTAGE on this work will be reduced to six and a half cents per number : and the publisher now offers to send the work *free of postage* to all who will remit the amount of one year's subscription in advance, before the 15th of June next.

JOHN ALLEN,

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No. 5.

SKETCH OF MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

BY FRANÇOIS CORCUTT.

THE 'Lone Star' has arisen above our horizon, and the astronomers, with such mental spectacles or telescopes as have been given them of Heaven, are examining their horoscopes, and proclaiming unto their fellows what manner of star it is. Some say it is a mere meteor, without power to affect the system, which in a blaze of light is harmlessly passing through our atmosphere. Others teach that it is a new planet, which, while moving quietly in its own orbit, will revolve in our sphere round the same Sun of Liberty; and others again think it but a comet passing the outskirts of our system, giving a moment's light to the wise, a moment's alarm to the ignorant, and going on its errand *alone*. But the most powerful glass has not yet enabled the astronomer to peer through the dark time-atmosphere, and define the evolutions of the stranger which has so suddenly changed the appearance of the heavens.

The waves of Texas excitement have rolled over the land, and in their course have cut short the career of some of our greatest men, like a submarine volcano: proudly the ships lie upon the waters, while the winds are hushed, and the sky is clear, when lo! they are suddenly destroyed by mountain waves, which are heaved up as if by magic, and overwhelm them. A new isle may be formed by the volcano, from which other ships will gather riches, but they have gone down forever. The Texas question has assumed such an importance that our Greatest find it difficult to handle. Only a short time has passed since it was a 'little cloud no bigger than a man's hand,' but it has grown, and grown, until like that which the prophet saw, it has covered the heavens; but whether, like that, to bring rain, and plenty, and peace, or a hurricane, disorder, and death, the dim vista of the future shadows forth but darkly. To shut our eyes to the importance of this subject, and treat it with contempt as insignificant, is folly; and to rush into union with indecent haste, with foreign and constitutional questions unsettled, is still greater folly. It was the high and solemn duty of those before whom this question has been so far settled, to mark, learn and inwardly digest all its

complicated bearings, with feelings above party considerations, that each one might be able to meet his fellows and his God with the consciousness of having done, as far as in him lay, that which was best for the highest good of his whole country. Texas is one of the fairest spots of our earth; its fruitful fields yield their increase to the husbandman with little effort on his part, so that he can almost reverse the old curse that man should eat bread in the sweat of his brow. Larger than New-England and the Middle States combined, its three hundred thousand square miles extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the Red river, and from the Sabine to the Del Norte: in mineral and vegetable productions, and countless streams for manufacturing, containing within themselves resources for an empire.

And its climate too is unrivalled. In the balmy night air the grass and flowers of her prairies can be used as a couch, with the sky for a canopy, and the stars as tapers, and a new vigor be infused by the refreshing and harmless air. It would be an acquisition of note to any emperor; no wonder then that we plain republicans should be a little dazzled, and feel an 'itching palm' when thinking of the tempting prize. All this beauty, salubrity, and productiveness, is good, but not the best; indeed when compared with the important question of who lives, moves and has a being there, it is of little moment. Spain, Mexico, Italy, each has these natural advantages, yet if they were our neighbors, and had the same population which they now have, few persons would wish them to be one with us. The important question is, *WHAT ARE THE TEXIANS*, not *What is Texas*? Are they the heated, the wild, the desperate, drained from our population, and well away, who if again united would add new strife to our councils? Or are they good citizens, who have gone to till the land, and brave ones, who with a noble impulse have ventured their lives to free the state from bondage? A desert is better with a people who have one God for a day-star and Liberty and Right for watch-words, than an Eden with a people the reverse of this.

With feelings such as these we have looked with interest to each new light which should enable us to see more clearly into the heart of the matter; and they now induce us to offer the following sketch of the life of MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, that in one point we may add as far as we are able some little to the general knowledge of what manner of men have lived in Texas, or been loved or hated by Texans; and we do it with more interest as he has swayed somewhat, and will probably again before the grave closes upon his career, the destinies of the young republic.

SHORTLY after the revolution of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., and to escape from the horrible cruelties and prosecutions which followed that event, one of the Huguenot families which were fleeing from France by thousands to various parts of the world, bade their native country farewell in haste and terror, and crossed the Atlantic in search of some spot of earth where they might worship their God in peace and safety, untterrified by that bigotry which would annihilate them, while it held the cross aloft as its pole-star to light it on to deeds at which the angels might well weep, and the dark spirits of Hades laugh in tri-

umph. The head of this family, which was of noble blood, was named JOHN LA MAR. They reached the colonies in safety about the beginning of the past century, settled in Maryland, and as the family increased and a new generation arose, they branched off from their first resting-place, and took their new abodes principally in Georgia, near and among the wild tribes of Cherokees, in whom they found *friends*, compared with the civilized fiends from whom their parents had fled in the Old World. Years passed on; another and another generation was born: a century had passed away since the first La Mar stepped upon our shores, and the United States had come into existence as a nation; and, a giant at its very birth, thrown off the shackles which bound it, when one of the great-grandchildren of the exiled Huguenot, with his young wife, settled at Louisville, then the capital of Georgia; and there, on the sixteenth day of August, 1798, the subject of this sketch, MIRABEAU B. LAMAR was born.

The family consisted, beside himself, of five daughters and four sons, who, under the care of a father of inflexible integrity, and a fond and intellectual mother, grew up respected and esteemed, and several of them afterward filled various official stations. When Lamar was three years old, the family removed to Putnam county, where, on the plantation which had been selected as a homestead, they remained for the next quarter of a century. Lamar grew up a lively, healthy, and vigorous boy, with inexhaustible animal spirits, and an insatiable fondness for fun and frolic. A melancholy part of Lamar's life was the period when he attended school, the routine-duties and confinement of which he hated; but parental authority of course kept him there for a number of years, during which, as each new sun arose, and the school hours approached, the boy, so generally gay, his companion's favorite and leader, trudged off to his six hours' confinement with a heavy heart, to repeat his half-learned tasks; and then, as the happy hour of dismissal arrived, like the uncaged bird, fly off to revel in some new sport, or with favorite and school-forbidden authors, find young romance, and store his mind and enlarge his thoughts with knowledge which from task-books he found it impossible to acquire. The release from school came at last, and Lamar with his large capacity revelled in his new liberty, and passed the days and nights in fencing, dancing, and riding, being one of the most expert equestrians in the country, and in reading and poetry, a taste for which was born with him; and he now composed with facility and published his effusions in the newspapers of the neighborhood.

Having arrived at manhood, he entered into mercantile life as copartner with Dr. WILLIS ROBERTS, at Cahawba: the Doctor, however, was extravagant and careless, and Lamar too fond of poetry and politics to be very successful as merchants. The copartnership lasted but one year, when he sold out to the Doctor, and united with Mr. William Allen in the publication of the 'Cahawba Press,' which step was occasioned by his interest in Governor Bibb's measures; and these having been carried through, he left the paper and returned once more to his father's home. The time was now passed principally in attention to politics, in travelling from town to town, and speaking at the various

meetings on such measures as his party were endeavoring to carry through. While on one of these excursions, he accidentally met the being who was to have a marked and powerful influence over his future life. He saw the face but a moment; it was that of a mere girl, upon whose cheeks some fourteen summers had scattered their roses. He knew neither her name nor residence, nor did he endeavor to discover them until it was too late; but he had seen his beau-ideal of female loveliness, and the memory of that face haunted him like the recollection of a pleasant dream. The three following years were passed in a somewhat desultory manner, yet at times with a deep earnestness, and eager prosecution of undertakings to which his imagination on the one hand, or his love of justice and principle on the other, directed him. He had already become a favorite with his party, both as a writer and stump-orator, and with his friends as a poet and a man of large heart. His political influence was perhaps widened by his utter refusal to accept or run for any office in the gift of the people about him.

Being at Edenton in the spring of 1824, he was invited to and attended a social party. As he entered the gay saloon, what was his surprise and pleasure to behold the fair girl whom he had met four years before, now grown up to womanhood, with full and graceful form, and large blue eyes, whose expression told of intellect and affection. Lamar with enthusiasm poured his fancies and thoughts into the ear of the being, the recollection of whom had given brightness to his dreams for so long a time. Before the evening was over, he proposed and was as promptly refused. He was not however to be put off so easily, but made immediate overtures to her friends. The unsettled state of Lamar's existence, however, and the lady's youth, with other reasons, were held up as barriers, and he had to retire from the field without hope. He left the place with a feeling of recklessness, and plunged somewhat into dissipation, more deeply than ever into party politics, and at the request of Gov. Troup, accepted office as his private secretary. The Governor had been long acquainted with him, and placed much confidence in his integrity and abilities; and for the next year Lamar engaged warmly in supporting the measures of the administration, the principal of which arose from difficulties with the general government, about the line then being drawn between Georgia and Alabama, and the removal of the Indians from the State. One day while passing along the street, he was startled by the sight, through the window of a carriage, of Miss —, the lady who had refused him at Edenton. He followed her to the hotel. The lady was on her way to Alabama to settle there with her brother-in-law. Lamar met her, and in a burst of passionate eloquence, begged her to reverse her cruel decision; and the lady, softened by his enthusiasm, gave him some words of encouragement. He soon after followed her to Alabama, where, after a few months, they were married; and, happy beyond what most of us are capable of feeling, bore his bride back toward his father's house.

But misfortune followed; the 'Evil Eye' was upon him; and he was about to pass through an ordeal, compared with which the death-strife of battle was to him a pleasure. He had left the carriage for a moment, while passing through the Indian country, in charge of his negroes,

when the horses suddenly took fright and ran away with the carriage, which struck against a tree and was shivered to pieces, and his lovely bride was thrown out upon a rock against which her face was dashed. Lamar rushed to the spot to clasp in his arms his fainting and mangled wife. The spectacle was a horrid one: from the eye to and through the lip, her face was cut open to the bone, and the severed flesh hung upon the other part of the cheek. With a ready tact and iron will he saw his course, and was ready to pursue it. Bearing her inanimate form to an Indian hut, he placed her on a fur-skin bed. She slowly recovered, and looking up to her husband, with an expression of profound grief, which seemed to make her forget her pain, said: 'You loved me for my beauty — it is gone forever!' 'It is true,' he answered, with a look, which belied his bursting heart. Seeing what she must suffer, he thus aimed to nerve her to the task. 'But there is one possible way of not losing my affection.' 'Oh! name it!' she cried, with new hope. 'Let me sew up the wound,' he answered. She consented at once. He placed her head upon his knee, trimmed the ragged edges of the wound with his razor, and with a common needle-and-thread sewed the severed parts together. And during the agony of those moments, she allowed no groan nor sigh to escape her. The wound healed rapidly, leaving, when it was well, but a small white line, hardly perceptible, and not marring her beauty in the least.

Immediately after his return, Lamar resigned his commission with Gov. Troup. Columbus was settled about this time, and had been selected as the seat of government. Lamar thought it would be a capital opportunity for establishing a newspaper; and having made the necessary arrangements with regard to his plantation, he removed to Columbus, and forthwith commenced the 'Columbus Enquirer,' which still exists as a powerful paper, and has made the fortunes of many who have been from time to time engaged upon it. The paper was established avowedly to support the administration of Gov. Troup, and in firm defence of broad State Right principles. He was now in his element; all his strong domestic feelings being gratified with a quiet home, loving wife and child, and his strong mind with the 'eye to see and the will to do;' being in its proper arena fighting for principle, with a singleness of purpose, daring, and brilliancy, which made his opponents quail before him, or subdued them to his will. In this arena Lamar would probably have passed the remainder of his life, had it pleased the ALMIGHTY to spare him farther affliction; but the iron was yet to enter his soul. During the second year of his residence at Columbus, he was chosen Senator from Muscogee county, and had become a candidate for reelection. The canvass was in progress, and every thing promised well for the future. He was a favorite in the Legislature, and a brilliant career was opening before him, when he was struck to the heart with sorrow at the sudden illness of his wife. Fever had placed its heated hand upon her, and from hour to hour and day to day he saw with terror that the disease was preying upon her fair form. All that love could do was done, but it availed nothing. A few days from the first attack, the companion of his soul, his consolation under affliction, and the shrine at which he laid each new laurel, died in his arms, far

away from all her relations. Lamar was now a stricken man. He relinquished his purpose of running again as senator, disposed of his paper, placed his little daughter under the care of his mother, (an infant son having died previously) and went forth a homeless, aimless wanderer. All was sad and gloomy; the earth dead, the heavens dark, except with one star shining there; and hope and ambition were crushed within him. Few of us can look clearly into a soul like his, and appreciate the desolation which such an event would cause there; the ambitious or selfish man certainly cannot. He had a powerful mind, and all the domestic feelings of the strongest class, and was *without ambition*. All his strength therefore had been concentrated upon home. The wish to gain brighter smiles there, had urged him on in his public career, more than fame or the dazzling tribute of public admiration; and his feelings had nothing to fall back upon, save his little daughter; and she but brought to mind, whenever he looked upon her, the magnitude of his loss.

Years rolled on, and time gradually moderated his grief, as he wandered from place to place, seeking to escape from himself. Politics once more attracted his attention, but it was only impulsively, for the moment, or at times when some darling principle was at stake, and a sudden and daring effort might save it. In this way he became an independent candidate for Congress against both parties, for the avowed purpose of breaking down the caucus system, which was at that time carried to a debasing excess. He succeeded in breaking it down for the time; and although of course defeated in the election, his friends were gratified at the large vote which he polled, and the strong evidence of popularity which met him at all points; but he remained indifferent to that which happened around him; and Texas at the time exciting considerable attention, he turned his steps thitherward, with the intention of traveling through it, merely for amusement.

Arrived in Texas, which was to be the theatre of his future career, though little dreamed of then, he found the excitement concerning Mexican oppression to be strong, and daily gaining strength. The Congress had been turned out at the point of the bayonet, and many other aggressions, at which we cannot even glance. After having passed some time in the country, with growing interest in it, and indignation at the Mexicans, he attended a meeting of the people, and made an eloquent appeal to them upon their sufferings, and the insolent arrogance of their oppressors; first broached the subject of a revolution, and informed them of his intention to become a citizen of the country; urged them to let all half-way measures alone, or attempts at reconciliation, and promised to be theirs in a struggle for independence to the last drop of his blood. He afterward met Stephen F. Austin, another meeting was called, and Austin's speech on that occasion reconciled the people, who had been divided about the question of peace or war. He had just returned from his Mexican imprisonment, and they saw from his statement that war was inevitable, and they determined to resist the enemy to the death. After travelling through the country, addressing the people, and aiding the operations as far as lay in his power, Lamar returned to Georgia to settle his affairs and replenish his purse; but while so engaged, he re-

ceived a letter from the unfortunate Fannin, urging his return, and stating that the enemy had arrived, and was devastating the country. Fired with zeal for the cause, he hastened his departure, but some delay was unavoidable, and he at last arrived at Velasco, there first to learn that the Alamo had fallen, and that Fannin and his companions had been murdered. Many of them had been Lamar's friends and neighbors, and with a sad heart, and earnest longing for vengeance, he set out on foot for the army, having found it impossible to procure a horse at Velasco, from which place the inhabitants were flying away in terror.

After walking thirty miles, he succeeded in purchasing a horse of some Indians, and hastening on, soon joined the army which was lying at Grocés, on the Brazos. Here discontent was loud in its utterances against General Houston, because he still continued retreating; and many of the leaders threatened to leave unless they were led on to action. Alarmed by the excitement about him, the commander-in-chief with the army moved forward the next day to San Jacinto, where the Mexicans were met, and after some slight skirmishing, the two armies encamped in the open prairies some three-quarters of a mile apart; and the night was spent by the Texians in watchfulness, and hope that the morning sun would see them hand to hand with the foe. The morning passed, however, and still Houston delayed the action, until impatience again grew loud; and at last Colonel Sherman, with the cavalry, (which Lamar had joined as a private, after purchasing the most powerful horse in the camp,) were ordered out to alarm the enemy, attack them if he saw fit, and the support of the infantry was promised if necessary. The Texians moved on, burning with desire to avenge their murdered friends at the Alamo and Goliad. As the Mexicans saw them advancing, their own cavalry moved in advance of the line to meet them, and a regiment of infantry filed off on their flank to cover the retreat if necessary. As soon as the Texians came within range of fire, they moved forward with a gallop, and a sharp but short conflict ensued; for the Mexicans were armed with spears which kept their opponents at a disadvantage, and the Texians, not receiving the support from their own army which had been promised, retreated some fifty yards; but a rallying cry was raised, and the party again returned to the charge, with Lamar at its head. This time the attack was more fierce but soon over, and both parties began retreating, save Lamar, who with the 'spirit of the battle' upon him still kept up with the retreating Mexicans, hewing his way among them hand to hand with each opponent, as if blind or indifferent to his danger. Turning an instant, he saw Colonel Rusk at some distance, surrounded by, and keeping at bay, four or five Mexicans. Plunging his spurs into his maddened horse's sides, he dashed on to the rescue, and hewed down the first of the Mexicans, striking his knee however with the full force of his speed against the saddle of his adversary, as he sent him to eternity. The blow upon Lamar's knee gave him intolerable pain; he felt as if he had received a mortal wound: all things swam around him, and for the moment he lost all consciousness. Recovering again, he found he was alone; the three remaining Mexicans had fled toward their party, and Colonel Rusk toward his.

Now came an act of reckless daring seldom equalled. On Lamar's

right was the regiment of Mexican infantry, and a direct line to his own army would bring him within one hundred and fifty yards of them; on his left was a clump of trees, round which his retreating party had passed in safety. Should he follow them on a run, and without danger, or go by the direct line? He chose the latter, and turning toward the camp, in sight of the two armies, *he walked his horse the entire distance while the Mexican regiment were firing at him along their line as he passed.* He heard the balls whistle about his head, but reached the camp unhurt, and by acclamation was selected to command the cavalry for the next day's engagement. Morning again broke upon an eager, anxious and busy mass of beings; and soon after mid-day came off the famous battle or rather rout of San Jacinto. Lamar not only commanded but led his band, rushed into the thickest of the fight, hewing to pieces the wretches who opposed his career, and by his efforts in the work of death, rendered his sword-arm useless for several days after. The events of that day of slaughter are too well known to repeat the details here. Over six hundred were left dead on the field, and some forty Texians killed or wounded.

Soon after the battle, Lamar was called into the cabinet as Secretary of War, the important question before which was, 'Shall we shoot Santa Anna, or treat with him?' Lamar was for the former, and wrote a powerful paper setting forth his views; but other councils prevailed, and the tyrant was let loose again upon his career of blood. Soon after, Lamar was appointed General of the Army, and the following year, at the urgent solicitation of his friends, became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and was duly elected under General Houston. After presiding over the Senate at Columbus for some time, he obtained leave of absence, and returned to Georgia to settle his affairs, where he remained some months, and again came back to his loved and adopted country. His term of office now drawing to a close, and after urgent solicitation on the part of his friends, for he wished to retire to private life, he was induced to become a candidate for the Presidency. The other party, as soon as they knew who was to be their opponent, withdrew their candidate, and Lamar was elected without opposition to the highest office in the gift of the people, in whose army a few years before he had been a private soldier.

Lamar found the government affairs of Texas in a rather chaotic state, each man doing literally that which seemed good unto him, for his predecessor had left things in about the same state in which he found them; having had no moral courage, and caring more to reward partisans, and indulge in sensual excesses, than bring order out of the unruly elements about him. He owed his elevation to personal popularity; the higher qualities of head and heart were wanting.

As quickly as possible Lamar had the diplomatic corps organized, and under his administration the Supreme Court held its first sittings: he soon established those checks and balances in the various departments and offices, without which government soon becomes an anarchy. With regard to the Indians, Houston's policy had been to leave the frontiers unprotected, with a view of concentrating the settlements; and many a scene of cruelty and blood was the consequence. The protec-

tion of the frontier and removal of these Indians was one of the first objects which Lamar endeavored to obtain. With the determination to do so peaceably if he could, bloodily if he must, he made overtures to the principal tribes for their removal beyond the Red River, proposing to pay for their improvements and for the property which they could not take away. They readily consented, but required some months delay to prepare, which was granted; but soon after a courier was captured with documents which proved that the Indians were in league with Mexico, and preparing for war. They were then told that they must go, and at once; but Lamar was still willing to pay them, although they had placed themselves out of the pale of mercy; but the Cherokees threw off the mask, and showed a front of rifles and tomahawks, instead of negotiation and parchment. The Texans, however, had also been on the alert: two battles were fought, and the red men scourged and driven from the country. The most ferocious being driven away, the other tribes were removed by treaty without difficulty, and their improvements paid for at a valuation in specie; Lamar being determined to do them justice, while securing the safety of his own countrymen. The Indians are now in the place assigned them, and in peace and prosperity instead of continual turmoil with the whites, aggravated by their conflicting interests. The friendly Indians were paid for their services as warriors or spies, and had their share of the spoils taken in battle. General Lamar also made strenuous exertions with regard to education, but succeeded in getting from Congress only scanty appropriations for that purpose.

The Navy was also built up and sustained during his administration; and among other important results was the protection of Galveston, the key of the country, where the Mexicans had meditated a descent; but they were soon put upon the defensive by the spirit and courage of Commodore Moore. And during the same period, the independence of Texas was acknowledged by Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland. The expedition to Santa Fé, so little understood, was made under Lamar's direct supervision. He had always been impressed with the importance of extending their jurisdiction to that place, which was within the limits of Texas by the treaty of independence framed with Santa Anna; and a regiment of regular soldiers was formed at the beginning of his administration, for the purpose of pursuing the Comanches to Santa Fé, and then taking possession of it; but the soldiers were employed in driving out the Cherokees, and afterward disbanded by Congress. Still Lamar saw the importance of diverting the immense trade of Santa Fé through its natural channel, Texas, and that it would enable the country to support its government and pay off its debt. He therefore held to his original purpose, and despatched a regiment of volunteers under the command of a gentleman of talent and unflinching courage, General Hugh McLeod; but for causes beyond his control, the expedition failed, leaving him entirely without merited censure or reproach.

But perhaps the best feature of Lamar's administration was the appointments he made to office. No wire-pullers and hungry applicants were the chosen ones; but with his clear eye, and ready perception of character, the able men, men of integrity, those who had the eye to see

and will to do, were selected, and in most cases without their seeking, often without their knowledge. But we must leave him with this hurried sketch. His term of office closed; and he has since, in his Texian home or in travelling, quietly watched the progress of events on which, if in his proper sphere, he should be placing the impress of his mind: but with the quiet of private life came back some of his old indolence, some of his old sadness; and his friends have been unable again to draw him from his seclusion.

General Lamar is now in his forty-sixth year; but the many sorrows which the higher powers have seen good to inflict upon him, have left their impress, and he appears to be some years older. He is of the middle size, with a frame which indicates great muscular power; has blueish, indolent-looking eyes when unexcited; is modest and retiring in his manners and address, and what a *petit-maitre* might call somewhat 'unpresentable;' but it arises from a carelessness of the niceties in the matter of dress, rather than from any want of dignity or graceful bearing; and his quiet is like the calm sea with its unfathomable depths, ready, when opposed in its course, or the winds are abroad, to rise in its might, and rage all-powerful, until its errand is accomplished, then fall back again into its old smiling calm, when the fairy pleasure-boat can ride on its bosom in safety. As a friend he is unchangeable; he avoids or is careless about the bustle and crowd of social life, and contact with strangers: he seeks for that little circle which will form itself round every one who has a heart and soul of large capacity. Among those whom he loves, and who love him, he participates unrestrainedly in the joys of social intercourse. Eloquent in debate, he yet has little of the finish of scholar-like oratory; but never speaking unless his own feelings are deeply interested in the cause, his bursts of eloquence seldom fail to carry his hearers with him; 'for as face answers to face, so does the heart of man.' This holds as good now as when it was penned centuries ago. Lavish in expenditure, he seems to have little idea of the value of money, except as a means whereby to work out the end immediately before him, to reward those who assist him in so doing; and to answer the calls of friendship.

The strong feature of Lamar's character however is his indomitable dare-devil courage, and that ready ability to do, on the spur of the moment, when the danger becomes more imminent, that which it would have required the safety and reflection of the closet for most others to have perceived as the best course. When thoroughly excited, he appears to have no feeling or thought that there is such a thing as death; but in singleness of purpose, be it for right, justice, or revenge, dashes on to the end in view, though the valley of the shadow of death be the course thereto; and it is one of the faults of his character, that in minor causes of dispute, he displays unnecessary fierceness and harshness, being unable to forgive or tolerate those whom he believes to be acting with selfishness, duplicity, or injustice.

His intellectual character is more reflective than perceptive, and his mind instinctively as it were tears the covering from things, and looks down, down at the things themselves, in their native beauty or deformity; beginning at the point, by one grasp of strong common sense, where

others after arrive by long and laborious processes of thought. Would that we had space to examine his character more in detail, but we must close. Much of the old Roman we find in him; much of the great man; may we soon see him in his proper sphere, the high places among his people; a pole-star to the lovers of right, and a terror to evil-doers!

F. O.

F A N N Y .

I.

THROUGH the broad rolling prairie I'll merrily ride,
Though father may frown, and though mother may chide,
To the green leafy island, the largest of three,
That sleep in the midst of that silent green sea;
For there my dear FANNY, my gentle young FANNY,
My own darling FANNY, is waiting for me.

II.

Ho, Selim! push on! the green isle's still afar,
And morning's pale light dims the morning's large star;
Before the sun rises she'll watch there for me,
Her eyes like twin planets that gaze on the sea;
My young black-eyed FANNY, my winsome, sweet FANNY,
My own darling FANNY, that waiteth for me.

III.

Come, sluggard! I'd have thee go faster than this!
There are ripe, rosy lips that I'm dying to kiss;
And a dear little breast that will bound with delight,
When the star on thy forehead first glitters in sight;
My glad little FANNY, my arch, merry FANNY,
My graceful, fair FANNY, no star is so bright.

IV.

Then her soft snowy arms round me fondly will twine,
And her warm dewy lips will be pressed close to mine,
And her full, rosy bosom with rapture will beat,
When again, and no more to be parted, we meet:
My young, lovely FANNY, my own darling FANNY,
My dear modest FANNY, no flower is so sweet!

V.

So father may grumble, and mother may cry,
And sister may scold — I know very well why:
'T is that beauty and virtue are all FANNY's store,
That while we are rich, she alas! is quite poor:
My lovely young FANNY, my faithful, true FANNY,
My own darling FANNY, I'll love you the more.

VI.

Ho, Selim! fleet Selim! bound fast o'er the plain!
The morning advances, the stars swiftly wane:
I see in the distance the green leafy isle,
Between us and it stretches many a mile;
Where my lovely young FANNY, my own darling FANNY,
Shall welcome us both, with a tear and a smile.

A P I O N E E R S K E T C H .

DRAWN FROM NATURE.

YOUR contributors, MR. EDITOR, describe with entertaining particularity the characteristics of persons and places east of the Alleghany mountains, but less frequently adventure this side of them. If I am not mistaken in my observations, the west abounds with persons and incidents capable of affording unto ears and eyes polite excellent food for amusement and reflection. Our western sky, although much bedimmed with the pervading smoke of fallow-fires, is nevertheless at times singularly transparent, serene, and beautiful. Whether illumined by the rays of effulgent morning, or resplendent with the far-beaming glories of the setting sun, or rejoicing in the soft, silver light of a high-riding moon and stars, it draws the soul toward it lovingly, as the yearning heart of a child is drawn to its mother. Our rivers, sluggish as they often are, and wanting the vivacity of mountain streams that leap and dance continually from the hill-tops to the ocean, sweep onward with a more majestic power, and are crowned with many a hoar and grand old forest. You that love to trace the lineaments of Antiquity, which of her features discovered in the ruins of Babylon or Palmyra beam with the life of so many ages as those primeval works of God! Petreæ, and Jerusalem, and Balbec, have beheld her presence, and still bear witness of her handiwork; but these old forests were the haunts of her infancy, the sylvan bowers, the trysting-places of her palmy days.

Many of our houses and fields wear a rougher and less finished aspect than those in an older country; yet shall you see, and that not unfrequently, spots more blessed than the rest, where neatness and comfort greet you with their smiling symbols. Our population, like the face of the country it inhabits, is robust and blooming; full of hardihood and adventure; the pioneer traits gradually receding and fading, but still forming the ground-work of the picture, on which are beheld choice flowers of gentleness and virtue and true manhood. It is nowhere so rough and forbidding but that when approached with the tale of weakness and sorrow, like the rock smitten of the prophet's rod it will send forth gushing and generous streams of sympathy and protection. Not yet arrived at the stage of progress and leisure most favorable for the cultivation of letters, Genius exhibits herself flaming every way, like the sword of the cherubim round about the gates of Eden, and with her streaming oriflammes, lights and cheers on the masses in their wonderful march of improvement. Western towns do not in general present the same bright and rural appearances observed in New-England and some other of the Atlantic States. They are less extended and more compactly built, and frequently dingy with coal smoke. The cultivation of plants and flowers, which is by no means neglected, is often carried on in choice retreats and secluded plats of ground; so that while

the show of yards and gardens is less conspicuous, it does not argue an absence of innocent and delicate tastes. Within those rows of dingy buildings dwell the matrons and daughters of the glowing West, instinct with earnest and tender affections. As one star differeth from another star in glory, and as one flower differeth from another in delicacy and beauty, these daughters and matrons differ from each other in degrees of womanly perfection. Were I compelled to mention one thing, in some measure characteristic of them all, it would be the possession of the shadow of a shade of the dashing impulses of their husbands and brothers. There is a laughing 'divinity that shapes their ends, rough hew them how you will.' Here and there may be seen competence and venerable age in retirement. But whether it is that Time, like a native of the forest, has learned to cover up the marks of his journey, or that growing old is not encouraged by public sentiment; or that the young only seek their destinies here, and age and sorrow find a more congenial soil; it is remarkable to observation that youth and vigor are the predominating style of the western people.

I take this occasion to correct what I fear is an erroneous impression in regard to our climate. If it be supposed by any that we are seldom visited by rains, or seldom enjoy that highest perfection of all weather called 'sloppy;' or that our highways are monotonous and dry, I can assure them, from the depths of an experience long enough to justify the statement, that neither is the fact. The mistake must have arisen from observations made only in summer and autumn. During the winter and spring months, all kinds of weather, not furnished at other seasons, are supplied in plentiful abundance. Hail-stones in this fertile country grow to a very creditable size; and although civilization here has had but the growth of half a century, chain-lightning, both plain and ornamental, is done with a neatness and despatch seldom surpassed, even in Europe.

At convenient intervals of time, not very remote from each other, our city is visited by a group of figures, now become familiar to us all, but whose history is among the forgotten legends of the early settlements. The foremost of the group is an animal of the horse species, bearing a configuration that usually ranks one degree lower than that noble animal. He is a quadruped whose kind figured more conspicuously in ancient history, both sacred and profane, than it does at present, and whose name and nature seem of late in great danger of depreciation and loss, by being confounded with some descriptions of the human family. It is with some a matter of concern and doubt whether they will not soon be forgotten ever to have belonged to four-legged creatures. The size and altitude of his ears belong to the fancy-superlative order, and preclude all discussion as to the nomenclature of his class. The purpose for which his peculiarities were devised were doubtless wise, but must remain inscrutable. Were they of human contrivance, it would in modern times, and with modern associations, be hard to resist the impression that they originated in some sly humor or lurking sense of drollery. If allowed the license of ancient mythology, and at liberty to imagine, without irreverence, that the Great First Cause, embracing within itself all faculties and causes in harmonious and sublime per-

fection, could have existed even but for a moment in a state corresponding to what we mean by sleep; when all the faculties save one are at rest, and that one is left to act in full vigor, unbalanced and uncorrected by the rest; we might arrive at an explanation of the phenomenon, by supposing that the peculiar faculty, which afterward entered Hogarth, and through his instrumentality amused the world, did seize its opportunity to work out the prodigy in question. Second only to his ears, the pride and ornament of his forward extremity, are two shining watchful eyes. Their glance is slow, cautious, and reflective, with an expression of self-reliance, somewhat subdued by a consciousness that he is not appreciated, but signifying nevertheless entire pertinacity of purpose. His body is covered with a rough coat of hair, having the dull hue of age, like grass which has been exposed to wintry storms. Pendent from the latter part of the vertebral column hangs the most active and significant member of the entire beast. It is covered with hair resembling that which adorns the other parts of the animal, with the trifling difference of being a little longer. The office of this member appears to be manifold. In hot weather it is used as a sort of 'home squadron,' to cruise along the coasts and protect the main body or continent from piratical insects and other hostile interlopers. During periods of recreation and rest it performs numerous fantastic evolutions, expressive of hilarity, and other sentiments suitable to the occasion. But on great emergencies it retreats into port, and lies significantly along the haunches, partly as a harbor-defence, and partly, it is presumed, by way of concentration of forces. The usual appearance of the beast is taciturn and thoughtful, with a slight touch of conscious martyrdom and melancholy. Yet when moved to 'wreak his thoughts upon expression,' his voice resounds

——' with like timorous accents and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.'

Gifted with singular power in making himself heard, there is yet a want of exactness in articulation, of euphony in the general modulation of his voice, and of taste in the emphasis. An asthma carried on by powerful machinery would give some faint idea of his oratory. Without committing myself too strongly on the subject, I am under the impression that his general 'delivery' would be improved by taking lessons with some skilful professor of elocution. At least, such I have known to be the result with several individuals who possessed natural endowments fully equal to his. Taken as a whole, the expression of character, in a moral point of view, is somewhat doubtful. If it be true, as maintained by some learned and ingenious divines, whose opinions in spiritual matters deserve entire reverence, that every natural object is so formed as to illustrate and impress some great moral idea, it would seem to be worthy of profound conjecture, in what particular chapter of natural theology the subject of this sketch should be placed. The writer is, alas! but too little acquainted with metaphysical science to do more than bring his doubt in humiliation of spirit, and lay it down at the door of the great temple of truth, and there leave it for some

favoured janitor, to be borne inward toward the consecrated shrine, before whose presence, as by the celestial touch of Ithuriel's spear, all darkness and error are transformed into light. The second figure of the group has no peculiarities worthy of particular notice. It is a small cart, showing marks of age and exposure, wrought with unpolished hands from the entrails of the forest, made fast by a harness and thills to the animal.

The last figure to be described, and the guiding spirit of the group, is a human female, with a complexion of no positive hue. White it certainly is not; nor yet black, nor copper-colored, but still such as could not have been formed if either of these had been absent. It may be called a sort of amalgam of them all; a compromise between midnight and high noon, with a neutralizing quantity of eclipse. Her person is of medium height, and round compact proportions, such as might have been accompanied with activity, and now indicate considerable hardihood and power of endurance. Her hair has been black, but time and exposure have changed it, and her whole appearance, although as far as need be from youthful, bespeaks perpetuity rather than age. Guiding with ropes the beast above described, she rides on a seat fixed firmly in the centre of the cart, so that it can neither move nor yield; most commonly carrying a pipe in her mouth, well supplied with the weed, and a whip or goad in one hand. The whole group is a unit; no one of them is ever seen without all the rest. They make their appearance unheralded, from some unknown abode, and having accomplished their mission, depart unmolested. The oldest inhabitants speak of them as associated with their earliest recollections of the place, but none know whence they came or whither they go. No one has heard or known aught of evil to treasure up against them; and in proportion as they have become objects of curious notoriety, the good-will and amiable regard of the public attend them. Notwithstanding their apparently defenceless condition, no rude salutation or boisterous mirth ever greets them. Subjects less calculated to provoke merriment and intrusion would scarcely pass unimproved by wicked boys and street vagrants. But upon these, old father Time has laid his benediction, and without becoming venerable, they have won the immunity and wear the honors of age. The more superstitious of our citizens regard them with mis-doubting eyes, and trace resemblances between them and the descriptions contained in certain symbolic passages of Holy Scripture. Others have observed a connection between the times and manner of their coming and important epochs, such as marriages, birth and loss of children, memorable storms, and the like, and have deduced therefrom signs and proverbs. The most notable nurse of the city has discovered it to be an infallible sign, that if this group of figures makes its appearance during the first half of the month of February, a large majority of children born the ensuing year will be boys; but if they come in the latter half of the same month, the children will be girls; and that so often as they appear on Christmas day, duplicates are always forthcoming in unusual abundance. A victualler believes that their appearance on certain days is followed by a scarcity of hams, and a difficult season for the curing of meats. A spinster is reported to have reposed her hopes

upon the expectation that they will not many years hence arrive on the twenty-ninth day of February, a coincidence that is supposed never yet to have occurred, and that her marriage to a florid gentleman with whiskers will speedily follow.

A forlorn but sweet little girl, the only child of a young married couple in humble circumstances, both of whom died and left her, carries on with the old dame, whenever she arrives among us, a commerce of flowers and nuts. The little beauty, watchful of her opportunity and sure of her reception, throws into the cart one or more flowers, perhaps the commonest of the season, but nevertheless plucked with care and sanctified with the love of a pure and innocent and childish heart. The dame generally responds to this offering by thrusting her brawny hand deep into the recesses of her dress, and drawing forth a well-filled palm of beech-nuts or other wild fruit, and throwing them on the pavement for the child to gather. Meanwhile she does not stop, but drives on in silent and good-natured taciturnity, showing no other signs of pleasure, save a friendly and peculiar motion given to the pipe in her mouth. The child follows with her eyes until she has passed far on, gathers up her nuts and hies with them to her pillow, under which she deposits them as an offering, in turn, to the great, and to her benign genius of the realm of dreams. The poor child counts upon these occasions with great fondness. No little Knickerbocker feels more delight at the visits of St. Nicholas of a Christmas eve. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb has in His tender mercy given the little mourner a superstition which, somehow or other, connects this commerce with the unknown woman in the cart, with the assurance that her father and mother, who she believes still love and watch over her from their home in the skies, will on the night following visit her in her dreams. She says it has never failed her. How the appearance of one so far removed in her outward lineaments and circumstances from exhibitions of sentiment and the common ties of affection should awaken in this little creature the seminal thought of such a train, leading in her dreams to a temporary reunion of the silver chords that have been loosed, is beyond the speculations of philosophy. The hearts of little children are the chosen repositories for God's divinest gifts; especially when swelling with earnest emotions, do they overflow with instincts and impulses so divinely beautiful as to seem inspired. If it be true that 'their angels do dwell forever in the presence of the FATHER,' may not their childish freaks of devotion to those who seldom attract maturer years be gentle mementoes of His everlasting regard, who is no respecter of persons, and whose 'banner over all is love?'

Idle curiosity has on several occasions followed the old woman, although ever at respectful distance, to trace out her dwelling place; but whether aware of their design and reluctant to gratify it, or whether she makes her home in a spot far remote, her course on such occasions has always been straight onward, until her pursuers wearied of their purpose, and left her to her solitary and mysterious ways.

Twice only, according to tradition, has this singular group suffered perturbation from the passions. Alas! what mortal is secure from the piercing shafts of love! What celestial panoply, what earthly device,

can save from his unerring aim ? He scatters the arrows of his quiver, riding unseen upon the earliest rays of the morning, and whithersoever they go, there is he in their midst. He sends them to the hut and the palace, and with the zephyr rustling through the green leaves of the forest. He planteth them by the wayside, and streweth them both upon the fallow and the barren ground. He spinneth his cunning and invisible web like gossamer among the dews of evening. It gathers about us unheeded, within the halo of the festive lamp ; beneath the mild sweet beams of the queen of night and her attendant train, and in deep darkness it abideth, growing brighter and stronger with the dawn. He maketh his sport of our security ; he laugheth in fierce glee at our fanciful safe-guards. When with his gun and pouch the sportsman wanders forth for game, he first tries his skill in arresting the flight and bringing to the earth some swift-winged bird of the upper air ; he then selects the fleetest and coyest animals, and having rendered himself complacent by a succession of choice triumphs, he becomes less select in his aim, and at last shoots in mere wantonness the coarsest beasts of the field or forest. His pouch full of delicate birds for the table, he nevertheless pours the deadly charge into raccoons, and buzzards, and ground-hogs. Or if perchance he seeks game, and finds it not, he vents his chagrin by shooting the bark from some tree more gnarled and knotty than the rest. In like manner cruel boys grow weary of the gay plumage and sweet songs of their caged birds, and the graceful antics of their pet squirrels, and find rare delight in placing coals upon the back of a poor awkward mud-turtle. The turtle is common and coarse, but to see him with coals on his back, to see him put forth his head and claws, and grope about to escape, that is sport indeed !

So it was, as the story goes, with Love on one fine morning in May. He found himself bordering upon ennui, and resolved to seek recreation by a novel experiment upon the animal before described. On approaching the city one balmy morning, he was observed to turn with earnestness from the main street toward a post on the side-walk. Circumstances induced the belief that it was an affair of sentiment, and his mistress with a will fully equal to his own, reined him in another direction. Sincerity and constancy were parts of his moral being ; and so determined was he, under the impulses of this tender sensation, that he momentarily forgot the higher allegiance due his mistress. Finding that he could go not one step his own way, he made up his mind to travel no other, and stood with his nose drawn inward to the point of wounded vanity and resolute self-esteem, looking as if he would desire to say :

'I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do teach me
How to respect you.'

But on the other hand was an evident protest against her dictation in affairs of the heart. The upshot was, that he remained perfectly resolute and perfectly stationary ; preferring, in the spirit of genuine martyrdom, rather to suffer a wrong than to do one. No persuasion could entice him from his purpose, no force could shake his dauntless and

heroic powers of endurance. There he stood, in the midst of a gazing throng, while the sun rolled onward toward the meridian :

'An hour passed on — the Turk awoke.'

His mistress observing symptoms of uneasiness, supposed to arise naturally enough from an empty stomach, the opportunity was improved, and they went on their way rejoicing :

'That bright dream was his last.'

The other instance referred to, relates to the mistress herself. It is said that a number of years ago she found favor in the sight of a hunter, who kept his hut in the vicinity. He beset her on the occasion of one of her visits to the city, and assured her that, next to his dog and gun, he loved her above 'all created critters;' that the first time he 'drawed sight upon her,' he felt that he must 'bring her down,' or reckon upon himself as nothing better than a 'miss-fire' for life. That between 'plain-spoken folks,' who had not been corrupted by 'larnin,' no circumlocution or delay was needful for ceremony; that for himself he had taken good aim, and always found it better to shoot when he was ready, than to wait until his arms trembled. That the nearer 'par-cussion' the better, provided it was 'raal flint, and no artificial fixin's.' In short, that unless she would drive to his cabin that very day, and permit herself to be joined to him in the mortal coil of matrimony, his affections would be 'clean bu'sted up and gone.'

Little used to such tender protestations, couched too in terms eminently flowery, felicitous, and enticing, she revolved the matter for two long minutes, and gave him a nod, accompanied by a significant whiff of smoke, denoting her intention to be there. The hunter hastened home to make preparations for a 'leetle the most mountainous and divarting' event of his whole life. She was observed to be more particular in her purchases than common on that day; and as Phœbus descended toward the evening horizon, she turned her animal's head in the direction of the hunter's cabin. Alas! who can portray the thoughts and emotions that filled her meditative and peculiar soul, during that portentous ride! The young maiden, long ere the solemnization of the appointed nuptials, which by all the sanctities of law, religion and love, are to unite her with the chosen of her heart, pensive yields her mind to thick-coming fancies, and by anticipation bathes her devoted and trustful soul in the deep ocean of hymeneal bliss; little forbodes she of the storms which moan over its surface, or the wrecks of human hopes that lie buried there. But when the intervening hours, one by one, have spread their pinions and flown to that implacable abyss, where not one moment can ever be recalled, and the long wished-for time arrives — ah, hapless, fond maiden! there stand her father and her mother dear, in whose genial bosoms she has hitherto so warmly nestled; whose kind protecting care, through every vicissitude of childish joy and sorrow has been her shelter and support, and whose disinterested, tender love, by an unchangeable decree of God himself, can never falter. Their delight and pride is she; their little bud, long watched and warmed and

cherished, now blossomed and ready to be plucked from the parent stem and borne away from their sight! There stand her sisters and her brothers, who have shared her cradle; whose infant and maturer lives have all been cast like her own; with the same elements of light and shade; who have intermingled their thoughts and loves, and grown with her like an unbroken roseate wreath, to adorn and crown the decline of paternal age; all ready to kiss their fond adieus, and awaiting the anxious, ir retrievable word that shall consign her to the care of another, whose home is not their home. Oh! now, how the lips of that parting blossom tremble! how blanched her forehead! how her eyes glisten with thick suffusing tears! Peradventure she may never meet these loved and tried ones more; peradventure he for whom she leaves them all behind may not prove true! How she stands appalled at the dreadful certainty that as things have been they cannot be again, forever and forever! Yet underneath this load of trembling, you shall see rising up, and as it were struggling through it, the abounding hope of a young pure heart, that builds an infinite trust upon the untried future.

But not so with the subject of this sketch. Parents and kindred had she none. Buoyance and bloom, if ever hers, had fled. Flown forever were the days when Love could gild her earth and sky with his celestial hues, or fill her atmosphere with his ambrosial presence; when one fond footstep could startle the crimson current in her veins, and send it mantling to her temples, or drive it thence and concentrate it in an unnatural pressure upon her bashful, bursting heart. She was a pioneer, and had survived her race! Not the varied sweetness of tree and flower; not the landscape stretching far away in unbroken vernal green; nor the mellifluous warbling of birds; no, not even the merry chirping of squirrels, and their nimble sports; nor the mellow radiance of the sun, as down the western slope of heaven he rolled his royal car, and flung his gorgeous rays athwart the sky; nor the broken masses of cloud that floated above, deep tinged with purple and silver, and gold, wafted by mild zephyrs, like aerial ships through the blue expanse, charmed her spirit into that deep reverie. But with her and before her was the friend that had been the companion of her solitude for many weary years. Joyfully had he shared her plenty, and without murmur or upbraiding endured with her fastings and privations. Wearily he travelled on, now yielding to a gentle pull on this side, now on that. What was to be his fate? In the new destiny that awaited her, was he too to find food and rest and shelter? Or, becoming the property of a new master, would his faithful services be forgotten, and his familiar features sold into bondage; doomed to draw her little cart no more, but to wear out his remaining years in unrespected toil? He who had borne her so many miles over hill and dale, was it just or generous to subject him to such an uncertain fate? Approaching the cabin, she scanned the country round about it with inquisitive sober eyes, and discovering no shelter save the solitary hut before her, she seemed to have taken her resolution. And although the hunter advanced with demonstrations of joy and welcome, she still looked sober and resolved, firmly responding to his advances in monosyllables, '*No you do n't!*' and turning the head of her beast in the opposite direction, without further explanation or parley, she drove rapidly from the spot, to visit it never again.

The hunter bore up under his disappointment as many have done before and since : he attributed her conduct to motives of which her nature was incapable, and reproached her memory with a deliberate infidelity of which her heart was as innocent as the new-born lamb that sports upon the green. He declared it was 'onnatural as civilized folks,' 'onhuman as hangin'.' He has since led a party to Oregon, and is reported to have become a famous politician in that country, where he is delighted to find that 'Nater has things pretty much her own way.'

A T H I R S T F O R L O V E .

I AM athirst for love !
 And eyes are near,
 Like fountains clear,
 Where I might drink my fill :
 But Duty binds me in a stern career,
 Seals up those founts of blessedness,
 And fetters down my will.
 And home-born memories,
 And home-loved faces from my heart arise,
 In venerable might,
 Hang, like a veil, before those beaming eyes,
 And hide them from my sight !

I am athirst for love !
 And lips are nigh,
 Whose dewy smile allures the eye ;
 Whose pressure soft unlocks, with curious art,
 The secret wards and labyrinths of the heart.
 Their gently murmuring words to me how dear !
 I may not hear !
 Like some lorn pilgrim from a distant land,
 Before the longed-for oracle I stand ;
 At distance gaze in silence there,
 And may no nearer move ;
 And see those lips yet motionless, nor dare
 Unseal their silence with the watch-word 'Love !'

My soul is athirst for love !
 Near me I find
 A polished mind,
 Whose dark-orbed windows, 'neath their rounded brow,
 Now flash with mirth, and now with feeling glow.
 Reveal its strength and symmetry,
 Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
 And dearest to a Christian's soul,
 Religion's wings soft brooding o'er the whole ;
 Yet dare not rove with it along
 The flowery fields of song,
 Nor strike the many-voiced strings
 Of higher, holier things !

I listen : but I hear no 'dying fall :'
 Silent to me are all ;
 Silent as those sad harps, that, quite unstrung
 By captive Judah's woes and fears,
 On bending willows hung ;
 While the sweet songs of Zion were unsung,
 And Babel's streams ran swollen with Israel's tears.

I am athirst for love !
 Yet why, my Soul, this pensive strain !
 She feels not for thy pain !
 In old Arcadia's woodland green,
 When ' the bright goddess of the silver bow,'
 Attired in sylvan sheen,
 With merry triumph laughed,
 And sped the feathered shaft,
 Reck'd she how the stricken roe
 Dragged through the lengthening glades
 And gloomy shades
 Her wounded life along, weary and slow !
 Ah, no !

I am athirst for love !
 And yet for two long years,
 Trembling with smothered hopes and fears,
 Have stood beside a bright inviting stream
 As if 't were all — a dream !
 Nor ever sunk upon my knee, to dip
 Into the wave my parchéd lip ;
 But, with a spell-bound eye,
 Stood still, and watched that sparkling stream roll by :
 And now I go
 Far from the music of its placid flow ;
 And bid that yearning love I dare not tell,
 ' Farewell !'

May 27, 1844.

JOHN H. BERRY.

PHARISEEISM OF THE AGE.

'We unto you, Scribes and Pharisees — HYPOCRITES!'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

SIR: Your correspondent, under the head of 'A Few Candid Observations,' has opened a subject of deep as well as universal interest, and treated it with equal frankness and ability. If crime has increased with the dissemination of knowledge, and the progress of free principles, as has been alleged by writers desirous of tracing this consequence from these causes; and if 'ignorance is' not only 'bliss,' as the poet says, but innocence and virtue too, it is high time to retrace our steps, and get back again as soon as possible to the millennium of the dark ages. So also, if the stern fetters of despotic power are indispensably necessary to restrain the excesses of human passions, and prevent the multiplication of crimes, the sooner we bow our necks to the yoke the better.

Your able and eloquent correspondent refers to an article in Blackwood's Magazine, a periodical rampantly opposed to the progress of human freedom, at least among white men, and brutally hostile to the people, the institutions, and government of the United States. That such a standing libel on our country should be regularly republished here, indicates pretty decisively that a large number of the 'better sort of people' in the United States are either inimical to the principles of

freedom, or very fond of seeing themselves abused. The writer in *Blackwood*, as quoted by your correspondent, affirms, 'that there is much more crime in England than in France; that there is more crime in Prussia where there is 'education' than in France; and that in Hindostan, where there is a permanent armed force,' (that is a military despotism) 'there is a great diminution of crime.' I am greatly surprised at this, having read a thousand times in a thousand English and American books, that France was the most immoral, and England the most moral country on earth. Yet if we rely on the authority of the writer in *Blackwood*, there is much less crime in France than in England, though the population of the former exceeds that of the latter many millions. The subject is one of great moment, and merits a much more profound consideration than my leisure or your limits will permit. I shall therefore only dwell on some of the leading considerations connected with this inquiry.

And first, I shall venture to assert, that mere legal offences, such as are prosecuted and punished in courts of justice, furnish no just standard of national morals. There may be fewer murders, thefts, forgeries, perjuries, and assaults and batteries, in one country than another; but this affords no infallible evidence that there is a decided inferiority of morals in that which presents the greater amount of crime and conviction. Abstinence from a particular class of crimes may be counterbalanced by indulgence in others, which though neither subjects for prosecution nor punishment, strike much more deeply into the repose and happiness of society and of individuals, and are of equal if not superior moral atrocity. Actions are morally criminal, according to the criminality of the motive; the depth of depravity indicated by their commission; and the wounds they inflict on communities, or particular persons. Of these, a vast portion can never be reached by human laws, and must be left to a higher tribunal. The wounds inflicted on the body, and the inroads upon property, are palpable, and easily estimated. They are followed by appeals to the laws; they become subjects for statistics of crime; and are bruited from one end of the world to the other, through the medium of the newspapers. But to what tribunal, save that of the *MOST HIGH*, shall we appeal for punishment of the thousand secret crimes perpetrated against the sacred altar of the domestic fireside; against those malignant and dastardly thrusts which enter the heart, and leave no wound, except that which none can see or feel, but the wretched victim; against those secret outrages on the innocent, the unoffending and the defenceless, who have nothing to do but bear their wrongs in silence, because they are too proud to complain, and if they did, complaint would be useless. This class of offences, in my opinion, strikes much more deeply into the repose and happiness of society, and inflicts far more wide and hopeless desolation, than those crimes which come within the sphere of human laws; and it is therefore I have laid it down as my first proposition, that the number and extent of these latter is no just standard of national virtue or vice.

We can therefore gather nothing decisive on this point, except that the number of criminal convictions are greater in one country than in another. Now a moment's consideration will convince us that these

convictions depend on a variety of collateral circumstances, among which are the facilities for escaping, after the commission of a crime ; the severity of the criminal laws ; and the rigid or relaxed maxims of justice which prevail in their administration. I think it cannot be denied that the chances in favor of the escape of criminals are greatly decreased, and those for their apprehension greatly increased, of late, in the United States and England especially, by the swiftness with which information is conveyed from one quarter to another, and the wide dissemination given it by the vast multiplication of newspapers. Within the memory of living men the knowledge of crimes was confined to the immediate vicinity where they were committed, and if the perpetrator escaped from that, he was comparatively safe. But now, every crime becomes public and notorious ; it is forthwith heralded by the village newspaper, which exchanges with others in various distant regions ; it is caught by the industrious collectors of news, one from another, and by rail-roads and steamers conveyed in the shortest possible time almost from pole to pole.

It may perhaps be urged that rail-roads and steamers furnish equal facilities for escape and for capture to the fugitive from justice. But it is not so. He must stop somewhere at last ; but newspapers travel night and day ; they either go by the same conveyance in which he is fleeing, or overtake him if he halts ; and thus it almost invariably happens that the criminal, wherever he flees, is either accompanied or preceded by an account of his crime, in all its minute circumstances, and probably a particular description of his person and dress. It is obvious that such a state of things must greatly tend to the apprehension, and consequently conviction, of criminals ; and accordingly we find that, in this country at least, very few escape. The increase of criminal convictions therefore does not necessarily involve an increase of crime. In this case the effect is nothing without the cause. Here facts prove nothing and figures lie. There may be fewer convictions and more crime in one country, as well as more convictions and less crime in another. There are other causes than that I have referred to, which bear on this proposition, but it would require too much of my time, and occupy too much of your space, to enumerate them.

This multiplication of newspapers ; the increased facility with which they are distributed ; and the avidity with which they are read by all classes, has also had the effect, if I am not mistaken, of predisposing the world to believe itself worse than it really is. These papers scarcely ever fail to chronicle every crime, while the good deeds of men seldom find a vent at the mouth of the trumpet of Fame, unless they build churches, endow colleges, or contribute largely to charitable institutions. Real Goodness is a quiet, retired sort of person, who seldom intrudes upon the public, and if his deeds are ever recorded, it is most generally on the sand. Crimes therefore, being almost exclusively copied into nearly every newspaper, as a matter of course, are thus, as it were, multiplied an hundred or a thousand fold by repetition. Every body sees them ; and many, very many, forget that they have ever seen them before. We take every repetition for a new crime ; and finally adopt the sad conviction, that mankind are gradually growing worse,

while by universal consent they are every day becoming more wise. But although I have doubts as to the gradual increase of crime, and challenge any of the enemies of liberty to prove, either by facts, or by deductions drawn from any philosophical principles, that the progress of education and the dissemination of freedom have in any way contributed to produce that effect, yet I perfectly agree with your able correspondent, in ascribing much of the crimes that are committed, to the malignant influence of that Pharisaical spirit which is making such rapid strides, most especially in the United States. In my opinion you cannot inflict a deeper wound on the cause of morality and religion than to make them incompatible with the innocent amusements and enjoyments of life. It is thus you may make hypocrites, or Pharisees, for they are synonymous,* but neither Christians nor moral men.

The religion now perpetually presented to our contemplation is not the religion of the Saviour of mankind, but of the Jews who crucified him, of the Pharisees whom he denounced, more often and more severely by far than the poor publicans and sinners. It consists principally in long prayers and long faces. It is little else than sectarianism. Instead of taking the wide sphere of universal charity, that is, charity for the conflicting opinions of others, for their errors, if you please, it has been narrowed down by the most uncompromising bigotry, so that in a country where universal toleration is established by law, there is in fact no toleration. It is almost impossible at this time to take up a religious book, or more especially a religious periodical, without finding, instead of the spirit of piety, the demon of sectarianism flapping his wings, and disseminating discord all around. Instead of a religion of love, we have a religion of prejudice and hatred; and in the place of charity for opinions that have been cherished for a thousand years by countless millions, we have nothing but bitterness, malignity and scorn. Instead of pity and sympathy for errors, if such they be, we behold nothing but a stern inflexible hostility, venting itself in reproaches and denunciation. It is not that we differ so much about principles, as outward ceremonies or metaphysical distinctions, which if any man can comprehend he cannot explain. The spirit of religion seems gradually evaporating in the fumes of a strange, transcendental, inexplicable, incomprehensible abstraction, equally independent of the spirit of the Christian religion and the dictates of Christian morality. Religion and morals are divorced; and instead of good works, we have long prayers and long sermons, in which the exercise of all the social duties of man is furiously denounced as 'filthy rags.'

The Christian Religion is a great moral creed. The second of those two great commands in which the Saviour of mankind condensed all the law and the prophets, is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;' meaning, without doubt, that we should accord to all those with whom we sustain any social relations whatever, all those acts of justice, or of kindness and courtesy, we would in like circumstances wish them to accord to us. Now what is this but an injunction to the practice of good works? What boots it to love our neighbor, unless we demon-

* 'Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees — Hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make yourselves,' etc.

strate it by deeds whenever occasion requires? What sort of reformers then are those who denounce all acts of justice, kindness, forgiveness and charity as 'filthy rags?' Nay, I have on more than one occasion heard these preachers of *practical* religion solemnly assure their hearers that the virtues and good deeds of an unregenerate man are an insult to his Maker. Thus we are likely to have a religion consisting entirely of abstract principles of faith, and divested of all its rich regalia of Christian virtues; all its justice; all its benevolence; all its charity; all its morality. These are set adrift, denounced, proscribed, to give place to piety without substance, and bigotry without religion.

Religion is but another name for love. It is neither compounded of fear, hatred, pride, presumption or persecution. It is all love. 'Thou shalt *love* the LORD thy God with all thy heart;' and 'Thou shalt *love* thy neighbor as thyself.' On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.' There is nothing of fear; nothing of sectarianism; nothing of bishops or presbyters; nothing of the real presence, or any of those outward forms and ceremonies, those metaphysical subtleties, which have no more to do with the fundamental *principles* of the Christian religion, than the color of a man's coat has with his opinions. All these are omitted by the Author of Christianity when condensing in two great comprehensive precepts the whole duty of man to God and his fellow-creatures; the entire sum and substance of that sublime system of morals which it was one great object of his divine mission to propound and to inculcate.

And how shall we best fulfil those two great commands on which 'hang all the law and the prophets?' Is it by exclusively inculcating the religion of terror instead of love? Is it by hating our neighbor because he don't belong to *our* church? Is it by a cold, supercilious contempt or open denunciation of millions of our fellow-creatures because they go to a church with or without a steeple, as the case may be? Or because one church is governed by a presbytery, another by a bishop, and another by a pope? Or is it by saying long prayers, and putting on long faces in public, like the Pharisees of ancient and modern times? Is it by gloating with an appearance of savage exultation over the fallen and miserable state of man, and, as it were, triumphantly consigning ninety-nine hundredths of the human race to the fire that is never quenched, and never consumes? Is it by frightening the man, as we do the child, into being good, not from the dictates of his reason, or the impulses of his heart, but from abject fear? Is it, in short, by stripping him of every high and noble motive for fulfilling his duties either to his *MAKER* or his fellow creatures? How is it possible, let me ask, to fulfil the first and greatest command of the *SAVIOUR*, when we behold the *DIVINITY* presented to our contemplation, not as dispensing blessings, but inflicting the most terrible chastisements; not as a beneficent parent, loving while he chastises his erring child, who was created in, and still bears His likeness, and on whose transgressions He looks rather in sorrow than in anger; but as a malignant Pagan deity, the offspring of guilt and fear; a Jupiter Tonans, armed with thunder-bolts, flashing the livid lightnings from his eyes, and hurling destruction far and wide, on the wretched victims who are commanded to love him with all their

hearts? A reverend bard has thus exhibited the Author of all Good, as represented by the preachers of the religion of fear :

‘DRAWN by their pencil, the CREATOR stands,
His beams of mercy thrown aside,
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide:
Hope, at the sight aghast, yet lingering flies,
And dash’d on Terror’s rocks, Faith’s last dependence lies.’*

The code of Christianity is essentially a moral code. The SAVIOUR did not come into the world to propound a new faith. He proclaimed no new divinity, nor did he abrogate the ten commandments. One part of his divine mission was to reform that moral code which had been either vitiated by those abuses to which all good things are liable, or had become inapplicable to the social condition of man through those changes which a long lapse of ages had produced. He did not command that we should turn our backs on our neighbor because he belonged to a different church, but that we should love him as ourselves; he did not command us to burn convents and churches, nor to persecute, hunt and destroy those who believed in the same God and the same SAVIOUR; nor to exterminate whole tribes and nations because they believed otherwise. Such practices have been foisted into our religious code by the passions of proud, ambitious, and revengeful man. They never descended from Heaven; they are the deleterious product of the polluted earth.

I maintain then that this Pharisaical warfare against the precepts of the SAVIOUR, and the dictates of charity and benevolence, is an unholy war; a war against religion, which is not less an innate principle of the human heart than an emanation from Heaven. There can be no religion without charity; charity for human error as well as human suffering; there can be no religion without morals. A religion prostituted to the purposes of sowing dissensions among neighbors and friends; engendering and fostering bitter antipathies toward millions of our race; and lighting fires in the human breast which carry desolation in their train, cannot be the RELIGION of our SAVIOUR, for that is all love.

This divorce of religion and morals; this Pharisaical heresy, is in my opinion the great tap-root of that spreading tree of vice and immorality which seems gradually extending its gloomy shadows wherever this false religion prevails. Warring against morality, which it stigmatizes as ‘filthy rags;’ warring against all charity and good neighborhood among men; warring against the divine precepts of the SAVIOUR; against the enjoyments of life which a beneficent DEITY has graciously provided for us; and against those innocent recreations to which we are invited by the example of all animated nature, except the beasts of prey, and which are among the best safeguards against vice and crime; warring, in short, against the love of our fellow-creatures and the love of our MAKER; it is only to be wondered at that mankind are not ten times worse than they are. Is it not to be feared

* *Ons to Superstition* : by the Rev. Dr. OGILVIE.

that ere long they will become outwardly very pious, and inwardly very good for nothing?

It is not the extension of knowledge, nor the progress of free principles, that causes the increase of crime. It is this Pharisaical heresy, which in a great degree takes away every inducement, every obligation that allures or impels us to the performance of our social and moral duties; which divorces Good Works from their twin-sister Piety, and thus makes our immortal destiny totally independent of our conduct in this world. I do not mean to assert, or even insinuate, that the fulfilment of our duties to our neighbor is alone sufficient; but I will venture to affirm, and I ground my conviction on the inseparable connection which subsists between cause and effect, that a religion without a system of plain practical morals, so far from being a powerful agent in correcting the excesses of mankind, must of necessity be a secret auxiliary of vice and crime, since it opens the gates of Heaven to mankind by the key of abstract faith alone. Assuredly faith is the master-key; but as surely, he who wishes to enter the temple and the presence of the MOST HIGH, must do it through the path of virtue; not only by loving his CREATOR, but HIS creatures also.

To substitute abstractions for realities; to divest religion of its robe of morality; to degrade it into mere ceremonies and observances; to prostitute the trumpet of Zion, and make it the signal not of peace and good-will to mankind, but of war and defiance to all who differ from us, not in the great fundamental principles of the Christian faith, but in mere metaphysical subtleties, is not, I apprehend, to put it to the uses designed by its mild, forgiving and beneficent Author. He who is taught to believe that he can at any time atone for his offences by mere external demonstrations of devotion, or by a strict belief in all the dogmas of his sect, without repentance or amendment, gives himself full latitude for the excesses of passion and the commission of crime, having within him no principle of restraint.

I recollect a well-authenticated anecdote which illustrates this position. During the period when Italy, in consequence of the perpetual contests between the petty despots who disgraced and devastated that classical land, was overrun with banditti, a peasant belonging to a mountainous district, where every man without exception was a robber, came to a priest for confession. To the astonishment of the good father, he confessed nothing but the offence of having, on one occasion, when hard pressed by hunger, eaten flesh in Lent. 'But,' said the priest, 'did you never commit robbery and murder?' 'Oh, yes, often,' replied the penitent; 'but I always made amends by counting my beads, and repeating my *Ave Marias* two hundred times.' Monsieur Menage states that 'among the mss. contained in the King's Library at Paris, there are decrees of the Council of Constantinople which permit the Emperor to dispense with the Ten Commandments.' By these examples I do not mean to reflect on any particular sect, or church, either of ancient or modern times, but to give a practical illustration of that system of faith, be it Catholic or Protestant, which substitutes mere religious observances for morality, and dispenses at least with the larger half of the decalogue.

I am aware, Sir, that whoever points out spiritual abuses, subjects

himself to the imputation of being an enemy to religion. Such am not I. I know that human laws would be utterly incapable of restraining the excesses of mankind without the powerful aid of the divine commands; and I am unalterably convinced of the divine origin of religion, when I see it still flourish and expand in spite of the little support it receives from the precepts and example of so many of those whose special mission it is to uphold it here on earth. I however maintain that the abuses of religion are as fit a subject for animadversion as the abuses of civil government; and that as it is the duty of every citizen to resist the latter, so it is equally incumbent on him to expose the former. If he believes, as I do, that there is great danger that the religion of the SAVIOUR is degenerating, if it has not already, into that of the Pharisees, which HE took every occasion to denounce, it is his bounden duty to warn his countrymen of the threatened evil, let who will be offended. I place this at your disposal, to insert in your periodical or not, just as you think proper; and I pledge myself not to involve you in one of those mild, gentle, and forbearing controversies by which Christian charity is so beautifully exemplified in polemical discussions. I announce beforehand, that if this communication should be published and answered, I shall not reply unless my views are misrepresented, or my arguments misunderstood. Content with having stated what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, and drawn my inferences, I willingly leave it to your readers to decide whether I have done well or ill. I am neither too proud to be schooled, nor too zealous to be convinced, being only

AN HUMBLE LAYMAN.

M Y S I S T E R .

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

My sister! when the evening wanes,
And midnight hours creep on;
When hush'd is every earthly sound,
And all my cares are gone;
'Tis then into my quiet room
Thou comest as of yore,
And close I seat me at thy side,
Where oft I've sat before:
Then I am not as in the day,
But grow again a child;
Simple and loving, as when erst
Thy lips upon me smiled.
There, with thine arm about my waist,
Thy fingers on my brow,
Those long, thin fingers parting back
The clustering hair, and thou
Pale as the unsunn'd violet
That opens by the rill;
I sit and gaze into thine eyes,
Deep, dark, and loving still:
And then I hear thy soft, low voice,
That always touched my heart,
And weep because thou tellest me
How near to heaven thou art.

And still thou speak'st of angel ones
That bow before the throne,
And say'st the little one thou 'st lov'd
Shall ne'er be left alone.
But when, an angel too, thou hast
Thy robes of glory on,
Thou 'lt hover round her pillow'd rest,
Till morning light shall dawn;
And ever through life's mazy way
Thou 'lt guide her wayward feet,
And be the first her spirit freed
In yonder home to greet.
In danger o'er me thrown,
And when cold hearts were gathering near,
I have not been alone.
Long years have wheel'd their weary round
Since dark and deep they laid
Thy coffin'd form, and heap'd the earth,
And bow'd their heads, and pray'd;
Then turned away, and talk'd of spring,
And of the sunny day,
As if the earth *could* smile again,
When thou hadst pass'd away!

And since, I've trod a thorny path
 Of loneliness and pain,
 Of clouded skies, and blighted flowers,
 And coldness and disdain.
 I've drunk from out a bitter cup,
 And strove with care and grief,
 But in thy gentle ministry
 Have ever found relief.
 Then come to me as thou art wont;
 My heart is full of gloom,
 Come with thy quiet step and smile,
 And seat thee in my room.

And clasp me, sister ! in thine arms,
 And hold me to thy breast,
 For by the thronging cares of earth,
 I'm wearied and oppress'd ;
 And let me cloose my aching lids,
 And sleep upon thine arm,
 Which used to seem enough to me
 To shelter from all harm.
 I'm weary now, I'm weary now,
 I fain would be at rest ;
 Yet closer twine thy gentle arms,
 And fold me to thy breast !

MORUS MULTICAULIS: A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PETER GRAM AT TINNECUM.'

THERE are certain phases of our history too insignificant for a place in our archives, yet richly worthy of a passing record. It is a sight we may well stop to look at, to see the common mind of men driving furiously in one direction, like the wind witnessed by its deeds ; gathering force as it goes ; passing from zeal into enthusiasm, and from fanaticism into stark madness. It makes no difference what is the occasion ; the rescue of the Holy Land, the hopes of religion, or the approaching end of the world. It is only thus that Folly becomes a grand Impersonation, whereas it might be scarce known to exist, from only stumbling on an individual fool. It shows little of the force of evil to behold one man infatuated, or drunken, or who has lost his wits, or profaning his God, or carried astray by a too alluring temptation ; but it is a sublime sight when all get mad together, and multitudes are pressing onward in the race of some fantastic folly. Avarice is for the most part an abstraction, and the miser unknown to us, while he lives in the retirement of his cell, as his coffers are out of view, and he counts up his gold in secret ; but it is not so when a whole people run greedily after gain, and are knit together in one sympathy of love, the blinding love and passion of MONEY. The first is curious because it is rare, and the latter is curious because it is common. For it is uncommon that it *should be common*, or rather that it should exhibit itself as such.

Religious fanaticism abounds and runs with the rapid contagion of fire. But in the matter of money-making, especially among us, where so universal a passion has been said to exist, it is contrary to the genius of our people that it should show itself in such a form. A *speculative* philosophy is known to prevail, but it is calm and serene of aspect. Its chief effort is to keep all its wits about it, rather than to become excited or crazy with the prospect of success. It stealthily cherishes its schemes in secret, and never shows the direction which it is about to take. Look it in the eyes, and you see only a knowing twinkle ; ask

it in set speech, and you hear not the slightest intimation of dollars; look into the Yankee countenance, which is cheerfully bright without reflecting any information into your mind, yet it is ten to one that there lurks beneath it the knowledge of some model, of which the sticks are already whittling; the patent of some machine which shall draw snags out of the Mississippi; some grind-stone, worked by dog-power; some 'self-acting back-action sausage-stuffer'; some pump-handle of peculiar construction; some stove, button, baby-tender, or other of the most ingenious mysteries of inventive man. Yet all is quiet on the face of Jonathan — quiet as the grave; and nobody could know that he was making a machine, or that the machine was making money. His image is contemplative, like Icarus at his wing; spiritual, acute, keen-visaged, slab-sided, turning a nutmeg with a jackknife.

It will be perceived that this representation is very different from the madness which caused all eyes to swell out with greediness when the great land-speculation was just ready to burst. That was a spirit which involved all ranks and conditions, swept onward with fury to its object, and openly avowed its lust of gain. We have seen at what price 'lots' were sold; surveying was practised with great activity, and the charms of nature were encroached upon by gloomy towns; lovers could not find a place in the country to breathe their affections, in consequence of the opening of streets; and men were guilty of turning their sweet flower-gardens into the place of buildings; at least they were guilty of it in thought. To this day sarcastic sign-boards point out the names of avenues, once the pasture-ground of cattle and waving with corn, now common to all travellers, with here and there a scanty tenement, to which is guaranteed the eternal right of way. Long-Island was all lithographed. East New-York, with its twenty-four broad avenues, named after the States of the Union, still shows little more than the Great Idea of its founder: the land lies 'as fair as any thing could be'; the position is excellent; and there is no telling why 'capitalists' have not built on 'this valuable but much-abused property.' Many an acre now lies in unredeemed and irredeemable barrenness; and six ages would glory in being able to fill up the magnificent plan.

When this tide had lifted to the highest point of prosperity those who had taken it at the flood, it suddenly subsided and left the remaining adventurers on the bare ground. While the former had scarcely tasted of their sweet fortune, and the latter had begun to learn the uses of adversity, the 'LITTLE SPECULATION' sprang up, to work a second ruin for both. The calm spirit of speculation again gave way to the fanaticism of the time, and the knowing and quiet look was exchanged for the fiery eyes which devoured wealth. Fortunately at this time the end was more culpable than the means. Before, they only cut down and scattered; they now planted, and the progress of their toil was at least marked with verdure and a pleasant shadow. With the introduction of *Morus Multicaulis*, the culture of silk in this climate seemed no longer to be a problem. This was to give a new impulse to home industry, to introduce among us a new article of luxury, and to open the flood-gates of wealth. It was going to be a great thing for the

country, a great thing for individuals; whoever came first would reap the most golden rewards. Then the scramble began to get a few slips of the precious shrub, which was sold at a great price, by which several became rich. Whoever had a little money, invested it without delay; or a few acres of ground, rooted out his currant-bushes, and every root which was the slow growth of years, to make room for the rapid *Multicaulis*. Every nook and angle was green with its luxury of vegetation. There were plantations enough to supply all Christendom with silks, and to furnish every house with royal luxury. It was not every root or branch or slip, but every single bud was nurtured with jealous care under glasses and in hot beds, that propagation might not be retarded by the winter's cold. So have we seen a lamb nurtured, of the *Merino* kind; clothed with a flannel waistcoat after it had just been born, to protect it from piercing winds, in hopes to make its owner rich; but this came to an end when it was slaughtered and sold in the market for poor mutton; and though there was 'much cry' there turned out to be 'little wool.' It was a capital remedy for indigestion, to see one who had been so unfortunate as to lose money by *Merino* sheep, hoeing mulberries on his own building-lots!

At last, when it became evident that there was no farther demand for trees, and that the rage for speculation in this line had vented its utmost, the silk-growers entered upon their business in earnest. The feasibility of the thing was already proved in books; the whole method of proceeding admirably laid down in diagrams. Should farther proof be demanded, it had been already subjected to the sure touch-stone of success. If any plan works well upon a small scale, 'scientific men' cannot detect any difficulty in overcoming greater resistance; although certain wheels have been known to roll emolliently in air that came to a dead stand in a denser medium. The early symptoms of success became the precursors of a dreadful mortality in worms. The first samples of reeled silk, the first beautiful golden-colored cocoons, were shown with triumph. Their glossy staple was superior to the best of Italy. Very few people with a little money to spare, very few poor women with a little patch of land or garden, had not made some investment in mulberries, and now looked for their remuneration. A few Jonathans, who had been bitten with real estate, stood aloof from the silken meshes of the 'Little Speculation,' and invented a variety of reels, for which they took out a patent. All facilities were at hand for 'going into the business' upon a grand scale. The eye of Hope swelled out with a greedy prominence; Fustian dreamed of silk; and many 'calculated,' who fell lamentably short of their calculations. We are acquainted for the most part with the fickle, false character of what are called 'estimates.' They are wrought out with great facility of figures, and fill up distances as big as that betwixt a penny and a pound. Their formula is, 'Say from five, ten, fifteen, or even twenty-five;' then indeed they acknowledge themselves 'rough,' but impose more on the unsophisticated mind by a certain vague sublimity. Wo to an 'enterprise,' when men of 'great enthusiasm' have set out upon it in the 'highest spirits,' and the 'estimates are all made out;' when 'all

things augur of success,' and the 'auspices were never more fair.' While on the subject of estimates, something very much to the point occurs to me at present in the history of one

Pliny Hopper.

He came to Crow-Hill, near Tinnecum, from Green-grass Meadow in Connecticut, where he had saved up fifty dollars by selling eggs. By all who knew him he had the reputation of having his eye-teeth well out. A single glance at him conveyed the idea of his great sharpness. Although there was a vast deal of character in his whole person; his nose, his shoulder-blades, his belly, his legs, his shins, heightened by his appropriate garb, breeches screwed up tight to his deficient posteriors, a small rag of a neckcloth, and an indescribable hat; his chief essence consisted in his eye, which twinkled with a mild beam, and sometimes flashed up like gunpowder in a pan. This extraordinary brilliance seldom occurred except on the same instant with some stroke of policy, or when he had sold three eggs for a shilling. But there was always a light burning, enough to light him the length of his nose, and to enable him to see into a pine board as far as other men. I have never seen a fox's eyes when he had his own interest at stake, or a coon's eyes peering about on the crowds at a whig mass-meeting, exhibit a more curious expression. He knew a little about fowls; checked an incipient pip; had a method to prevail on hens to lay, and other valuable information to boot, although he had never read 'The Poultry-Yard,' written by Micajah Cock. He seldom gave his bantam chickens time to leave the nest, when pricking up his ears at the first cackle, he strode hastily over the dung-hill to snatch up the fresh egg. Thieves so abounded at Green-grass Meadow! 'Parkins,' said he, coming at once to the point, '*somebody* stole two black-hen's eggs out o' that 'ere hovel yesterday: may-be *two* n't you?'

'Me!' answered the shameless loafer, only a little confused; 'then I must a-been drunk.'

'May-be somebody did n't see you?'

'In course, if any body see me, then it must a-been me. How-somever, taint so.'

'I guess I see you myself.'

'Then I'm stumped.'

'Parkins, if you do n't bring me twelve eggs afore sun-down I'll have you took up.'

The most far-reaching persons may perhaps over-reach themselves. Acute as he was, Mr. Hopper did get a little taken in in his 'estimates.' He laid out his hen's-egg money in the purchase of fifty green sprigs

of the *morus multicaulis*, at a dollar a-piece. This was dog-cheap to what they *had* been selling. He 'calculated' that each one of these sprigs would contain at the least ten buds. These buds, planted in hot-beds, would shoot up into luxuriant bushes before spring, containing root and branch twenty or thirty germs each, which set out in the open ground would produce leaves enough to feed half a million worms; which would spin so many bushels of cocoons; which would be equal to so many pounds of reeled silk; which would pay back the hen's-egg money in the first year, with profit at the rate of a thousand per cent, and on the second enable him to retire from the business, and buy the whole State of Connecticut out and out. The sequel of this was, that all his plants died an unnatural death before spring, from being so dreadfully cut up, and he went about the collection of fresh hen's-eggs with a heavy heart. It is of the very nature and spirit of a dangerous speculation never to be taught by its bitter experience, and never to stop short of absolute destruction. This led Pliny Hopper, who was infatuated in spite of his ill fortune, a step farther to retrieve his error.

Just at this time a man named Bilcox came to reside in his vicinity. Two words will suffice to picture him to the life. He had lost all his character before his money, and never had any sense to lose. He was living in a sort of banishment from society, and having saved two horses from the general wreck, 'flourished about' continually. He was 'a dreadful fellow to talk,' yet no reliance was to be placed upon a word he said. In a free-and-easy flow of conversation he represented himself as an enthusiastic advocate of the culture of the silk. Hopper, poor fellow! was enchanted with him, and said he 'never see a smarter man in his life.' He revived his spirits, which began to droop like the tail of old Pete Richings, his best barn-yard cock, in a drenching rain. 'My friend,' said he, for Bilcox always thus prefaced his remarks, 'do n't cry for spilt milk: keep a stiff upper lip; all come right enough yet. Ha! do n't tell me! a beautiful operation may be made of it. What I say is this: a few thousands may be realized between us this season. I'm a man of leisure. I'll overlook the business with you. There's my horse. There's my stable for a cocoonery — ha! my friend, for a cocoonery! Nothing like going into it. Make hay while the sun shines. Yes, my friend; I'll read books, consult cyclopædias, get the freshest information; look out for a market, devise plans, write letters to the first men of the country; attend to the accounts, see that the cocoons are sent to the best markets, and put money in the bank! my friend, I'll see to all this: make your mind easy. I'm an old stager; I been to Rome; seen the Pontine marshes; been all over the silk factories abroad. You raise fifty dollars to buy leaves with — leave the rest to me. We'll make it work; bet you this gold watch I'll make the fifty, five thousand; bet you *drinks* of it. Ha! my friend! —

Hopper's eye twinkled a moment in dubious uncertainty, then stood still in its socket with an unfathomable cunning. He examined Bilcox from head to foot, rolled his tobacco about his cheek in silence, and having blown his nose, and snapped his fingers, replied:

'I guess I'll do it. I do n't mean to lose nothin' *this time*. I guess we wo n't nary one on us lose nothing.'

So the affair was settled. A small mulberry orchard was hired for the season, and Mr. Hopper went busily to work to gather all the rough boards which he could find, and to fit up a cocoonery in Bilcox's stable. The latter gentleman was compelled to buy the eggs, in spite of all his reasonings to the contrary. Several ounces were procured, which began to hatch out before their time, and the young worms starved to death. 'That's a mere circumstance,' said Bilcox; 'served 'em right for coming before there were any leaves to feed 'em on. Do n't let that concern you, my friend. Bless my soul! what little wee things! Go and dig a hole in the cellar, will you? More left than we know what to do with. Never you fear. Keep your eye on me. I'll show you a thing or two. My friend, it's all right enough; those that come out first are sickly: like enough they've got the yellows.'

By the time the spring fairly opened, and the *morus multicaulis* put forth its succulent young leaves, Mr. Hopper was out in all weathers with a basket on his arm, while Bilcox sat in the cocoonery, with spectacles on nose, peering over the shelves, with philosophical interest. It was at first a small matter to furnish such minute creatures, no bigger than a pin's point, with the nourishment of their lives; but they grew insensibly in size and in a most ravenous appetite. From covering a superficies so large as a common newspaper, they gradually occupied a whole building, while in the mulberry orchard wheel-barrow were soon substituted for baskets, and a wagon instead of wheel-barrow. They were all doing remarkably well, and on a moderate calculation would spin at least five thousand dollars worth of silk.

The first vexatious circumstance which a little damped the ardor of Mr. Hopper, was on returning one day laden with leaves, to find his whole regiment of barn-yard fowls scratching away on the shelves, where they had made an incursion, and in a few minutes eaten up a great number of worms. 'D'rat it!' exclaimed he, dropping his baskets in a fury, 'shëu! shëu! shëu! Who'd ever ha' thought that hens would eat 'em!'

'Hens eat 'em!' remarked his coadjutor; 'to be sure they will: never you mind *that*, my friend. Do n't let such a little thing as that fret you. We'll provide against that in future. Keep your eye on me: I'll show you a trick worth two of that.'

It was really a matter of deep interest to watch the silk-worms in their several stages; how they toiled on in their ugly destiny, shuffling off coil after coil, and from each dormant state coming out in sleek and spotted beauty. At length, from being a mere speck, they turned out as thick as your little finger, committing great havoc among the leaves, clipping the edge of the *multicaulis* in a semi-circular manner, and the sound of their mastication was like the pattering of a great rain-storm upon a roof. The neighbors looked over their operations with extreme wonder. It was more interesting than bees issuing from their hives on their industrious errands, returning with their *opima spolia*, delicious spoils, or hanging like a bunch of grapes when they were about to swarm in the air, to watch these creatures crawling through their lives, and weaving their own winding-sheet before they died. If *all* had gone through this process, then Pliny Hopper had been rich.

One day a silk-grower, who came to look at his establishment, informed him that he saw *ants* crawling upon the shelves, which would no doubt be very destructive to the worms. 'Goy blame 'em!' exclaimed the proprietor; 'you don't say!'

'My friend,' remarked Bilcox, 'never say die. Ants can't hurt 'em. They're twenty times as big as ants. Leave that matter to me to arrange. Oh, the prospect brightens. There's a man in Missouri cleared fifteen hundred dollars last fall. Think of *that*, my friend and pitcher. Such a be-yoo-tiful business! In six weeks it's all over. Then you pocket your cash; at it again; set a new crop to work; feed two or three million worms, why not? In for a penny, in for a pound; so we go. I know a little of the world: seen Vienna; been to Trieste; lost two teeth in New-Orleans. I tell you I'll stand by you. Hark! that's thunder! Thunder kills 'em.'

'Thunder?' exclaimed Mr. Hopper.

'Curious, is n't it? There's no end o' the mysteries of nature. It *will* kill 'em as dead as Julius Cæsar. Hallo! my friend and pitcher! What's this? Rats have been here! However, we'll soon put a stop to *that*. I been abroad; seen the king's rat-catcher. You can make a rat-trap out of a shingle, can't you, Yankee?'

'Sëure nëow!' said the discomfited speculator; 'will rats eat 'em?'

'Ha! ha! ha! to be sure they will. I been told they're extremely fond of 'em. Why should n't they be? My dear friend, imagine yourself in their position for a moment. Do n't let this circumstance trouble you. The main thing is to give 'em enough air. Mr. Drinker has been in here this morning, and says they'll be sickly for the want of fresh air; and Pliny, my boy, that streak of sunshine is bad for 'em. 'T's a pity we had n't thought of that before. It's been streakin' in every day. I've got a Courier and Enquirer; I would n't want a better curtain. Consider that as good as fixed. Do n't you be frightened with shadows. Begone, dull care! For Tippecanoe and Tyler too! For Tippecanoe, and Tyler too, and with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van is a used up man, and with them we'll beat little Van.'

Time wore on; Pliny Hopper worked hard in the fields from morning to night; the silk-worms toiled also, and many began to spin. During all this, it was interesting to mark the steady attention of Bilcox, who passed his time in the cocoonery in a rush-bottomed chair, smoking a segar and reading the Courier and Enquirer, or else poring over the worms, which he frequently took up by the tail, or turned them over and over in the palm of his hands. Many new theories were started about this time in pamphlets and magazines, and the superiority of the *morus multicaulis* as a food for worms over the common mulberry began to be doubted by some. The tender glossy young leaves which Mr. Hopper had selected with the greatest care, were altogether too succulent; and his concern was indeed great when he was told that they were no doubt the occasion of a diarrhœa among his worms. What should he do? His courage would have flagged but for the enthusiastic ardor of his partner, who told him that the remedy was as plain as the nose on his face, and to pluck the old leaves. The corpulent worms took up so much room that their diminution was not perceptible, and

every cocoon discovered among the matted foliage was considered to possess the weight and value of a silk pocket-handkerchief. I believe it is related in all the books that damp and moisture are very deleterious to the prospect of worms; and unfortunately for the present speculation, during the last stages a north-eastern storm came up and howled around the cocoonery for three days with great fury. It was one of those beating, unintermitting rains, which fill up gullies; and feed freshets, and give no promise of returning sunshine. The furrows in the fields were overflowing with water, and the broad leaves of the *morus multicaulis* were beaten down and covered up in the mud. Pliny bore up edge-wise against the storm with unflinching purpose, though it nearly tore the baskets out of his hands, and out in two his gaunt figure. It was hard work to pull his heels out of the tough mire; but dragging after him his clogged extremities, he deposited his burthen breathless upon the floor, where the witty Bilcox received him with the ease of a polished gentleman: 'That's you, that's you; put 'em down there. You're a great man: where have I seen it?—ha! ha! ha!—Pliny's Letters! Nominative *Plinius*, genitive *Plinii*.'

As might have been expected, the wet leaves produced a pestilence, commencing, like the Asiatic cholera, with a diarrhœa, and terminating in collapse. Every day witnessed new funerals, and the population sensibly decreased. 'I see a dead one,' said Mr. Hopper, examining; 'I see two dead ones! I see three dead ones—swon to man! what a big one!—four! five! six! Oh! oh! Seven! eight!—by George! how they are dying!—nine, ten, *eleven* — *TWELVE*!'

'Yes, my friend,' said Mr. Bilcox, in a tenderly consoling voice, 'they *are* dying. We must *all* die. A year ago I would not have said so. I am now pious. My friend and pitcher! never despair; take your cue from me.'

Alas! alas! what a sad havoc was wrought during the continuance of the north-easter! The neighbors who passed by the cocoonery stopped up their noses with disgust. It was unaccountable as well as vexatious to see worms which had been tenderly nursed on fresh leaves for more than a month; had molted several times, and were apparently in good health, give up at the very last; and when something was expected of them, and they had got their full growth, for the mere lack of energy, roll over and die. A last remedy for the infected district was to sift lime over the hurdles, leaving a bare choice of evils to the worms, either to catch the infection or to be choked to death. They were seen feebly elevating their white heads, looking over the snowy country for a glimpse of something green. At last they unanimously died. Their ugly carcasses lay in all quarters, stretched out at length or coiled up, or on their backs with their double row of claws clutched convulsively on their bellies.

The winding-up of the speculation came like a shock to the brain of Mr. Hopper, and drove him into a momentary phrenzy. Standing on a dung-hill, his head bare, his hair erect, with a crushed egg streaming from each hand, he went into a state of violent agitation, and sputtered away like a cat in a fit.

'My friend,' said Bilcox, 'when I look at the bright and auspicious

beginning of this thing — pregnant I may say with the fate and prospects of the silk culture in this country — and see it tapering away to this handful of worms and defunct millers ; when I consider the many happy hours we have mutually enjoyed in this labor of love ; we are both the losers by it at present ; but some good will come out of it. I tell you, I've seen the world ; been at the grand opera at Paris, and sailed thence to Pensacola.'

There was a degree of truth and justice in these remarks, carried out by the history of all schemes and speculations from the beginning of the world. In their sweeping progress they produce much ruin, but bear away some germs of value, and deposite them in places where they may spring up and flourish. The transplanting of merino sheep caused loss to the coffers too greedy of gain, (*sic vos non vobis vellera*) but mingled with the hardy flocks of our own mountains, they refined the fleeces of the country, and added greatly to its permanent wealth. The great South-Sea Bubble improved the world by its explosion ; and no doubt some advantage accrued from the expedition which went in search of the golden fleece for Pelias.

This is the conclusion of the whole matter : The unfortunate speculator, having occasion to go the city of New-York, borrowed the horse and watch of his patron ; the first to regulate his speed, and the second to regulate his time. With a peculiar expression, he begged him to take 'keer' of the cocoonery till he came back ; mounted the steed with a single leap ; fled away to the far-off mountains of Vermont, where he set up a 'Temperance Root-beer Establishment' on moral principles ; and from that moment Mr. Bilcox, though extremely desiring his return, forever lost sight of his dear 'Friend and Pitcher,' PLINY HOPPER.

F. W. S.

D R E A M S .

'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.' — SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN sleep hath bound the senseless clay,
The mind o'er fancy's realms will soar :
Now passing 'mid the trackless way
With outstretched pinions, hov'ring o'er
Some bright ideal scene of bliss,
Too heavenly for a world like this :
Then swifter than the eagle's flight,
She tracks her way with living light,
And scales the rugged mount of Fame
To chisel on its brow — a name.
Now chained to some dread phantasy,
Like him of the Caucasian rock :
With strength to suffer, not to flee,
The mark for fiends to pierce and mock.
Such are our dreams, and such is life ;
With joy, and hope, and sorrow rife.
So well portray'd each changing scene,
That we might deem all life a dream.

M. V.

New-York, March, 1845.

A DITTY: FOR THE GUITAR.

INSCRIBED, without permission, to HER on whose permission HOPE waits — THE INEXPRESSIBLE
LAURA!

I.

I WILL not call my mistress bright
As is the opening Day,
Let others scatter dew and light —
Qu'elle est bien chaussée!
Bien gantée, bien chaussée!
Ah! parfaitement chaussée!

II.

A Rose-leaf on the cheek is sweet
When lips are like young May,
And Rose-tipp'd fingers all would greet —
Qu'elle est bien chaussée!
Bien, bien chaussée!
Ah! parfaitement chaussée!

III.

Some love eyes black, some violet hue,
Some love the long-lash'd gray,
That each is right, no doubt is true —
Qu'elle est bien chaussée!
Bien gantée, bien chaussée!
Ah! parfaitement chaussée!

IV.

With locks of gold some hearts are stirr'd,
While some with flax would play,
Her locks I leave to be inferr'd —
Qu'elle est bien chaussée!
Bien gantée, bien chaussée!
Ah! parfaitement chaussée!

V.

Some feet plant Earth with steps of lead,
While some — as June winds stray
Or frolick o'er the violet bed —
Qu'elle est bien chaussée!
Bien gantée, bien chaussée!
Ah! parfaitement chaussée!

VI.

That height of form I deem the best
That fills the eye like day;
'Tis easier dreamt of than express'd —
Qu'elle est bien chaussée!
Bien gantée, bien chaussée!
Ah! parfaitement chaussée!

VII.

Now all the charms that here are writ,
What think you when I say,
Beside the best, with grace and wit —
Elle est bien chaussée!
Bien gantée, bien chaussée!
Ah! parfaitement chaussée!

JOHN WATERS.

NECESSITY FOR A NATIONAL LITERATURE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

MANY people and some critics have boldly propounded the opinion that we have no matériel for a national literature ; but that American brain, for some time to come, must suck in its vitality and sustain it by means of foreign distillations. A pretty set of gray owls sitting in the sunlight, and declaring all barren outside of their limited vision ! Infallible intellectographers, who can appeal from your decisions ? It must indeed be a leaden head that would not acknowledge your capability and fitness for mapping the human mind ; and at once adopt the conviction, that all beyond your knowledge is mental darkness and sandy incapacity. But notwithstanding these high authorities, we have been accustomed to suppose that wherever God has created human beings with hearts to feel, souls to aspire, and energies to execute, that out of this combination there will arise matériel not unworthy of delineation ; matter that will be of high interest to the scholar, the philosopher, and the philanthropist. Even savage life has enlisted powerful and poetical pens in the description of its scenes, and in the portrayal of its children, with their few simple yet graven feelings. And if these wild brethren have drawn largely on the sympathies of many, and identified their nature with theirs, how much nearer is our claim ! Millions of warm human hearts, wearing energetic forms, and willing hands, yet no matériel for a literature ! This struggling multitude do, think, feel, nothing worthy of being writ or read ! Our own people are to take interest in all others under the sun, but none whatever in ourselves ! This is not the charity that beginneth at home, but the charity that soon will not have any home to stay in ; for where the mind is constantly wandering, the body will soon follow, and indeed may just as well go ; for what is the use of a body without the mind ? Just about of as much service as fortifications without men.

Our government and institutions are entirely built upon opinion ; and of course if that opinion be not in accordance with its spirit and form, it will more quickly change than any other. The only duty exacted of subjects is that of obedience ; their rulers think and decide for them ; but citizens, to their nobler rights have annexed more onerous duties. The mind of every citizen is the property of his country ; he is bound by all the glorious deeds that have been performed, by all the illustrious lives that have been sacrificed, and above all, by the divine portion of his own nature, to pay the patriotic debt. We are just arrived at that epoch in which nations have produced their greatest literary works ; when natural feeling is strong, generous, and impulsive ; refined, but not curbed by civilization. It is at this period, before luxury enervates, that strong feeling produces vigorous and original thought ; the mind is sufficiently developed by education to reflect ; at the same time the affections are simple, earnest, and absorbing. It would seem at this

time as if the intellect grew out of the strong heart ; that though culture stimulates, nature nourishes. In the moral world, true feeling and just thought arrive at the same conclusion ; one clothes itself in poetry, the other wears the graver garb of philosophy ; and let not the severer younger brother frown on his more pranksome and unfettered elder ; for wo and degradation betide the people who cherish not their poets ; who shut their ears and hearts to those God-endowed priests of nature ; who make as it were one soul of all men ; creating an affinity from the savage to the sage.

In our country hitherto there has been an urgent demand for actual labor, and nobly has that call been responded to. Free citizens have achieved in fifty years what would have taken five centuries for well-governed subjects to perform. In this span of time, what an unexampled amount of energy, invention, and judgment have been expended, and taken form ! It is recorded almost as a miracle, that Pericles, within the age of one man, found Athens of wood and left it of marble ; but in the same length of time here is a country half as large as Europe, settled and cultivated, with a population enjoying more comfort and greater mental advantages than any other in existence. We do not mean to say that we have a class of learned men equal to those in older countries ; but that information, good taste, and a sense of fitness and propriety are far more generally diffused here than elsewhere. Man can scarcely exist in ignorance in a country where he is born to nothing but what his deeds win for him. Information is a great aid, but knowledge is indispensable. Public spirit and individual activity have of necessity been directed to our most obvious and obtrusive wants ; a body has been created ; a soul must be breathed into it — a soul of entire nationality. Is a child sent to nurse among strangers, to teach him to love his own kindred ? Surely not ; then why should the minds of our youth kindle at foreign fires ? The noble patriotism and ardent enthusiasm for abstract good, which glows in the mind of generous youth, is the most invaluable and sacred of all national treasures ; and is this heart-incense, this life of the future, to be wasted at foreign shrines ? shall our youth drink, scatter poison, and die, before foreign sensuality ? The idea of a republic is to give men an opportunity for cultivating and practising inner law ; and shall this be received from antagonists ? That which is a man's ideal, if he have the power, will surely be his practical.

In this country, where the mass of people read, a sound *Home Literature* is of vital consequence ; bad books are more injurious, and good ones of greater benefit, here than elsewhere. When we look at the biography of patriots, how forcibly are we reminded of the effect that a single book may produce ! With scarcely an exception, they all declare that Plutarch exerted a powerful and controlling influence over their youthful minds. It was the great deeds which he has recorded that first warmed their hearts with the sacred love of country, and made them sensible of a citizen's duty. If one book has possessed this ennobling power over the susceptible mind of youth, how deplorable must be the effect of the hundred *corrupt* ones, that are daily disseminated through our land ! Every reprint descriptive of foreign licentiousness and im-

morality is an inserted wedge, placed in strong hands to upheave our morals, habits, and institutions. But it is urged that young people must learn life, and that these books portray it. Now is it not most fallacious, and dangerous withal, to call these vicious extremes *life*, when in the corrupt trans-atlantic cities there is not a possibility of one individual out of a thousand being placed in the situations they represent? The million of virtuous men and women are to pass by unheeded; their noble deeds and works unknown; but youth are invited to inspect and gloat over this minor proportion of social rottenness, and are taught to consider it life, when it is death and destruction to all who imitate or sympathize with it. This early initiation into vice, to make us love virtue, would seem rather paradoxical; for however necessary it may be to know that evil and its effects are disastrous, the glowing rose-colored details and glozing excuses that attend its commission can be neither edifying nor improving. The mobile Greeks made a beautiful Venus from the froth of the sea, but it is doubtful whether even American ingenuity will be able to make beautiful citizens and patriots out of the froth of foreign republications. We should think a farmer crazy, who retired with a family of grown-up sons and daughters to some barren hill-top, desired them to sit still, fold their hands, and bewail the famine that must starve them all next year; while at the same time he was the rich owner of hundreds of acres of golden wheat-fields, and prospective plenty lay stretched at their feet, beneath their very eyes, if they would but open them on the heavy grains, which hung their heads deplorably toward the ground, begging humbly to be made bread. Yet is not this very like our own situation, as it regards subjects for a literature?—when in reality the difficulty is not in the dearth, but rather in the abundance, by which we are surrounded?

We are told, in effect, that we have neither tradition nor history for poetry to decorate, or for prose to record; and that the scenery of our country, though beautiful and magnificent, is too fresh from the hands of Nature to be either interesting or worthy of description; that our people are not sufficiently refined to feel, nor intellectual enough to think; that literature can never grow nor be appreciated in republics, which have an inevitable tendency to crush and condemn all mental superiority. Tears of Judas! how plentifully are ye shed! Not so, thought Herodotus; not so, thought Thucydides; and 'Not so,' echoes young America. It is true, we have no dark ages, with their swarms of barbarians, and devastating heroes; no period of barbaric splendor, when Fear, Superstition, and Cruelty, those three pallid, withering, and blood-drenched sisters swept over the earth, and enlisted nations under their sable banners; upon which were stamped those much-abused though sacred words, loyalty, religion, courage. No ivy-covered castles, more beautiful in ruins than when they first arose in all their stately and war-like grandeur; no chivalry nor crusades. But if we have not this richly-embossed traditional lore, which the hard-working pens of Europe have almost scraped thread-bare, yet have we other subjects more thrilling, tender and holy, than ever appealed to human feelings, or took hold of human hearts. Have we not a mighty and to us a mysterious people, whose origin has puzzled the wisest of the earth, silently van-

ishing from the world? Whole nations of human beings who thought, felt, acted, loved, hated, sorrowed? — in whose perfect breathing forms, but as yesterday, life was warm and vigorous? Where are they now? Perhaps the very dust we tread on is their's; our hearth-stones may cover the bones of a chieftain, or the remains of a once happy family. Where they worshipped the SUPREME in solitude and awe, there perchance our theatres nightly resound to the shout of the multitude; where they celebrated the frantic war-dance, and the captive chanted his death-song of triumph, on that very spot may we have built our churches, and hundreds of peaceful citizens unite their voices in hymns of praise to the living God.

If we look across the borders, toward Mexico, does not her ancient mythology arise before our eyes? — those severe, gloomy, exterminating deities, whose oblations were hecatombs of human beings? Imagine for a moment one of those sacrifices at the great temple, without the city of Mexico; a huge pyramid, one hundred and forty-seven feet in height, the top an immense area of three hundred and forty-four by two hundred and seventy-two, which is the altar of sacrifice. On this, by the flickering light of torches, see the bound prisoner quivering in the strong agony of fear; the terrific dark-robed priest, who plunges a knife into the breast of the living victim, tears out his heart, and holds it up warm and palpitating, to the view of the multitude who throng the surrounding plain. Imagine their wild, scanty, picturesque attire; their sad, severe, upturned countenances, upon which are imprinted horror and superstitious awe. Overhead, are black storm-clouds, driving to and fro, the whole made distinctly visible by the lurid light of a distant volcano. Opposed to these sanguinary gods, or we should rather say demons of Moloch, they had poetical and beneficent deities, whose offerings were fruits and flowers; for like the Greeks their number was infinite. All passions, every vale, garden, grove, temple, dwelling, had its appropriate spirit, god or goddess. Apart from the cruelty of their religion, and in strong contrast to it, the Mexicans were just, humane, affectionate; scrupulously fulfilling all moral and social duties, good husbands, kind fathers, faithful friends. The law rigorously laid down their duties, and insisted on obedience. Indeed, the whole history of ancient Mexico is a complete treasure-field, a rich untilled virgin soil, that if properly cultivated would yield a luxuriant crop of tales, novels, and romances. Should the taste of the world ever demand another epic, there is no subject since the heroic ages that could so richly furnish materials as the adventures of Cortez.

Our nation is but of yesterday, but how are events and their consequences crowded into that speck of time! What history embodies subjects of greater importance, principles of more paramount moment, incidents of higher romance, than our own! Valor, discretion, sagacity, self-denial, and lofty purpose, mark its every page, from the first arrival of the Mayflower, until independence was wrung from unwilling Britain. How much easier martyrdom, with its few hours of severe pain, than the self-exiled and crucified life of the first Pilgrim; who, to win heaven and freedom for posterity, unflinchingly incurred every peril and penalty that humanity shrinks from! If Heaven ever looked with favor on

earthly efforts, that grace was surely accorded to our forefathers ; for never has man exhibited a nobler manifestation of the divine will in the form of christianity. And these generous, magnanimous men rose above their earthly nature in pursuit of a good abstracted from all selfish consideration, that they might secure a future asylum, a peaceful haven for oppressed and persecuted humanity. Where in the records of man shall we meet such a combination of the virtuous, the tender, and the heroic, as in the lives of our pilgrim-fathers ? — men firm of nerve, high of heart ; of indomitable courage, of untameable will ; clear-headed, cool-judging men, calmly resigning wealth and its comforts, civilization and its advantages, home and its delights, for poverty, savages, and a pathless wilderness. What dauntless courage ! What trusting humility ! God was their guide — heaven was their hope.

And by the side of these martyr heroes, was there not Woman ; pure, holy, beautiful, graceful ? Could fiction imagine any scenes more romantic than those our first settlements presented ? Beauty, birth, and valor ; woman's soft heart, and man's stern mind, abjuring home, kindred, and civilization, to settle on a new and unknown continent. What strength of affection must have bound together that little band ! — what strong and intense feelings their peculiar situation must have elicited ! Imagine this handful of people ; fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, brothers, sisters, lovers, landed on an inclement and uncultivated shore ; on one side nothing but the illimitable sky and enduring ocean, on the other a dark belt of interminable forests, swarming with wild and vindictive savages. What pen could hope to paint the gratitude, the agony, the faith, the dead cold fear and heaven-illuminated hope that convulsively chased each other through their hearts, and flitted like life and death over their countenances ? What judgment, enterprise, patience, discretion and valor were exercised in the formation of that infant settlement ! What wild adventures of hunting and exploring expeditions ! How touching the primitive simplicity and affectionate generosity of the friendly Indians, and how fearful their wild warfare and unrelenting revenge ! With what a heart of yearning love would a mother bend over the cradle of her child ; with what solemn devotedness would a wife gaze on her husband ; when perhaps the next hour might see the one torn shrieking from her arms and the other sink beneath the tomahawk of the infuriated savage ! Ought we not to feel proud of our pilgrim mothers ; of those christian women of high resolve, who left England's halls of luxury for log huts, and a wild wilderness, peopled by dark-scowling savages ? Were they not like roses blooming on the verge of *Ætna* ?

Then the Revolution, that noble struggle for the rights of man ; what hallowed names are inscribed on its pages ; what a debt of deep gratitude do we owe those patient sages, whose wisdom and example not only illuminated their own age, but has cast a light far along the future, as a guiding-star to the unborn generations of men ! At this period were there no strange adventures, no scenes of thrilling peril, of resolute daring, of chivalrous courtesy, of generous sacrifice ? Think you, when sorrowing and mourning, joy and gladness, oppression and independence, courage and cowardice, and all opposing feelings and passions

were forced by unrelenting war into fierce collision ; think you then that heart-stirring scenes would not grow out of this unnatural combination ? Those were times when all extremes met ; when men's lives were real dramas ; a nation, the theatre—the world, spectators. Description can faintly shadow forth our surpassing scenery, so magnificent and diversified in its beauty ; from that immense valley of the west, through whose fertile plains a hundred broad rivers roll in silence and grandeur to the ocean, down to those sunny little nooks of peace and quietness, scattered through our eastern land. Then our unequalled lakes, caves, cataracts, mountains, prairies, which the most scientific men of Europe have taken tedious journeys to look upon, wonder at, and admire : they dwell with delight on the gigantic forests, the beauty of the flowers, the richness of the mineral kingdom, the brilliancy of the insects, the bright, many-colored plumage of the birds, and especially those little irradiscent glories, that flash like winged jewels through the air. And does not our beautiful autumn paint poetry to the eye, and speak it to the heart ? — that season of glowing yet solemn beauty, when every gorgeous color flushes earth and sky ?

The people of this country possess peculiar interest. They are a mixture from every country in Europe. Dutch, German, French, Swiss, Spanish, and other foreign communities, perfectly separated, and distinct from the surrounding population ; each preserving the same manners, opinions, and primitive simplicity that their forefathers brought to our shores two hundred years ago. To them, modern improvements have hardly a name ; they have scarcely reached their ears. The singular religious settlements also claim attention, and the strange doctrines professed at them ; the data from which they deduce their conclusions, their mode of arriving at them, the degree of influence, and of what kind, these speculative opinions have upon their actions, would be an interesting study for the psychologist. The Far West, which every year grows *farther*, what scenes of the picturesque are there ? — its wild sports, wild animals, and wild inhabitants, half savage, half civilized, yet many of them noble men and true. Great as the tide of travelling is, we may safely say that one part of this country hardly knows the other, either as it regards its resources or its inhabitants. We are a nation standing as it were alone, having burst from the track or orbit of other nations. Here the human mind, will and action are unfettered. There is abundant talent in our people, and an unlimited field for its exertion. We stand before the eyes of the world as a great commercial, intelligent nation, on the whole, inferior to none. Let it not be said of us as of some others, who have almost reached this eminence, 'They had no bard, and died.' It has repeatedly been said, 'We will not depend on foreigners for our clothing ;' then why should we depend upon them for our thoughts and opinions, when it is these which make a people ? We ought studiously to glean the wisdom of the past and present, as a light to guide us on to still greater wisdom and excellence. It is not this class of books of which we are speaking, but of light literature, those which are written for, and consequently act upon the mass, and infuse into their minds a love of luxury, a taste for expensive dissipation, a sighing after a state of things which can only

exist among a subservient people, and which here would be utterly incompatible, alike with private interest and public good.

We number many men and women of excellent talent, but we want *home subjects* ; something that our hearts and affections can rally round by our own fire-sides ; a *sympathy with our own, and with ourselves*. We want to awaken a deep sense, an abiding love, of beauty, both in nature and the fine arts. We have now enough of leisure and wealth to cultivate a literary taste, and to reward it. Let us make the effort. To do this, we must let our hearts as well as our eyes go out among our fellow-creatures ; try to see the beauty of the natural, the harmony of the moral world ; put selfishness and littleness at a distance, and endeavor to comprehend and recognize the Infinite. Might not the cultivation of literature and the fine arts counteract in some measure that love of show and extravagance which already characterizes our private life ; that petty struggling after social preëminence through a ruinous and tasteless expenditure ? — for this barbaric love of glitter, this childish desire to be an eye-dazzle, owes its existence to meanness and ignorance ; although a plea of apparent humility might really be put in ; for that being who appeals to social consideration through extrinsic decorations ; who says to furniture, clothes, jewels, horses, servants, ‘ You are all essential ; from you I derive my social vitality : my little soul and mind are nothing ; mere nonentities ; there is no intrinsic merit there ; they might rattle in a cherry-stone, for all the room they would occupy ; but my big house, my luxurious table, my fine dress and sumptuous attendance, swell out into an impalpable grandeur, before which every heart and door must open.’ When once allowed entrance, this narrow-minded devotion to appearances encroaches by degrees, until it finally drives out all natural affection and benevolent feeling : to such, there is no estimation of God’s creatures but by that of station. In all creation they recognize no living essence : mind sleeps ; the soul is dead. Their life is selfishness.

In all countries where there are no artificial distinctions, the vanity and ambition of numerous individuals will endeavor to affix on themselves some outward mark of superiority. With us Fashion has been the deity generally selected to confer this importance. And when we count the long list of victims who within a few years past have sacrificed honor, friends, talents, public confidence, family reputation and life, at the shrine of this phantom goddess, we must confess that their example has materially lowered the tone of public and private morals, and that it is an evil continually on the increase. Now would it not be possible to awaken a better and more patriotic taste ? — for this perverted opinion is a mistake, a false estimate, rather than wilful intent. If citizens in every township would each subscribe the smallest possible sum yearly, if only sufficient to purchase one picture, or one statue, and assign an apartment in the court-house, or most convenient public building, how soon might both Pleasure and Pride be led to encourage and promote galleries of American art ! The enjoyment of art ought as much as possible to be made universal ; those breathing manifestations of *the divine*, which God-endowed genius executes, are gifts bestowed by Heaven for the benefit and improvement of the race, and as such

they ought to be welcomed. We have many promising artists in this country, and others studying in Italy; now if the inhabitants of separate townships would each subscribe but one dollar a year, leaving to artists the choice of subjects, how soon might we glory in sculptors and painters, whose works would confer on themselves and country immortality! Instead of languishing in neglect and poverty, hopelessly struggling for fame, which early death prevents their attaining, they would be inspirited by public sympathy, and the consciousness that their efforts were the glory and admiration of their countrymen. Exhibitions of this kind would gratify age, and have a refining influence on youth; they would likewise have the advantage of being a common centre of interest to all classes; and it is one of the necessities of a republic to have some subjects upon which all can feel alike, without reference to station or party.

Amid so many discordants there must be some accordants, to prevent accidental divisions from growing into permanent enmities. The idea of making great works of art private property is quite a modern one, and unworthy of a liberal age or people. Among the Greeks, up to the time of Alexander, the towns and their respective citizens were the owners of those master-pieces which the world has never equalled: the highest and the meanest gazed on them with equal pride and rapture, and felt a kindred interest in this common property. It is true we can even now name some of the munificent men who paid for these noble productions, but it was with the patriotic intent that they might adorn and beautify their native cities; they considered art too sacred to be shut up in private walls, for the pleasure only of the rich. It was with them an important agent in civilizing and ennobling men; and to the immortal honor of true artists be it remembered, that they always have been more anxious for fame than money, and fully willing to contribute their share toward public collections or exhibitions.

Again we reiterate, a nation can never acquire a profound, permanent character, until she owns a home literature, whose roots are planted and nourished in the habits and nature of her people. Public opinion, founded on foreign experience, must be unstable and divided, and often inapplicable under a different state of affairs. That which naturally formed itself out of the peculiar position, the special circumstances, and inborn feelings of the inhabitants, becomes as it were part of themselves, and can be relied upon under all difficulties; as suitable to their institutions and as secure in their affections. How can a sound and vigorous nationality ever be the fruit of foreign acquisition? They who transplant tares cannot expect to reap wheat. Nothing but Truth can stand the test of time; it is the everlasting rock alone that can send back the tide of error. All beneficial social institutions are but true opinions realized; and all true opinions must be founded on a law of nature, that is, on God's intent and man's capacity. In time, what personal abasement, what mental servitude, must exist among a people who are unable, or too indolent to inquire into these high questions, but who are content to know themselves and the laws which regulate their being through the thoughts of others! Such a community may have the material elements of prosperity, but they have built upon a quicksand.

All civilized people endeavor to avail themselves of the wisdom of the past, and by so doing incur a debt to the future. How worthless to posterity is the nation that throws no light on its own existence; that records not its struggles against evil, its means of advancing good, its peculiar modes of thought, the lives of its children, and the experience of its government! The experience of the present is a debt owing to the future; and they who defraud Futurity of her due, must expect either to sink into oblivion, or faintly live in the misrepresentations of adverse contemporaries.

L. M. P.

Brooklyn, New-York.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY'S CALL: A DREAM.

BY JOHN K. BERRY.

In the deep sleep of night, when motions oft
From spirit-worlds invade the slumbering sense,
A vision, sent of God, amazed my soul
With solemn terror and religious awe.
I stood: and looking downward I beheld
A vast dark valley, at whose sloping end,
Under a black o'erhanging crag, there yawned
The wide devouring gate of Hell. From it
Burst smoke and roaring flame, whose lurid glare
Flashed upward far along the vale. No sun
Shone there, nor moon, nor heav'n-inviting stars;
But, spread from mountain top to mountain top,
The waving wings of Death o'ershadowed all.
And, rushing down the valley's steep descent,
Myriads of disembodied ghosts I saw
By that drear light: farther than eye could reach,
The surging deluge of lost souls rolled down
To everlasting night. Nor any knew
The fiery goal whither they hurried on;
For every eye was blind: and, as they passed,
All stretched their heads tow'rd where I stood, and turned
Their darkling orbs on me, crying: 'Light! light!'

And while I gazed and wept, I heard a voice
From Heaven, which said: 'Beholdest thou all these,
Like sheep without a shepherd? Son of man!
Leave thou thy father, and thy father's house,
For I have called thee.' Then within my breast
Melted my heart like water. On the earth
In fear I sank; and mortal faintness drew
Dark clouds over mine eyes. I was like one
Wrapped in strong horrors of approaching death.

Again I heard the voice from Heaven. And now,
Upstarting from the ground with new-born strength,
I stood surrounded by a flood of light,
Poured on me from on high. In my right hand
Bright blazed the mystic Sun of Righteousness,
A light to light the Gentiles. In my left
The opened Book, in which I read; 'Go ye
Into all nations.' And an angel, sent
From Heaven, came down, and with a living coal
From off the altar, touched my lips with fire.
Prostrate I fell before JEHOVAH's glory, cried,
With joyous thankfulness, 'Thy will be done!'
Then woke, and girded up my loins, and went.

A CHAPTER ON MIDDIES.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

Do n't look for a regular dissertation upon this class of animals, reader; my intention is not to enter upon any investigation of them as a species, but to elucidate the general character of the *genus*, by a simple narrative of facts which came under my personal observation.

How I love to look upon a jolly, whole-souled reefer, when he has just returned from a three years' cruise abroad! — his heart light as flower-down floating on the air; his head still lighter; his purse alone heavy, and no earthly whim or vagary too strange for him to indulge in. Livery-stable men, candy-shop keepers, washer-women and tailors, all have a harvest to reap, and the gathering, to them, is of little trouble.

But the *training* of the boys is the jolliest part of their history. Many a time have I laughed myself almost into a pleurisy over the reception of some fresh-caught middy, as he came for the first time on board ship from some unwatered section of the back-woods. Many are the tricks devised by the 'oldsters' to annoy and properly initiate the 'youngster,' when he first crosses the gangway, turning his nose inquiringly upward, as it meets the perfume of tar and bilge-water. It is in itself amusing, to look at the wondering face which a 'green 'un' assumes, when he appears for the first time among the strangenesses of ship-board, probably having no previous idea of the navy; perhaps thinking, as one I wot of once did, that it was 'something good to eat!'

My purpose in the present sketch is to relate the history of 'an introduction' as it actually occurred, which will be recollected by most of the officers who with myself were stationed in the West-India squadron during the year 1837.

A young gentleman from Athens — 'Athens in Alabama, *not* Athens in Greece,' he informed us — received an embossed piece of kid-skin from the President, with papers accompanying, which advised him to purchase certain clothing, more particularly described in the papers aforesaid, and to proceed forthwith to the sea-coast and report for duty.

In conformity with these instructions, the young man had a new blue claw-hammer jacket manufactured, with yellow buttons upon it, 'and geese,' as he said, 'sittin' on a pig-yoke, printed on to 'em,' bought a pair of high-heeled boots, a sword longer than himself, and a pair of pocket-pistols, and started for Pensacola, where he was ordered to report to Captain BABBIT, of the sloop-of-war Boston.

On his arrival at the 'City of White Sand,' his first inquiry was: 'Where does Mr. Navy live?'

After some trouble, he succeeded in finding out that the gentleman whom he wished to see could be found on board the Boston, which was pointed out to him as she lay in the stream, with every thing 'ataunto,' ready for sea, looking, as he said, 'jest like three big trees, standin' in a corn-field, ready trimmed to hang scare-crows on.'

Stepping into a boat, which he declared looked 'egzackly like our folks' long hog-trough,' he was soon conveyed alongside the ship. As he ascended the 'tarnal shakin' stairs,' otherwise known as the accommodation-ladder, the first thing which struck his eye was the bright red and yellow facings of the uniform worn by the marine sentinel, who was pacing along the gang-plank, outside the vessel. After reaching the top of the ladder, he coolly looked over the side upon the quarter-deck, where several officers were walking; then turned around to the soldier, whom he observed to be more gaudily dressed than the others, and reaching out his unwashed hands, thus addressed him:

'Wall, Cap'n,' old hoss, how *ar'* you?'

Then taking a side look toward the musket in the sentinel's hands, he added:

'I reckon you 're out a-shootin' loons, aint you? But what on yarth ha' you got that tarnal long stickin'-bag-net on to the eend of your smooth-bore for?'

The astonished soldier glanced at our subject in silent surprise, which however did not abash the gaily-uniformed youth, who once more looked over the bulwarks, and casting his eye down the main hatchway, again exclaimed:

'La! Cap'n, this 'ere canoe o' your'n is all holler; and d—n my biggest nigger to thunder! if she aint a s'prisin' screamer!'

The officers now came to the relief of the astonished soldier, and with considerable difficulty the young man was made to understand who was the captain. After paying his respects to the 'old hoss,' as he invariably termed our skipper, he was conducted to the midshipman's apartment in the steerage. The reefers at once marked him out as a subject for initiation; and when he entered the room he was received with the most obsequious gravity and politeness by us all, and introduced to the mess in due form, each giving to the other some false name. After having been introduced to all except the biggest devil among us, he was seated. He then wished to know who that 'preacher-lookin' hoss' was in the corner; for 'mongst all the funny names, we had n't told his'n.' He was accordingly very gravely introduced to this personage as Dr. Tarrybrecks, the ship's surgeon. On being introduced, he as usual held out his flipper, and said:

'Wall, old hoss! Taller-bricks they call you, do they? Do you ever have any ager-shakes in these 'ere diggins?'

'Young man!' answered the quondam physician, in a severe tone, 'you forget the respect which is due to my elevated station, in thus addressing me by titles other than those which are of right my own. Have you not perused the Latin poets? Do you not remember that in the Third Book of *Humbugii Extraordinum*, that it is recorded as followeth: '*Non recordibus el medicum dominorum est asinorum*? — which in the vernacular meaneth, 'Thou shalt not write down thy doctor an ass,' thereby inferring that he must not be called a horse, and worse than all, an aged horse.'

'Wall, Mister Doctor, *ar'* you done? Wall now, that are 's a jump above my tallest persimmons!' rejoined our hero, with a half awe-checked burst of laughter.

'Young man!' said the doctor, 'you must go on my sick-list immediately — forthwith and directly, Sir; you are sick, Sir!'

'*Me* sick, doctor!' exclaimed the innocent; 'no more sick than a spring alligator on a sunny mud-bank, or a lazy nigger in cotton-pick-in'-time.'

'Yes, young man, you *are* sick. The first lesson which you have to learn on board ship, is subordination and obedience to your superior officers, of whom I have the honor to be *one*. Silence, Sir! no interruption!' thundered the doctor, as his victim opened his mouth to speak; 'understand me at once, Sir: you must take a dose of medicine, and go to bed. You 're on the sick-list, Sir!'

'Oh Lord, no! You don't *think* so, do you, doctor?' whined the 'subject.'

'You 're to obey orders *here*, Sir,' was the doctor's brief answer, as he turned round and instructed the loblolly-boy to prepare the following prescription: the doctor was a bit of a rhymester:

'Oy epsom salts, a quart in a pot,
Well stirred up and all boiling hot;
A blue pill also, of walnut-size,
And a plaster large of Spanish flies.'

The compounds were mixed, and with great difficulty forced down the patient's throat; the plaster was also duly applied. After this the subject became *rather* sick, and began to believe it himself. He anxiously inquired for a bed. He was pointed to a hammock, swung between two carlines, with a slip-not in the lanyard — made especially for his benefit.

He looked at it for a moment, and then in a piteous tone, asked:

'Lord, boys! you don't mean for me to sleep up in that ar' swingin' bag, do ye?'

He was informed that that was the only kind of bed allowed on board a man-o'-war. Finally, with our assistance, he was hoisted up into the hammock, not without many misgivings as to the safety of the 'tarnal swingin' thing!' He had just got fairly stretched out in it, when down it came 'by the run' upon the deck, where his head and shoulders made the acquaintance of a large tub full of cold salt-water, which 'by accident' had found its way beneath the hammock.

For an instant his head remained under the water, just long enough for his medicine to get well washed down with brine, and then he rose to his feet, With the most wolfish face that I ever gazed upon, he roared rather than spoke:

'Now darn and blast your big canoes and swingin'-bags all to thunder! Whar's the Cap'n? I'll be flambusticated into ten thousand thunderin' cane-breaks, if I'll eat *this* sort o' hominy! Whar's *the* Cap'n, I say? I want to quit these thunderin' diggin's!'

We now found that we had gone far enough with the poor fellow; and, ladies and gentlemen, I presume you think I have likewise gone far enough with my yarn; therefore I'll heave to, as I anticipate another cruise with you all before long, and must look out not to be tedious. In closing, however, let me remark, that the middy whose 'introduction'

I have literally described to you, is now sailing-master of one of the finest frigates in the United States' service, and is as good a sailor and as perfect a gentleman as there is in the American navy; one whom, I doubt not, from his known amiability of character, will excuse the liberty here taken by his old friend and shipmate.

N. B.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THOUGHTS IN SPRING-TIME.

BY SUSAN FINDAL.

FAR in some still sequestered nook,
 Removed from worldly strife,
 How calmly, like a placid brook,
 Would glide the stream of life!

How sweet in temples God has made
 To raise the voice of prayer,
 While songsters from the leafy glade
 With music fill the air!

Does not the spirit seem to spurn
 The fettered thoughts of earth,
 And with a holier impulse turn
 To things of higher birth?

When in the forests' vast arcade,
 Where man has seldom trod,
 Amid the works that He has made,
 We stand alone with God!

When gazing on fair Nature's face,
 Untouched by hand of art,
 In every leaf His love we trace,
 What feelings thrill the heart!

The diamond dew-drop on the spray,
 Each early-fading flower,
 The glittering insects of a day,
 All show God's wondrous power:

And teach us by their helplessness
 Of His unwearied care
 Who gives the lily's vestal dress,
 And bids us not despair.

When in the fading light of day
 The forest trees grow dim,
 And evening comes in sober gray,
 How turn our souls to Him!

There is no sound upon the air,
 All living things are still,
 A solemn hush as if of prayer,
 Is brooding o'er the hill:

While far above, like spirit-eyes,
The stars their vigils keep,
And smile on the fair stream that lies
Upon earth's breast, asleep.

There is a spell that binds the heart
At this most hallowed hour,
And bids all earth-born thoughts depart,
Beneath its holy power.

And when to all created things
A voice of praise is given,
The spirit seems on angel wings
To soar aloft to Heaven.

New-York, April, 1845.

T H E S E V E N T Y R A N T S .

FROM THE PRINCE OF LA MENDRE.

PART FIRST.

It was a night of gloom. A starless sky hung over the earth like a tablet of black marble upon a tomb. Nothing disturbed the silence, save a strange noise like the light beating of wings, which from time to time was heard over town and country. The darkness grew thicker, and all felt their hearts beat quick, and a shiver ran through their veins.

In a hall hung with black, and lighted by a lurid lamp, seven men, clothed in purple, with their heads encircled by a crown, were seated upon seven seats of iron. In the midst of the hall was raised a throne of bones, and at its foot, as a footstool, lay a prostrate cross. Before the throne was a table of ebony, and upon the table a vase full of blood, red and foaming, and a human skull.

The seven men appeared sad and thoughtful ; and their eyes from the depths of their deep sockets from time to time shot forth gleams of livid fire ; and one of them rose up and approached the throne, and placed his foot upon the crucifix. At that moment his limbs shook, and he seemed near falling. The others regarded him unmoved ; but a something, I know not what, passed over their features, and a smile that was not human contracted their lips.

And he who stood tottering stretched out his hand, seized the vase full of blood, filled the skull and drank ; and the draught seemed to strengthen him. Raising his head, this cry escaped from his breast : ' Cursed be CHRIST, who has brought back liberty upon the earth ! ' And the other kings rose up all together, and all together raised the same cry : ' Cursed be CHRIST, who has brought back liberty upon the earth ! '

When they had reseated themselves upon their seats of iron, the first said : ' My brothers, let us stifle Liberty, for our reign is finished if hers

commences! Our cause is the same; let each one propose that which seems best. For my own part I give this counsel, for before CHRIST came, who dared to stand upright before us? It is his religion which destroys us: let us abolish the religion of CHRIST!

And all responded: 'It is true! let us abolish the religion of CHRIST!'

And a second advanced to the throne; took the human skull; filled it with blood; and after drinking, said: 'It is not religion ALONE that should be abolished; but still farther science and thought; for SCIENCE teaches that which is, for us, not good for man to know; and THOUGHT is always ready to rebel against oppression!'

And all responded: 'It is true! let us abolish Science and Thought!'

And when the third had done what the two first had before done, he said: 'When we have replunged mankind into brutishness by depriving them of religion, and science, and thought, we have done much; but there yet remains something else to be done. The brute has dangerous instincts and sympathies. One people should not hear the voice of any other people; for fear that if any complain and rise in rebellion that they should be tempted to imitate them. No noise from without should penetrate within!'

And all responded: 'It is true! No noise from without should be heard within!'

And a fourth said: 'We have our interests, and the people have their interests opposed to ours. If they should unite against us to defend that interest, how can we resist them? Let us separate them, out of policy. Let us create in each province, village and hamlet an interest contrary to that of the other hamlets, villages and provinces. In this manner they will hate each other, and will not think of uniting against us!'

And all responded: 'It is true! let us make political divisions! Concord would destroy us!'

And a fifth, after twice filling and twice draining the human skull, said: 'I approve of all these means; they are good, but insufficient. Make brutes — that is well; but frighten these brutes; strike them with the terror of inexorable justice, and the most atrocious punishments; if you would not, sooner or later, be devoured! The EXECUTIONER is the PRIME MINISTER of a GOOD PRINCE!'

And all responded: 'That is true! The Executioner is the Prime Minister of a good Prince!'

And a sixth said: 'I perceive the advantage of punishments, prompt, terrible, inevitable. Nevertheless, there may be some one, of brave heart and desperate courage, who will brave punishments. If you would govern men easily, enervate them with voluptuousness. Virtue we do not want: it nourishes strength. Let us debilitate it entirely by corruption!'

And all responded: 'It is true! let us destroy strength, energy, and courage by corruption!'

Then the seventh, after he had, like the others, drank from the human skull, said in his turn, with his foot upon the cross: 'Let us have no more CHRIST! There is war to the death, eternal war, between HIM and us. But how shall we detach the people from him? It is a vain attempt! What shall then be done? Hear me! It is necessary to buy up the

priests of CHRIST with wealth, honor, and power ; and they will command, on the part of CHRIST, to submit to us completely in whatever we desire or command ; and the people will believe and obey from conscience ; and our power will be firmer than before !'

And all responded : ' It is true ! let us buy up the priests of CHRIST !'

And, all at once the lamp which lighted the hall went out, and the seven crowned men separated in the gloom.

And a voice came to a just man who at the moment watched and prayed before the cross : ' *MINUTE HOUR APPROACHES ! ADORE, AND FEAR NOT !*'

PART SECOND.

THROUGH a mist, thick and gray, I saw, as one looks upon the EARTH at the hour of twilight, a naked plain, desert and cold. In the midst rose a rock, from which trickled, drop by drop, a blackish water ; and the feeble and dull sound of the drops which fell was the only sound one could hear.

Seven paths winding about through the plain ended at the rock ; and around the rock, at the entrance of each, was a stone covered with, I know not what ; moist and green, like the slime of a reptile. And behold, in one of the paths I perceived one like a shadow, who moved slowly ; and, as little by little the shadow came near, I discerned — not a man, but the semblance of one. Upon its left breast this human form had a drop of blood ; and it sat down upon the wet green stone, and its limbs shook. Its head was bowed, and it pressed its folded arms closely together, as if to retain a little vital warmth.

And by the six other paths, six other shadows successively arrived at the foot of the rock. Trembling, with folded arms they sat down upon the stone, damp and green ; and they were silent there, and oppressed by the weight of a hidden agony.

Their silence continued a long time ; I know not how long ; for never did the sun rise on that unearthly plain ; neither night nor morning was known there ; but the drops of the blackish water, by their falling, *alone* measured a duration monotonous, obscure, heavy, eternal ; and this was so terrible, that unless God had strengthened me, I could not have endured the sight.

After a kind of convulsive shudder, one of the shadows, raising his head, uttered a sound rough and harsh like the sighing of the wind through a skeleton, and the rock echoed this exclamation to my ear : ' CHRIST has conquered ! cursed be he !' And the six other shadows started, and all together raising their heads, the same blasphemy escaped from their bosoms : ' CHRIST has conquered ! cursed be he !' And instantly they were seized with a greater trembling ; the mist parted ; and for an instant the blackish water ceased flowing ; and the seven shadows bent anew under the weight of their secret agony ; and then succeeded a silence far longer than the first. Then one of them, without rising from the stone, immoveable and bent down, said to the others :

' The same then has happened to you that has happened to me ! What have availed our counsels !' And another replied : ' Faith and Thought

have broken the chains of the people ; Faith and Thought have freed the earth !' And another said : ' We desired to divide mankind, and our oppression has united them against us !' And another : ' We have shed blood ; and that blood has returned upon our heads !' And another : ' We have sowed corruption, and it has germinated in us and destroyed even our bones !' And another : ' We thought to stifle LIBERTY ; and its breath has withered our power, even to the roots !' Then the seventh shadow : ' CHRIST has conquered ! Cursed be he !'

And all with one voice responded : ' CHRIST has conquered ! Cursed be he !'

And I saw a hand stretch forth, which dipped its finger in the blackish water, whose drops in falling measured eternal duration, and mark the foreheads of the seven shadows : *and that was forever !* R. H. B.

H E A R T W I S H E S .

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

' I LOVE not man the less, but nature more.'—BYRON.

I.

GIVE me a home away from every dwelling,
Where worldly man with passions rude hath been ;
Where the clear stream its silver waters welling,
Murmurs upon its way 'mid banks of green,
With low, soft tone.

II.

Where the young flowers in fresh, bright clusters springing,
Bloom undisturbed within their native bowers ;
And fearless birds their upward flight are winging ;
In this sweet solitude I'd pass my hours,
Unsought, unknown.

III.

Make me a grave where graceful willows bending,
Sweep the long grass that foot hath never trod,
And trailing vines their foliage bright are blending,
While flakes of sunshine fall upon the sod,
A lonely spot.

IV.

There, with no sculptured stone the place adorning,
And nought but kindred dust upon my breast,
No tears shed o'er me, save the dews of morning,
Flushed in deep slumber calmly would I rest,
By all forgot.

I N V O C A T I O N .

WHAT cheer, imperial mountain! Titan, hail!
 Thy distant crest gleams in the morning light,
 Like a small shallop's broad and snowy sail
 Over still waters urging its swift flight.
 What cheer, old thunder-scarred and wrinkled peak!
 On which the elements in vain their fury wreak!

On thy wide shoulders rests the eternal snow,
 Wherein broad rivers have their hidden springs:
 Down thy rough sides impetuous torrents flow;
 The cataract with sullen thunder rings,
 And flashing fiercely round thine aged feet,
 Against thy patient rocks the fretted waters beat.

Through the dark foam and fluctuating surge,
 That ever dash thy rugged breast upon,
 Thou dost in silent majesty emerge,
 Lifting thy forehead proudly to the sun,
 Like a great truth, simple and yet sublime,
 Gleaming above the surge of error and of time.

There standest thou forever, day and night,
 Like a great man, calm, self-possessed, severe,
 Who, doing what he knoweth to be right,
 Stands up, firm-rooted, earnest and sincere;
 Calmly the suffrage of the world condemns,
 Seeks not its worthless praise, nor heeds if it condemns.

Above the northern Cordilleras, towers
 Thy haughty crest, like some strong feudal king,
 Elect of principalities and powers,
 To whom far isles unwilling tribute bring;
 Who holds in pomp and majesty his court,
 Amid the mail-clad Barons that his throne support.

Thou standest firm there, like an iron will,
 Triumphant over Time and Circumstance,
 Sternly resolved its duty to fulfil,
 And ever toward its object to advance;
 Careless of all the clamorous hounds that bay,
 And over all impediments holds on its way.

How many ages is it since the snows
 First on thy forehead and wide shoulders fell!
 How many, since the wondering sun arose,
 Wondering at thee, grim-visaged sentinel!
 On the wide desert's western margin set,
 To watch its solemn loneliness, as thou dost yet?

Wast thou an island, in the overflow
 Of the great flood? Did any from afar
 Look wistfully to thy eternal snow,
 Over new oceans gleaming like a star?
 Or did the waves thee also overwhelm,
 Last spot of earth on the wide waters' angry realm?

Howe'er it be, still thou art planted there,
 As when the deluge round thee ceased to roar;
 Thy snows the bright hues of young morning wear,
 The crimson glories of spring sunrise pour
 On thy white brow, that proudly fronts the sky,
 Bidding a stern defiance to Day's burning eye.

Fierce storms for centuries against thee dash
 On thy bare head vain torrents of sharp hail,
 The baffled lightnings round thy temples flash,
 Over thee roar the thunder and the gale :
 What matter, to the calm and well-poised soul,
 Though round it Slander howl, and Persecution roll !

The tempests vanish : the round moon shines bright ;
 In Heaven's glad ear the cataract's grave hymn
 Sounds through the solemn stillness of the night ;
 Around thy brow the white stars thickly swim ;
 Anxious thine aged solitude to cheer,
 Even as a wife's fond eyes shine earnest and sincere.

So all the storms and clouds that gather round
 A great man's reputation, pass away,
 And leave it with a brighter glory crowned,
 Above the elemental surge and spray
 To shine on distant ages, far across
 The stormy sea of Time, on whose wild waves they toss.

Little-Rock, Arkansas.

ALBERT PIKE.

T H E S T . L E G E R P A P E R S .

NUMBER THREE.

It was the sweet month of June. I had finished all the little preparations necessary for my tour, which I had determined to make alone ; not even accompanied by Thomas, a faithful servant, who had from my childhood been devotedly attached to me, and was always my companion and ready assistant in every adventure where I required his aid. So alone I was permitted to go. And I farther determined to take the mail-coach in preference to a more secluded though imposing means of conveyance. My mother dismissed me with gentle cautions as to my general conduct while away, entreating me to be careful of myself ; not to forget my daily devotions, if I expected the protection of Providence, and to be sure to let her hear from me often.

My father gave me letters of introduction to various families of distinction in the different towns through which I might pass, and a well-filled purse, with directions how I might replenish it if necessary. Aunt Alice had not spoken to me on the subject of my excursion ; but on the morning of my departure she put in my hands a small parcel, and immediately turned away. I had not time then to examine it ; so I placed it carefully in my portmanteau, intending to open it when more at leisure.

The 'Fly Dragon' royal mail coach passed through Warwick about ten o'clock. Proceeding thither in our own carriage, I had not waited ten minutes before it made its appearance. I chose an outside, and secured the seat of honor next to 'the whip.' Several other passengers got on at Warwick. There was the usual show of idle do-nothing fel-

lows around the door, increased by a number of lazy grooms and lacqueys, to whom the arrival and departure of the royal mail were the principal events in their existence. The horses were prancing, impatient of delay. By each, stood a groom ready to lift the blanket that covered the animal, when the signal should be given. 'All right?' asked the coachman; 'All right!' responded the guard; 'All right!' echoed the groom; and away flew the horses, leaving the four attendants with arms outstretched, each having retained his blanket.

What glorious excitement filled my bosom, as we coursed along! The balmy breath of the morning; the sweet fragrance of the hedge and of the field; the bracing air, added to the newness of my situation, made me feel like a new creature. My identity was almost gone; hope, and the various emotions that hope gives birth to, swelled my bosom; I felt that a thousand new ideas were springing up within me. Just then I could have shouldered the universe, so strong did I feel, or 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,' I felt so fleet. What can equal the energy of untried youth!

Among the passengers that took the stage-coach at Warwick was a young man, apparently about one-and-twenty years of age, who in several ways attracted my notice. He was rather tall and slender, of an Italian cast of features, with long dark hair, piercing black eyes, and beard trimmed after the peculiar style of the Prussians. There was nothing English in his appearance. Much to my surprise, however, he spoke that language without the slightest accent, and seemed perfectly familiar with the ordinary customs of the country, and also with the localities we passed. He conversed with considerable freedom with those who sat by him, though they were evidently acquaintances of the road. His servant, a sinister-looking fellow, of foreign appearance, occupied a back seat, and had charge of divers sporting implements, which betokened a relish for the chase in the master. Yet the Unknown was the last person to be suspected of such a propensity, or of belonging to such gentle craft. In spite of myself, I felt an instinctive antipathy to the stranger; and the more I tried to dispel my unfavorable suspicions, the stronger they became. The times were suspicious. The French revolution had begun: multitudes of the noblesse were hastening to England, glad, amid the awful horrors that prevailed, to save their lives at the expense of rank and fortune, throwing themselves entirely upon the charity of their hereditary enemies. But the dark-looking young man was not French. Of this I was certain. He had evidently been long abroad, and from the suspicious glances cast ever and anon around him, was evidently accustomed to scenes of danger, perhaps violence. Still there was nothing of the frank open bearing of the soldier in his manner, but more of the wily caution of the intriguer; and I wondered the more that one so young should so early bear such marks upon his brow.

At one of the stopping-places, the stranger alighted, and on regaining his seat, his body came almost in contact with mine; and as he bent over to pass me, my eyes glanced involuntarily into his bosom, where I beheld a stout leathern belt, in which were thrust a dagger and a brace of pistols, so disposed as ordinarily to be concealed from view by the

vest and the light mantle worn over it. At that moment the stranger's gaze met mine ; and as if aware of the discovery I had made, he gave a scornful smile and took his place. Half ashamed at seeing what I certainly could not help observing, and piqued at the assumption of the stranger, whom I had by this time put down for one no better than he should be, I settled into a moody silence, considerably unlike the buoyant feelings which signalized our starting.

I did not long maintain this feeling, but entered into conversation with Walter, the whip, a veteran roadster, now some fifty years old, whom I had known from childhood. He had for many years been in the service of a family who were on terms of intimacy with us, and had afterward left them for the more lucrative employment of the road. Of course I recognized him at once on mounting.

'The young Master St. Leger travels alone, I see,' said Walter, in an inquiring tone ; ' nothing amiss, I hope ?'

' Nothing,' I replied ; ' I am just going to shake hands with the world, and prefer an *incog.* to a formal introduction.'

' And that 's the way to make the most of the acquaintance, if you are wise, and the shortest route to send you to the devil if you are foolish,' answered Walter, somewhat confidently.

Remembering that my old acquaintance was somewhat of a moralist, I felt like giving him his bent, and asked : ' How is that, Walter ?'

' Why,' replied he, ' if the young St. Leger should drive into the world with a load of introductions to all the high-born and honorable, the rich and the noble, he might be courted, and flattered, and fooled till he would become as great a fool as any. But if he would know where he stands, and the road he travels, let him take his first start without any help, just as *you* are going to do, I hope, and then he will find out what he is good for, and what his friends are good for ; but, young man, if this is done only to throw off the restraint of the governor's presence, and the proper curb of experience and good advice, why then, as I said before, you will soon be scampering to the devil, and all the governors and friends in the world can't hold you up.'

I was struck with the homely soundness of Walter's speech, and told him that I fully agreed with him ; but that the present excursion was to be only a short one, and that nearly all my time would be passed with my relatives.

' So much the more need then of making the most of what time you have,' said he ; ' we shall be at Oxford presently, and there ' The coachman leaves you, Sir,' said Walter, touching his hat, and mimicking the tone always used when the customary shilling is expected. ' Now take my advice ; stay a day there, instead of hurrying on to London. Old Nancy, the housekeeper — I suppose she is alive yet — will only look one day longer for you, and that will harm nobody. You have been in Oxford a hundred times, no doubt. You have looked at all the fine buildings and the grand colleges and halls ; so you need waste no more time about them ; just stop at the ' Hen and Chickens ' instead of going to the ' Angel,' where you will be recognized, and served accordingly. But at Mother Christy's all you have to do is to sit still and see the world. Depend upon it, 'tis the only way.'

Walter's advice to me was most opportune, for I was just in the mood to receive it; not from any wish to escape proper restraint, but I longed to break over, for a time at least, the bonds which my birth and the artificial rules of society imposed, that I might say to my fellow: '*Man, we meet in common together. God made us both. What say you; what are your thoughts, your impulses, your sympathies?*' I assented at once to Walter's proposal.

Just then we stopped to change horses, and most of the passengers alighted. I was somewhat tardy in getting up again, and on mounting found, greatly to my surprise, that the foreign-looking stranger had taken my seat, and was coolly looking the other way, as I thought, purposely to avoid me. In a very civil though determined tone, I suggested to him that he had my place. He pointed with a careless air over his shoulder, and remarked that there were plenty of seats above. His contemptuous manner set me completely on fire. The blood seemed to boil in my veins, I was so angry; and taking a step toward the stranger, I exclaimed, 'You may take your choice, either to vacate my seat instantly, or be pitched off the box!'

What might have been the end of the controversy I cannot tell; for Walter promptly interfered, saying:

'Patience! patience! Master St. Leger. The young man is foreign-bred, and does n't understand the custom of the English road. So I must tell you, Sir, that seats on a stage-coach are like beds at an inn; and as you make your bed, so you must lie in it, you know.'

'A plague on your roads, your customs, and your impertinence!' said the stranger, addressing Walter, but resuming his old seat at the same time; 'for the present I bear with all three. As for my young master there, I have no desire to quarrel with him, unless he forces me to it. His fangs are not grown yet, and I dislike to have too great an advantage.'

'With all submission,' retorted Walter, with mock humility, 'I would advise you to seek no matter for quarrel with a St. Leger, for though the cub may not know his own nature till he is roused, you will find enough of the tiger there before you have finished. These are peaceful times, letting alone the cursed Frenchers across the water. We have done with feuds, and quarrels, and bloodshed, since the time I was a baby, I may say; but I will uphold, till I see the difference, that a St. Leger is a St. Leger so long as a drop of old Bertold's blood remains, which they say is having its last run, but of that I do n't pretend to know.'

During this rather long harangue, the stranger's countenance had settled into its usual contemptuous expression which seemed for a moment excited at the mention of my name, for he muttered, half to himself, without appearing farther to notice the coachman: 'St. Leger! strange enough too; we shall see.' In the mean time, I maintained a determined silence, quite ashamed at the violence of my passion, and fully resolved not to embroil myself in a disreputable controversy with an unknown adventurer. My thoughts in the mean while were none of the most pleasant. All my wise philosophy had vanished. Where, I asked myself, were the strong yearnings to make acquaintance with humanity? — where the desire to meet my kind on common ground? to know men?

to know myself? A moment of foolish excitement had dispersed all; and I felt that I was but a child. After a time, however, my natural equanimity began to return. I reflected that I had to school myself if I expected to pass profitably through life, and that every incident must serve to teach me something.

The stage-coach rolled rapidly on. We had passed the old town of Woodstock, and the splendid palace and park of Blenheim, and were in sight of Oxford. The country in the vicinity is enchanting. The day was fine; the season the loveliest in all the year; and as we approached this famous seat of learning, the sun, which had enriched the landscape with its declining rays, sunk gently out of sight, leaving behind a canopy of gorgeous clouds, which were full of changeful beauty, as each succeeding hue threw a new aspect over the scene.

How my young heart enjoyed what was before me! — how like a very paradise it seemed! I lost for the moment the thought of every thing earthly; of every thing unpleasant, and gave myself up to the beautiful ideal. My reverie was broken by Walter, who exclaimed: 'I have been waiting for you to speak first, but I see Master St. Leger is not disposed to make free with his tongue. So I will just say, that I suppose I was fairly enough to blame for not sending that jackanapes to the seat which belonged to him, when he had the impudence to take yours. But to tell you the truth, I wanted to see your mettle, my boy, and by St. George and the Dragon! I came near rousing more than we could have carried. I do believe you would have thrown him under the wheel if I had not stood between; and what a scandal that would have been to His Majesty's Royal Mail! You saw, though, I gave him a settler. But it did do me good to see your blood up; not that I counsel brawls and swaggering and all that; no, no; Walter Roland is a peaceful man; but it requires a man of spirit to be a man of peace and no coward.'

'I feel ashamed of such a sudden show of passion,' replied I, 'and I candidly acknowledge it; for that stranger, whom I cannot help disliking, might not have been aware of the affront put upon me.'

'He not aware of it!' exclaimed Walter, with a grin. 'Hush!' said he, speaking in a lower tone, for fear of being overheard, and making what was intended to be a very significant gesture from one side of his face; 'I have seen *him* before, or my circumspection goes for nothing!'

'Seen him before? why what do you mean?' Inquired I.

'Nothing,' answered Walter, 'except that you will probably see him again, and that he knows as much of the rules of the road as either of us: not a word more, for he is watching us. You will part company at Oxford, and here we are already; just over the bridge, then two squares, and we are safe at the 'Hen and Chickens.'

There was the usual blast of the guard, the usual bustle of attendants at the inn, the usual questions and usual answers. The 'Fly Dragon' threw off her passengers, and forthwith rolled away to her resting-place.

I remained quietly at the 'Hen and Chickens,' a respectable inn, frequented by the regular 'traveller,' men of counting-house importance, and the like, but of a stamp entirely different from the 'Cross,' the 'Star,' and the 'Angel,' which were then in high repute.

I had at last the satisfaction of feeling that I was not known. I observed that the unknown stranger seemed astonished when I ordered the porter to take in my luggage, but nothing passed, and I was heartily glad to be rid of his presence. At the door a pretty rosy-cheeked chambermaid asked if the young gentleman would be shown to his room. I assented; and after having shaken off the dust with which the ride had encumbered me, I proceeded to the traveller's-room and ordered refreshments. I had here ample chance to look around me. In the public room were seated several mercantile men, some engaged in conversation, others over their port, or reading their newspapers. One or two mawkish-looking young men were talking largely about the Newton races, which had just come off. I took a seat near the window, to command a view of the passers-by. The twilight continued far into the evening, and tempted out the most recluse; now a student from one of the colleges would pass with cap and gown; next came tripping by some tradesman's daughter, dressed for an evening out; next the sturdy laborer, covered with dust and sweat, going home after his day's toil to meet his wife and children, and be refreshed; some servant girls, in their Sunday's best, were talking and laughing very loud, as they sauntered along the pavement, watched by three or four young men, who might have been students, though they had doffed the garb of the college; carriages rolled along the street; the hackman was soliciting a fare. The very town seemed agog that evening, it was so delightful; and occasionally the rigid, unearthly sound of a passing Israelite would startle me with its never-ending 'Clothes! old clothes!' Presently a Frenchman made his appearance with two little dogs which he had taught to stand the one upon the shoulders of the other, (each upon their hind legs,) while the by-standers, by offering inviting morsels, first to one and then to the other dog, endeavored to disturb their equilibrium. The poor animals, although evidently very hungry, maintained their position, casting ever and anon longing looks toward the tempting bribe, and then despairingly toward their master, who only scowled at them, shook his head, and muttered, 'Dé donc!'

After the performance was over, requisition was made for pennies and sixpences, according to the liberality of the donors. The old man, it was evident, could speak no English beyond the 'var' good,' 'tank-ee,' which he used most generously, whether his suit was favored or rejected. As he approached me, cap in hand, leading his little dogs, I thought I could discover traces of deep feeling concealed under the air of mendicant entreaty which he assumed. A strong feeling of pity came over me; and as he passed, I dropped into his cap a half-crown piece: '*Dix mille grâces — ah! mon Dieu!*' exclaimed the poor fellow; and then, as if remembering himself, repeated with great energy, three or four times, 'Var' good; tank-ee, tank-ee!'

As the old man turned away, after receiving his contribution, I walked up and addressed him in his own tongue. Had I cast a handful of guineas into his hat, it would not have had half the effect that was caused by a few familiar words in his native language falling upon the poor creature's ear. He stopped, clasped his hands together, lifted his eyes to heaven, and poured out a torrent of exclamations, blessings

and thanks, as if it were by some direct interposition of the Deity that I had crossed his path. After this was over, Laurent, for that was the old man's name, informed me that he was valet to the Marquis de —, a distinguished nobleman of France; that his master, with his wife and only child, a beautiful girl, sixteen years of age, barely escaped with their lives from an infuriated Parisian mob, and by the assistance of humble friends, had found their way to the sea-board, and thence on board an English vessel, bound for London, where they landed about two months previous; that the marquis was too proud to make any application to the English government for relief; that madame was in very delicate health, and that the whole charge devolved upon Mademoiselle Emilie, who took care of her mother, sang and played for her father, and wrought at embroidery every leisure moment, from the proceeds of which a considerable sum was weekly realized. Laurent in the meanwhile fulfilled his usual duties as valet to the Marquis, to which were added those of steward and cook.

Beside this, whenever an opportunity allowed, and as Laurent confessed, without the knowledge of the family, he stole away with his two little dogs, which had been trained to innumerable grotesque feats to please his young mistress in happier days, and exhibited them in the manner I have described. The additional sum derived in this way was absolutely necessary to support the household, although they occupied a miserable little hut in the suburbs of the town.

I was deeply affected with Laurent's narrative, which was detailed with great effect, and in a most forcible manner, but resisted his earnest entreaties to accompany him home, believing that the natural pride of the marquis would overcome any other feeling he might have in seeing a stranger, no matter under what circumstances. So pressing a guinea upon poor Laurent, who went into another fit of ecstasy on the occasion, I bade him adieu.

Here was a new current given to my thoughts, and for the first time in my life, *sentiment* came into play. As I walked slowly toward the inn, I revolved Laurent's story over and over; every word that he told me of the unfortunate family was full in my mind. But the thought of the young girl, so devoted, so cheerful, so persevering in her efforts to provide for her parents, in this their hour of adversity and distress, was uppermost in my thoughts. How I regretted that I had not accepted the invitation of the valet, and thus obtained an interview! I will see her yet, I exclaimed; I will show her that an Englishman can sympathize with her, and she will understand my feelings, I know. I had wrought myself up into a fever-heat of enthusiasm by the time I reached the inn. Around the door were collected another group, intent upon the mummeries of an old gipsy, who, bent nearly double with age and pretended infirmities, was soliciting fortunes from the by-standers. The old creature was evidently well known, and consequently, although there were numbers ready to listen to her prophecies, few cared to be the subject of them. As I came up, the hag cast her black eyes upon me, which were still bright and piercing, and exclaimed, 'Here is a fine youth, that I warrant me never has had his hand crossed by old Elspeth. Try a sixpence, now, and see if you do n't have a fortune with it.' I

don't know what devil prompted me to assent to this appeal. I knew the gipsy habit well, and had a thorough contempt for their jugglery ; but the crowd gave way, and the old crone hobbled up to me ; and almost without my knowing it, she had my hand. First, she crossed it with a 'silver sixpence' — of course of my bestowing. 'A strange hand !' muttered she ; 'I must cross it again with a silver shilling ; it must needs be, young master,' she continued earnestly. I was prepared for this, and as I had commenced I determined to go on ; so the silver shilling was produced. Another cross followed, and again old Elspeth was in a quandary. 'Indeed, I can say nought,' she muttered ; 'my tongue is strangely tied. God wot what it means ; but if I had a half crown piece to get the right angle with, you would hear something worth knowing.' By this time the attention of the crowd was attracted, for the fortune-teller's demand was exorbitant, even for a gipsy. Determined to end the scene, which was becoming any thing but agreeable to me, I put a half crown in her hand, and said, 'Take what you will, only have done with this foolery.' The old creature took the money, without paying any notice to my remark, crossed my palm with it very carefully several times, till she seemed to have struck upon the right line, then stopped, drew herself up till her form was erect, and looking me full in the face with her keen sharp eyes, she uttered slowly :

'WHEN ye St. Leger shal marrie a virgyn fair,
Shal build a new castel both wondrous and rare,
Lett him warnynge tak, for ye last of his race
Shal he meet in y^e castel, face to face.'

Had every possible calamity of earth been at that moment announced as about to happen to me, I could not have been more completely overwhelmed.

All the gloom of my whole life-time gathered around my heart again, and nothing could exceed the blackness of darkness that succeeded. But pride, that pride which afterward supported me under so many emergencies, came to my relief. I forcibly withdrew my hand from the hag, and turned quickly away, exclaiming as I left her, 'Pshaw ! I have heard that doggrel a thousand times before ; if this is all you have got to say, 't is hardly, as you promised, 'worth the knowing.' 'If you have heard it before, heed it now ! heed it now !' quoth the crone. 'Ah ! ah !' continued she, 'give but one golden guinea, and old Elspeth will reveal wonderful things, fearful things ; and perhaps a way to get by the doom.' I had by this time reached the door-way : without heeding this last appeal, I turned neither to the right nor left, but sprang to my chamber, locked and bolted the door, and threw myself upon the bed, in a state of phrenzy and despair.

TEMPERANCE DICK : AN EPIGRAM.

'DRINKING,' says DICK, 'is foolish, without doubt,
For when the wine is in, the wit is out :'
But if the lack of wit makes man a toper,
Pray when, since DICK was born, has he been sober ?

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

HUMBLY to THEE, our SAVIOUR GOD, this treasure we resign,
The object of so fond a love, exceeded but by Thine :
And for the earthly hopes and joys in our fond hearts destroyed,
Grant us the fulness of Thy love, to fill the aching void !

We know that she was taken in her youth's undimmed sun-shine ;
Only the happiest hours of life, beloved one ! were thine ;
Thy God has ta'en thee to himself, ere yet their light was dim,
And with bowed down and trusting hearts, we yield thee up to HIM.

Oh sad would be the world, and drear, were not the blest hope given,
That as Love's circle narrows here, 'tis widening in heaven :
Then farewell, gentle spirit ! we shall 'claim thee as our own,
From out the white-robed company that sing around the throne.'

MY GRAND-FATHER'S HOUSE.

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

'SHADE of Sir Walter Raleigh !' I exclaimed, as I lighted my cigar at the scorching hearth of a tavern fire-place, 'of how much pleasure would the decriers of thy favorite plant deprive us !' There was something in the old-fashioned arm-chair which I had drawn up to the fire ; something in the comfortable inclination of the back, the easy curvature of the arms, the softness of the well-worn leather cushion ; that carried me back to the merry time of childhood, when I used to sit in just such an old time-worn chair, gazing into the huge fire of my grandfather's kitchen. Thickly came the fancies and memories of the past ; but the impatient 'Hurrah !' of the stage-driver, as he gathered up the reins into his buckskin grasp, and cracked his whip on the piercing air of a December morning, brought me once more into the cold realities of life, and broke my revery. Throughout the day, undisturbed by the crunching of the snow under the horses' feet, and the groaning of the runners as they ploughed through an occasional drift, or by the comical appearance of my fellow-passenger on the front seat, whose red face was covered with a red comforter, and that with long white tendrils of frost, I thought of the scenes which that old chair had called up before me. One after another the lighted Havanas wasted to close proximity with my lips ; and when four of the clock found me safely deposited in my room at the 'C.—Hotel,' after a hearty dinner, I was still thinking of early friends, many of whose names were already chiselled on the cold grave-stones. When I fell asleep that night, dreams akin to my waking fancies came to my pillow ; and next morning before I got up I promised myself a visit to that old home in New-England.

When winter had passed, and the spring with its freshness had gone, the summer sun looked down through the tall locust-trees, and seemed to welcome me as the coach set me down before the gate of the old house with my valise and double-barrelled gun. Except a little space in front, the old mansion was hidden by the dense foliage of the locusts and elms that grew in unshorn wildness around it; but what I saw of the red, weather-beaten front-door, over which the woodbines spread a thick green awning, and the dormer-windows jutting out from the steep roof, and the half-ruined chimneys, made me a child again, and I wept, just for 'the keeping.' Ah, PETER! you smiled when I told you of it, and even jested on my weakness; but you could not conceal the glistening of your own eyes at the very time, nor the readiness to speak of your own childhood, and the old house by the brook, and the willows that drooped over it. You may pretend to stoicism as much as you please, but your lips and eyes belie you all the while. You and I, perchance, never will harden into statues, but we shall be men for all that; the whole world to the contrary notwithstanding. Gentle reader, do *you* smile in derision, because my heart welled over in tears when I saw the old house, and the woodbines over the front door, just as they were a score of years before, only that the woodbines had climbed up to the eaves and fastened themselves among the shingles of the roof? Well, smile on, if there are no hallowed memories of childhood in your bosom. I will be sorry, but not angry; yet I would rather you should look sympathizingly, and feel part of a pleasure that to me is sweet. Perhaps you would not have thought of smiling, had I told you at first why I loved that old house so well. Shall I tell you now?

The greater part of my childhood, until the age of eight or nine, had been spent at my grandfather's, so that it seemed always like home; indeed I loved it almost as well as the fireside where my brothers and sisters were. Here my first love of the romantic had its birth, and here was it fostered by a maiden aunt, whose queer notions of men and things, drawn in part from old novels and romances, and in part from her own fervid imagination, were to me an exhaustless store of entertainment and instruction. How often did I sit in her lap, or as I grew older, on a 'cricket' at her feet, listening to her marvellous stories of ladies rescued and huge monsters subdued by the sword of some gallant knight! The times of the feudal lords and the lion-hearted Richard were as familiar to me as yesterday; and I have been surprised since I have read the chronicles of Sir John Froissart, that my aunt should have had so accurate a knowledge of the times and legends which the old knight portrays. Many of his stories, word for word almost, I found that I knew by heart; but how my aunt could have read him, is to me a wonder: for she did not appear to have read French, and the English translation was so scarce then, that I doubt whether there were three copies in all New-England. However this may have been, and whence she drew the greater portion of her legends, she at any rate kindled my childish fancy; and there danced before me visions of splendid tourneys, with their faces of beauty, and plumes, and glistening armor, and prancing barbs; while a smile of kind-hearted joy played over her features, that she was adding new distance to the horizon of my enjoyment.

Grim castles, with their haunted towers, secret doors, and animated statues that walked out of the niches they occupied, and returned again ere the terrified stranger could leap from his bed, dusty with the neglect of years ; long halls, filled with unhelmetted knights, and beauties flashing love and despair at every glance ; court-yards resounding with the courser's armed hoof, or tumultuous with boisterous retainers ; these were ever in my thoughts, whether of revery or slumber. Troubadours tuned their harps and sang 'in sweet accord' their passionate verse in my delighted ear ; and before my mental vision deployed the array of dauntless chivalry, with banners waving and wild trumpets blowing. I dwelt as it were with the Past, and shunned the Present, if in the least it disturbed the spell. Aunt Hetty, in short, was the enchantress of my childhood, filling the mist that encircled my young fancy with spirits who should lead me out into the land of imagination ; where, in truth, all our truest happiness can alone be found. *Happiness dwells not with Reality.* Smooth-cheeked Utility may deny this ; and Sensuality say it nay ; Ambition, with eye turned steadily on the sun of its high resolves, may declare its falsity ; and Love, with its twin sister Despair, may snap its rosy fingers, and cry 'Ah ! ha !' yet *it is so.* We must leave realities, if we would find true pleasure. But I must return to the road side in front of the old house where the stage-coach had set me down.

Before me stood once more the scene of many a bright memory. The windows seemed peeping out under the woodbines to see me, and I could have sworn that the oriole flitting among the trees over my head, and gurgling out its liquid note, was the same that sang there twenty years before. The round white capitals of the gate-posts were the same ; the picket-fence, except where the young locusts and lilacs on either side held it up, was leaning here and there, as if choosing the spot where it might fall the easiest ; and the walk to the front door was all grown up with rank grass, untrampled by the foot of any intruder. The porch-door of the wing was open, and the windows up ; and as I opened the gate of the larger yard, and passed up the footpath that led to the wing, I heard the old familiar hum of the spinning-wheel, and, in a voice that I could not have mistaken if I would, a well-remembered air, which ceased as I entered the door. My aunt Hetty, for it was she, when she had taken an incredulous survey of my countenance, and then came really to know me, suffered me to kiss her, and returned my kiss with warm affection, and wondered how the little boy, who used to sit on her lap and listen to her stories, could have grown so tall. Her voice had the same ringing music that it possessed years before, and the same smile still played over her once beautiful and still interesting features. Here and there a gray hair had taken up its residence among her dark tresses ; but my aunt did not plead guilty to the charge of vanity, and the arrivals of these messengers of time in no wise troubled her equanimity. Suffice it to say, that she welcomed me back to the old kitchen in the wing, and I was again at home, and overwhelmed with questions about 'every thing under the canopy,' which I answered a dozen at a time. The spinning-wheel was unceremoniously spirited into the corner ; and throwing her blue-checked apron over head to keep off the sun, my

aunt Hetty bade me amuse myself while she went out to find my grand-father, who had gone out to the lot behind the orchard, to see to the fences.

The andirons, with lions'-heads for tops, still rested in the old fire-place, where they had stood for more than half a century, doing good service ; during which time I am credibly informed, the lions'-heads, even when the hottest fire crackled up in the winter evenings, were never even once so much as heard to growl, or show any thing but the most determined stoicism. The crane, all hung over with copy-book emblems, still oscillated on the jams ; and the iron tea-kettle — that used to sing, to tell me that it was hot, and wanted to get off the fire, and if I did not heed its singing would rattle its cover, and spirt the steaming water from its proboscis half-way to my chair — stood on the hearth as still as a mouse, and somewhat stiller. This simile of the mouse puts me in mind, that as I came in, a venerable pussy ran out of the cat-hole in the linter-door, whose gray-coat and shortened ears betokened the play-mate of my childhood. How it was that she had lived so long, I leave it for wiser heads than mine to determine. There was the musket hanging by wooden hooks on a cross-beam overhead, and its bayonet, in the leathern case of the revolution, hung with the belt and cartridge-box, over the mantel-piece. There too hung the same touch-wood pin-cushion, full of needles of all sizes, on one of which was my aunt's steel thimble, without a top, and a skein of brown thread clipped at both ends into convenient needle-fuils. Ranged on the mantel-piece were half a dozen flat-irons, pointing their noses to the chamber-floor as steadily as ever. 'Dale and Company' are next to immortal. The old curling-tongs that I used to heat on Sabbath mornings for my aunt Hetty, looked as natural as then ; and I wondered if she used them still. The clean sink, white inside from scouring and dingy-red without, yet just as clean ; and the little doors beneath it, and the clumsy button that fastened them, which I had once cut from a piece of thick leather and nailed on, seemed without change. Over it hung the bright tin basin and dipper, and beside the window was the linen roller-towel, and miniature looking-glass in a convex mahogany frame at least a hundred years old. The great clothes-horse stood behind the door, and my grandfather's boot-jack in its old corner kept it company. The chairs around the room were the same strait-backed, withe-bottomed, round-posted, unpainted seats that they had been from my earliest recollection ; and standing in conscious dignity, aloof from these plebeian seats, was the old arm-chair whose counterpart I had seen by the tavern fire-place. The shining leathern cushion, with its black smooth buttons at the bottom of the innumerable indentations which diversified its surface, like dimples in the full cheeks of a St. Domingo beauty, seemed to invite me to sit down, while the chair seconded the invitation, holding out its arms with a patronizing, benevolent air. I sat down just to please the old chair, and while ten thousand fancies were crowding into my head, the linter-door opened, and my grandfather shook me by the hand.

Hale and hearty, yet on the verge of ninety, he was looking the same that he did at seventy ; his voice a little broken, perhaps, but his gray eye as bright as ever. His long white hair was combed back from

his broad high brow, and the ends of his white neckcloth, loosely tied, dangled over his buff vest, and presented him the same that he was when I was a mere baby playing on his knee, or listening to his stories of the 'times that tried men's souls;' of his marching over the frozen roads at the head of his company, captain and men without stockings, and sometimes without shoes; their bread frozen in their knapsacks, and the British troops pursuing them; of the crossing of the Delaware, and getting his almost frozen leg broken between two cakes of ice, and of his hiding in the cabin of a slave till his unsplintered leg got well, and he could again walk, and follow the track of the army, which then was three hundred miles off. As he sat down in his chair, I noticed that his silver knee-buckles wore the same brightness, and his long hose were fastened under them and the many buttons of his gray breeches with the same scrupulous exactness which had always been his characteristic. His long queue was unaltered, and was braided with a narrow black ribbon, which for me, when a child, to touch seemed about as bad as annihilation. Whenever I see a picture of WASHINGTON, I am reminded of my grand-father, whose dress and countenance and white hair were like what our painters delight to portray as part and parcel of 'the Father of his Country.'

The dinner which my aunt Hetty soon set out on the circular table, which till then had stood with its top turned up against the wainscot, was all of a piece with other days. 'Rye-and-Indian' bread, and rich creamy cheese, and a roll of butter, with the stamp of an eagle on it; and the silver pepper-box, the last of a long and noble line; and the blue plates, 'Chineses,' with umbrellas crossing a bridge, the two ends of which, disdaining to rest on the ignoble ground, flourished in mid-air. One of the figures being a lady, it used to puzzle me to imagine how she could get off; much more, how she could have got on, unless her legs were made of India-rubber, and could stretch to any conceivable distance. The lady who had one foot in the grave and the other in the stars, must have been one of the same family. Never any where else have I eaten such pies as at all seasons of the year my aunt Hetty made; and the pie which she placed on the dinner-table this day bore testimony to her nicety and skill. At least one would have thought so from the tinge of my lips and teeth when we arose from the round table, after the returning of thanks by my grand-father. After refusing a cigar which I offered him, while helping myself, my grand-father took down his long clay-pipe, which always protruded from a little box over the fire-place, and was soon still more like himself, as he used to appear to me. Cigars he considered an innovation too barbarous to have his countenance, at least so much of it as was included between his lips; therefore he smoked a pipe. When my second cigar had dwindled away to a point, and my grand-father had knocked the ashes out of his pipe with the blade of a horn-handled jack-knife that he had used full fifty years, my aunt decreed that I was tired and must lie down; and as I make it a point never to cross the wishes of my friends, when they coincide with mine, I accordingly was led by her to the little bed-room which I had so often occupied years before, and was soon dreaming of 'the old familiar faces' which Lamb liked to remember.

It was not till I awoke, near the middle of the afternoon, that I noticed how precisely the same was every thing in the little room. There were the quilts on the fringed curtain at the window ; and on the blue counterpane on which I was lying were the same fat haymakers at work, or sitting down on the swaths drinking from huge two-handled pitchers, men and women together. One waggish-looking damsel had always taken my fancy, for the quiet smirking demureness with which she suffered a stout young fellow to wipe away the buttermilk which was dripping into her bosom from a crack in the side of the pitcher. I used to think that she was continually drinking in order that he might not cease to wipe away the drops as they fell ; but of late I have thrown aside the prejudice, as it conflicts with that female delicacy which I have found to be so universal. The clothes-press stood at the side of the bed, with the same ring in the handle of the key ; and I could not repress my curiosity to see if my aunt's Sunday bonnet was as trim as ever. Stepping as carefully as possible, that my aunt might think that I was still sleeping, I went out of the bed-room into the 'sitting-room,' where was a black mantel-piece and fire-board, almost as high as the ceiling. The floor was covered with a black-and-red rag-carpet, an exact pattern, if not the same, which was there a score of years before. The hard-bottomed chairs were the same, and the lounge, and the tall mahogany clock, standing sentinel in the corner. When a child I was never able to get a peep at the inside of that old clock, for it was locked all the week, and wound up by my grand-father every Sunday morning before sunrise, and I never could discover where the key was hid : but I was tall enough now to perceive it on the top ; and although I knew exactly what I should see there, I unlocked the lower door, and looked in at the dusty wheels and weights and pendulum, and felt that I was discharging a duty to my former self. How many bright hours of my childhood those wheels and pullies and swinging pendulum had numbered ! How many days and nights of maturer years had they ticked into eternity, since last I had visited that once familiar apartment ! Here too was the tall walnut 'secretary,' which when shut looked like the half of a steep-roofed house, and when open like any thing but what it was. In one corner of it, in a crowded pigeon-hole, I found parts of many an old primer and story-book of my boyhood. 'Tom Thumb' was there, as little as life, in a dingy little book, with a brown paper cover, sewed on after its original one was demolished by my infant fingers. The redoubtable Thomas appeared in several successive wood-cuts, the most striking of which was his fearful encounter with the spider, whose great crooked legs were several feet higher than the pigmy's head. Giant Woglog reappeared to me here, (as he sat under a tree and devoured a little boy who had been stealing apples,) short-clothes and all. On the top of the secretary was the great Bible, all starting out of the dark leather binding ; and just after the apocrypha the family record, where was written, in my grand-father's usually steady, but then trembling hand, the death of my grandmother, some twelve years before.

The tears came into my eyes as I thought of her, and the last time that her cold wrinkled lips met mine, while she bade me good-bye. The front parlor was where she used to sit during the winter, and I

opened the door softly and went in. It was no more changed than the other rooms, except that I fancied the ceiling did not appear so very high as it used to. There was the tile-hearth and the diminutive pair of tongs with which my grand-mother would place the green chips I had brought in, around the fire-place, and between the andirons, and a-top of the back-log ; making a sort of wall, very nearly as substantial as the chevaux-de-frize around Fort-Gratiot. On the mantle-piece stood the two mandarins that used to nod responsive to my inquiring touch ; and on the long side-board was the same set of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia in fourteen volumes, whose plates I used to snatch glimpses of, when my aunt's presence no longer bound my curiosity. My aunt Hetty had her whims, and this was one, that I should not look into these sacred tomes until I was a man, and was able, as she said, to understand them. My grand-mother was more indulgent, but only when my aunt was in some other part of the house ; for she always assented to all aunt Hetty said in regard to my instruction. The last day that I saw her, just before I bade her good-bye, she cut me out of a sheet of letter-paper a whole troop of men and women, taking hold of hands, which she opened and pinned into the paper of the wall, almost up to the border, and promised me that they should not be touched till I came to see her again. My father removed away from New-England the very next spring, and I never saw my grand-mother afterward. There were the figures, however, yellow and tinged with age, on the wall, and on the side of the parlor clock, whose tick seemed the voice of an old friend, were her spectacles, in their old leathern-case, with the loop for the tongue broken off. I did not feel that my grand-mother was dead, nor that so many years had passed since she sat with me in the parlor : it seemed only that she had gone out a moment, and was immediately to return and greet me. Even next day, when I visited the grave-yard, and saw her name cut on the stone, and the dark moss within the letters, I could not realize that she had been gone so long, nor even that I was not the same little child that she was so kind to. Years seemed to have been annihilated while I remembered her, and the certainty that they had passed, only a dream of the night.

I was not satisfied with gazing at every little thing in the parlor, but I took down the encyclopedias, one after another, and looked over the plates, and could not see that their charm had in the least departed. As I was finishing the last one, my aunt Hetty put her head in at the sitting-room door ; and when she saw what I was about, laughed as she took it out of my hands, and replaced it on the side-board, telling me that supper was ready, and my grand-father waiting. My old love for dough-nuts seized me, although I had long before discarded Dutch 'crullers,' and olikoeks, and the greasy 'fritters' in which the old KNICKERBOCKERS so much delight ; and I gave my good aunt ocular assurance that her twisted and braided, long, short and medium dough-nuts and 'wonders' were as acceptable as they used to be. The cat, after rubbing herself, first one side and then the other, against my legs, very quietly took possession of my lap, and purred away as if to make up for running away from me when I first come in. That night I slept soundly in the little bed-room, dreaming over all the occurrences of my

childhood. Many a time had I thought that I never could be as happy again, as I was during my earlier years, but I was mistaken. Romance had again thrown over my fancy its robe of rainbow colors, and it is not yet removed.

When the morning sun shone in through the woodbine and the quails on the curtain, I awoke, full of joyfulness, and hastened out to the great stone by the well-kerb to perform my matinal ablutions; the large hollow serving for a basin. Here when a child I was forced, even on the coldest mornings, to wash my sleepy visage, that I might grow up, as my grand-father said, 'hardy, and capable of being a soldier some day or other.' I do not affirm that my rheumatic shoulder dates from those cold mornings, but I have a shrewd suspicion squinting in that direction. My grand-father was off, taking his accustomed morning walk, and my aunt Hetty was in the lot by the barn, milking the cows; so I took an undisturbed view of the ducks spitting their bills in a little pool, and the hens poking their heads through the slats of the poultry-house. Over the wood-shed, and on the shelf outside, the pigeons were pluming themselves, and the cocks puffing up their throats and making their peculiar muttering, which had been a marvel to my boyish ear. The martins were sailing about in the air, or carefully peeping from the windows of the martin-cage on the gable-end of the corn-house; and the guinea-hens were screaming down in the orchard, making a noise resembling the music of an ungreased wheelbarrow, accompanied by a dozen pair of tongs, shaken together as 'second.' Of all the horrible noises in the world, save me from the screech of a guinea-fowl! Those at my grand-father's, however, I really think I could listen to every day without the slightest annoyance. So much for association.

Before breakfast was ready, I was all over the house; in the chambers, looking out of the dormer-windows, and up in the garret, beholding rolls of wool, balls of carpet-rags, skeins of yarn, last year's seed-corn, old spinning-wheels, distaffs full of flax, wool-cards, and almost every thing else under the sun. In the back stair-way I found a little whip, which my grand-father had made for me, and which had remained stuck behind a slat ever since I was last there: so careful was my aunt not to remove a single thing that I had placed away. This was another of her whims. After breakfast I went out to look at the loom-room, and the corn-house, and long rat-trap, with the bait in the middle, that had stood time out of mind in the centre of the corn-house floor. I did not forget the milk-house, nor the cheese-press, nor the red churn, which when I saw it the last time before, was higher than my head. The old pear-tree by the well-pole, in which the katydids nightly mocked each other, was all green and youthful, and its spreading boughs gave promise of many a juicy vergaloo. You won't care a fig for it, courteous reader, but I must nevertheless tell you, that the heavy end of the well-pole came to the ground just over and behind a large uringa-bush, which afforded me a screen, behind which I could get on the pole astride, as my aunt went out to draw water. When I had enjoyed her tugging to bring down the bucket sufficiently long, I used to get off quietly, by the time she came round to see what was the matter with the

weights, and creep slyly into the house, and was usually playing with the cat, before she came in. I had succeeded in this perhaps a dozen times, when one day, not perceiving that my grand-father was at the well with her, I jumped on, and suddenly found myself full fifteen feet in the air, and both of them laughing at my chap-fallen appearance, and asking me how I liked riding a high horse to water. This incident put a stop to my pranks in *that* direction, although to the best of my recollection I made up for it in others. It was a custom of my aunt's to leave her bed-room door, which opened into the kitchen, ajar, and when she had blown her light out and gone to bed, to call the cat, and let her sleep on her pillow and purr her to sleep. One night, just as my aunt had got cleverly into her room, I slipped quietly into the kitchen, where Miss Pussy sat in the chimney-corner, and sprinkled her coat with a paper of lamp-black, which I had purloined from the chaise-house for the purpose, and then as quietly returned to my bed. The next morning I was up bright and early, and enjoyed the astonishment of my grand-father, as aunt Hetty appeared before him as black as an inhabitant of the Gold Coast. It took her half the morning to wash it off, and it was a long time before she forgave me. Not that she minded so much the personal transformation, as the sad condition of the linen pillow-case, which showed the obfuscation.

After oiling the lock of my gun, I went down the lane into the woods, beyond the pasture, to enjoy a forenoon's shooting; but then and afterward, so long as my visit lasted, I could not find it in my heart to shoot a single bird or rabbit. They reminded me so forcibly of my childhood, that I 'blessed them unaware.' There was a beautiful little lake, bordered with alders and hazel, and reflecting the branches of the graceful elm, down in that piece of woods beside which I had sat many a summer day before, and dreamed of the great world; and now I returned to it to dream of former dreams, for the reality was not half so real; nor, by a long way, so lovely or so beautiful. Thus are we all dreamers; even those who look sternest in the grim battle-field of life.

Four weeks of pure enjoyment I passed away among these old familiar places, and the fifth found me in the close walls of my office in the city, scratching away at pleas and briefs; the latter facetiously so named, because interminably long, and the former because they please nobody. And now, gentle reader, *au revoir!* R. H. B.

EPITAPH ON A POOR MAN.

BENEATH this sod, from want secure,
Sleeps one who Jesus knew;
Not only poor in purse, but poor
In spirit too.

Scorn not the mean and humble guise,
The heart thou canst not see;
LAZARUS may reach Paradise
Long before thee!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

EOTHEN: NUMBER ONE OF A 'LIBRARY OF CHOICE READING.' In one volume. pp. 232. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE have been long prepared, by the copious extracts from this volume which have reached us from time to time in the London journals, to find it one of the pleasantest books of eastern travel that has appeared for many years. Our expectations have been in no wise disappointed. Refraining from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research; from all display of 'sound learning' and 'religious knowledge;' from all historical and scientific illustrations; from all statistics, political disquisitions, and elaborate 'moral reflections;' the author has yet written a volume which bears upon every page the stamp of truth and faithfulness, and which conveys vividly to the minds of his readers the impressions which he received in his eventful rambles. The egotism of a traveller, inseparable it has always seemed to us from a narrative such as this, our author well observes cannot fail to convey some true ideas of the country through which he has passed. He is an epitome of his readers. His habit of referring the whole external world to his own sensations, compels him in his writings to observe the laws of perspective: he tells you of objects as they seemed to him. The people and the things that most concern him personally take large proportions in his picture because they stand so near to him. 'He shows you his dragoman, and the gaunt features of his Arabs; his tent, his kneeling camel, his baggage strewn upon the sand;' and by these touches, dashed in with a rich brush, the reader at length finds himself forcibly impressed with the realities of eastern travel. The author of 'Eothen' constantly reminds us of our countryman STEPHENS. There is in the writings of each a kindred vein of humor; both write without apparent labor and of course without affectation; they describe what they enjoy or suffer with no attempt at over-writing; and each is invariably entertaining. We proceed to a pleasant but no easy task; the selection from some fifty dog's-eared pages of such brief passages as we have space to transfer to our own. The sketch of *external* Constantinople and its environs is perfect; we say 'perfect,' because we read it sitting before a superb picture of the Turkish capital, embracing the Bosphorus, from the castles of Europe and Asia to the Sea of Marmora, and a view of the objects, near or distant, that may be commanded from the topmost height of Scutari; and every point indicated by the writer is transferred to paper with the truth of a daguerreotype. How expressive is this exclamation of enjoyment at the first distant sight of classic ground:

'I CAUGHT one glimpse of the old Heathen World. My habits of studying military subjects had been hardening my heart against poetry. For ever staring at the flames of battle, I had blinded myself to the lesser and finer lights that are shed from the imaginations of men. In my reading at this time, I delighted to follow from out of Arabian sands, the feet of the armed believers, and to stand in the broad, manifest storm-track of Tartar devastation; and thus, though surrounded at Constantinople, by scenes of much interest to the 'classical scholar,' I had cast aside their associations like an old Greek grammar, and turned my face to the 'shining Orient,' forgetful of old Greece, and all the

pure wealth she has left to this matter-of-fact-ridden world. But it happened to me one day to mount the high grounds overhanging the streets of Pera; I satiated my eyes with the pomps of the city, and its crowded waters, and then I looked over where Scutari lay half veiled in her mournful cypresses; I looked yet farther, and higher, and saw in the heavens a silvery cloud that stood fast, and still against the breeze; it was pure, and dazzling white as might be the veil of Cytheria, yet touched with fire, as though from beneath, the loving eyes of an immortal were shining through and through. I knew the bearing, but had enormously misjudged its distance, and underrated its height, and so it was a sign and a testimony — almost as a call from the neglected gods, that now I saw and acknowledged the snowy crown of the Mysian Olympus!

We know not when we have received so forcible an impression of the real character of the Dead Sea as may be derived from the ensuing paragraphs:

‘I WENT on, and came near to those waters of Death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, waited up in her tomb for ever, the dead, and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead a deep stillness — no grass grew from the earth — no weed peered through the void sand, but in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched, and charred to blackness, by the heats of the long silent years.

‘I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water, sloped so gradually, that I was not only forced to ‘sneak in,’ but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt a dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain which I thus suffered acceding to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments, but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water, but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake, that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with sulphate of magnesia.’

It would seem from a passage which we find in the description given by our author of the sacred scenes in Jerusalem, that the localities of the *EMPEREUS CONSTANTINE* are not always to be depended upon, and that some of the stories repeated to travellers at Jerusalem are to be taken *cum grano salis*:

‘A PROTESTANT, familiar with the Holy Scriptures, but ignorant of tradition and the geography of Modern Jerusalem, finds himself a good deal ‘mazed’ when he first looks for the sacred sites. The Holy Sepulchre is not in a field without the walls, but in the midst, and in the best part of the town, under the roof of the great Church which I have been talking about; it is a handsome tomb of oblong form, partly subterranean and partly above ground; and closed in on all sides, except the one by which it is entered. You descend into the interior by a few steps, and there find an altar with burning tapers. This is the spot which is held in greater sanctity than any other at Jerusalem. When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd and inclined for a gallop; you ask your Dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to procure horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, Signor! — eccolo! — it is *up stairs — on the first floor*. In effect you ascend, if I remember rightly, just thirteen steps, and then you are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed. All this is startling, but the truth is, that the city having gathered round the Sepulchre, which is the main point of interest, has crept northward, and thus in a great measure are occasioned the many geographical surprises which puzzle the ‘Bible Christian.’

‘The church of the Holy Sepulchre comprises very compendiously almost all the spots associated with the closing career of our Lord. Just there, on your right, he stood and wept; by the pillar on your left he was scourged; on the spot just before you he was crowned with the crown of thorns; up there he was crucified, and down here he was buried. A locality is assigned to every the minutest event connected with the recorded history of our Saviour; even the spot where the cock crew, when *PETRA* denied his Master, is ascertained and surrounded by the walls of an Armenian convent.’

We have encountered in no other work so vivid a description of the desert as is to be found in the successive and incidental pictures which this volume affords. We follow the traveller in his solemn progress, over the centre of a round horizon, with its circle of flaming sky and glaring sand, with an interest almost intense; especially when we lie awake with him at night, and hear the great packs of hungry jackals hurrying past, with their strangely human cry. We have clipped a few paragraphs for our reader’s gratification:

‘WHEN the cold, sulken morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground, and made it look so familiar — all these were taken away and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of potent port-

manteaus, and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left.

'My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvass shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant, upon the fall of the canvass, like an owner, who had waited, and watched, the Genius of the desert stalked in. . . . You, — you love sailing: in returning from a cruise to the English coast, you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly black sky above, and an angry sea beneath — you watch the grisly old man at the helm, carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast; you see him understanding commandments from the jerk of his father's white eye-brow — now belaying, and now letting go — now scrunching himself down into mere ballast, or bailing out Death with a pipkin. Stale enough is the sight, and yet, when I see it I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat with the brain of a man and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black Heaven and Ocean; well, so when you have travelled for days and days over an eastern desert, without meeting the likeness of a human being, and at last see an English shooting-jacket and his servant come listlessly sloeching along from out the forward horizon, you stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company, and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.' . . . 'On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening, was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens, through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments, I cannot tell, but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells — my native bells — the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosaically, steadily, merrily ringing 'for church.' After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to be that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun, in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.'

One of the most striking chapters in the volume is that upon 'Cairo and the Plague.' It is replete with the most terrific pictures of the dreadful mortality of that scourge of the East. We must close our extracts, however, with the following 'first impressions' of the Pyramids:

'I WENT to see, and to explore the Pyramids.

'Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids, and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shupex were there; there was no change; they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff and more ancient than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stone was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down overcasting my brain.

'Now try to endure this homely, sick-nursish illustration of the effect produced upon one's mind by the mere vastness of the great Pyramid: when I was very young (between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old,) being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression; I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes, but without power to speak, or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single and abstract idea — the idea of solid immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form or shape — that the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable, than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed, and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest with it any particular object. If I could have done so the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not of course in those days (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea,) I could not of course find words to describe the nature of my sensations, and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my hands and my feet informed my understanding, that there was nothing at all abstract about the great Pyramid; it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not of course, affect me with the peculiar sensation which I have been talking of, but yet there was something akin to that old night-mare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill and load my mind.

'And Time too; the remoteness of its origin, no less than the enormity of its proportions, screens an Egyptian pyramid from the easy and familiar contact of our modern minds; at its base the common earth ends, and all above is a world—one not created of God; not seeming to be made by men's hands, but rather, the sheer giant-work of some old diabolical age weighing down this younger planet.'

We can add nothing by way of comment to the favorable effect of the foregoing extracts; nor need we if we could. The publishers, we are glad to perceive, have presented the work in a garb befitting its rare literary merits.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the April Quarter. Volume LX. pp. 502. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. NEW-YORK: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE are eight 'articles' proper in the present number of the 'North American,' and a list containing ten briefer 'Critical Notices.' The first paper, and one of much interest, is upon the writings of PASCAL. The reviewer has a thorough appreciation of the genius and productions of his author, which are examined with perspicuity and force. The following collated passages from PASCAL's 'Thoughts upon Religion and other Topics,' afford a striking contrast of the nothingness of man in the midst of nature, with his grandeur as a thinking soul:

'WHAT is man in the midst of nature? A cipher in respect to the infinite, and all in comparison with nonentity.—a mean betwixt nothing and all. He is infinitely far removed from the two extremes; and his being is not less distant from the nothingness whence he was drawn, than from the infinite in which he is engulfed. In the order of intelligent things, his intellect holds the same rank that his body does in the expanse of nature; all that he can do is to discern some phenomena from the midst of things, in eternal despair of ever knowing their beginning or their end. All things came from nothing, and extend even to the infinite. Who can follow this astonishing progress? The author of these marvels understands them; to all others they are unintelligible. We burn with desire to know every thing, and to build a tower which shall rise even to the heavens. But our whole edifice cracks, and the earth opens beneath us even to the abyss.' . . . 'MAN is the feeblest branch of nature, but it is a branch that thinks. It is not necessary that the whole universe should rise in arms to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But if the universe should crush him, he would still be nobler than that which causes his death; for he knows that he is dying, and the universe knows nothing of its power over him.'

PASCAL's fine remark, in speaking of the weight due to authority, that the ancients after all were only the children among mankind, has been so often cited without giving him credit for it, that the reviewer condenses it in his own words:

'ANIMALS make no progress. The hexagonal cells of bees were as accurately measured and finished a thousand years ago, as they are at the present day. It is not so with man, who is born for eternity. He is ignorant at first, but constantly acquires knowledge, not only from his own experience, but from the accumulated wisdom of his predecessors. Men are now very nearly in the same condition that the ancient philosophers would have arrived at, if they could have lived till our times, constantly adding to their knowledge what they might have acquired by study during so many centuries. All the generations of men during so many ages ought to be considered only as one man, who lives forever, and is continually learning. Hence, how improper it is to respect philosophers for their antiquity! For as old age is the period farthest removed from infancy, who does not see, that the old age of this universal man ought not to be sought for in the years nearest to his birth, but in those most remote from it? Those whom we call the ancients were truly young in all things, and formed the infancy of mankind. As we have joined to their knowledge the experience of the ages which came after them, it is in us that this antiquity is to be found which we are wont to revere in others.'

The succeeding paper is upon WHEATON's 'History of the Law of Nations,' which we have not as yet found leisure to read; and is followed by an article upon 'The Modern Jews,' in which the late and present condition of the 'ancient covenant people' in Europe and elsewhere is clearly set forth. 'CHALMERS' History of the American Colonies,' 'HILDEBRETH's Theory of Morals,' and the 'Travels of the Bohemian Nobleman, LEO VON ROZMITAL,' through the western countries of Europe, in 1465, are titles of papers which ensue, and the last-named of which we perused with no little interest. The 'Vestiges of Creation,' a work which we fear is destined to be *over-written upon*, is next reviewed by a writer evidently well acquainted with every branch of his subject. The arguments and hypotheses of the book are treated with elaborate analysis and caustic severity. The 'Memoirs

of the Marquis POMBAL of Portugal' concludes the distinctive 'papers,' leaving for the ninth article the usual batch of short 'Critical Notices.' LONGFELLOW's 'Waif' is deservedly commended, as are also LOWELL's 'Conversations.' The latter receives a slight castigation, however, for one of his 'views' in a matter of art:

'QUESTIONS of art are sometimes decided by Mr. LOWELL in an off-hand manner, which those who know the least about the subject are the most likely to adopt. The beautiful piece of sculpture executed by Mr. CRAWFORD for the Boston Athenæum—one of the very few works which we have in the United States in the highest classical style of the art—is 'put down' by an unanswerable sneer concerning LEMPAEER's Classical Dictionary; and the great æsthetic question of drapery in sculpture—a question which may well require long study and profound consideration to settle it on its true grounds—is quite summarily despatched, by the usual cant about the improbability of General WASHINGTON appearing in a Roman dress before an assembly of his countrymen; as if sculpture, ancient or modern, were called upon to perpetuate the conceptions of the tailor, the shoemaker, and the hatter; and as if the pig-tail, the cocked-hat, and the breeches, which have so ludicrously disguised the dignity of the human form in modern times, must be rendered perdurable, by being sent down to posterity in the eternal marble. The mistake arises from confounding drapery with dress, two things essentially different, and not more different now than they were in the highest bloom of Grecian art. The one is a matter of art, and wholly subservient to artistic effect; the other a matter of personal convenience, and shifting in form and fashion every day. The young gentlemen of Athens no more appeared in the streets in the dresses of the immortal Panathenæic procession on the friezes of the Parthenon, than they rode living horses unsaddled and unbridled, as those figures bestride their marble steeds.'

A few lines are devoted to Mr. CHARLES LANMAN's 'Letters from a Landscape-Painter,' in which that ambitious littérateur's affected, ungrammatical style, 'the interjections and exclamations with which his letters are studded over,' and his 'studied pleasantry and smartness,' are felicitously exposed. A couple of similes, the first borrowed from WORDSWORTH's idea of the 'army of clouds' coming out of the horizon and rolling up the zenith, and the second as familiar to our ears as 'household words,' are commended by the reviewer. It is unfortunate, that what was intended to relieve just condemnation, happens to prove the severest portion of the brief notice under consideration. The 'North American' preserves its usual excellence in externals, under the supervision of its new and enterprising proprietors.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN SCHILLER AND GOETHE, from 1794 to 1805. Translated by GEORGE H. CALVERT. Volume First. pp. 392. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE letters between SCHILLER and GOETHE are a record kept by friendship of the habitual feelings and thoughts of two great poets; and our translator is of opinion that if he has adequately executed his task, he has opened to American and English readers 'the richest epistolary treasure that the literature contains.' 'There is no other instance of affectionate union between two men of such genius, intellect, and culture; and that under circumstances peculiarly adapted to promote a rapid interchange of letters. The correspondence, which consists of more than nine hundred letters, embraces ten years of the prime of both, and ended only with SCHILLER's life. This proximity of their places of residence fed the correspondence, by keeping their friendship warm through frequent personal intercourse. Their labors animated their letters, the letters created a want of the fuller and freer communication by conversation, conversation gave fresh impulse to their labors, and thus their friendship, founded on the broadest mutual esteem, and fostered by an ever-active circle of invigorating influences, uttered itself in a correspondence as cordial as it is intellectual. Poetry, science, literature, religion, art, philosophy, subjects that are the familiar inmates of such minds, come up constantly, of course, and are touched with the free and masterly strokes to be expected in confidential effusions between GOETHE and SCHILLER. The reader rises with them into the regions where such men have chiefly their being, and there with them partakes of their wholesome indifference to what are commonly regarded as the great interests of life. In the easy, eager, private discussion of the principles that underlie the fundamental departments of human thought, we behold in a manner the secret growth of these two extraordinary minds. We witness the

relaxation of giants ; we can figure to ourselves what may be the sports of gods.' In putting the German into English, the translator has been as direct and literal as is compatible with our own idiom, preserving at the same time, with the original, the laxness proper to a sincere epistolary style.

ESSAYS BY THEOPHILUS PARSONS. In one volume. pp. 228. Boston : OTIS CLAPP. New-York: JOHN ALLEN, 139 Nassau-street, and BARTLETT AND WELFORD, Astor-House.

THERE is a great purity in this beautiful book. It is presented to its readers with becoming modesty, which at once creates a feeling in favor of the writer, a lawyer of distinction in Boston, we have been informed, and a son of the late Chief Justice PARSONS, of that capital. 'Whatsoever,' says our author, 'is found in these hastily-written papers that is new and just and interesting, belongs to the system of truth, to be found in the writings of SWEDENBORG ; and the obscurities which mingle with the light I have endeavored to borrow, are my own. I call them essays, only for want of another name ; for if I knew one of less significance I should certainly adopt it.' Mr. PARSONS would be justified in giving his chapters a more significant name even than 'essays ;' they are *treatises* indeed, upon the great themes of 'Providence,' 'Life,' 'Natural and Spiritual Correspondences,' 'the Human Form,' 'Religion,' etc., each one of which will command the attention and respect of the reader, even though he may not perhaps agree with the writer in all his views. One thing may certainly be relied upon ; the tenets of that truly great man, SWEDENBORG, are every day acquiring wider prevalence. His works are becoming generally current in American communities, and the periodicals which set forth his benevolent doctrines are attaining an encouraging circulation. Perhaps no writer upon spiritual subjects is so much misunderstood by those whose knowledge of his belief and that of his followers is derived 'from hear-say.' Here, for example, in a few plain, clear sentences, there is that explained which has been often so distorted as to appear scarcely otherwise than utterly ridiculous. It concludes the chapter on 'Life,' and follows the remark, that in the bright world to which we go, man sees his own affections, his own thoughts, in form and activity ; they grow as he grows, and change as he changes ; they are always *himself* in outward representation :

'Into this spirit-world man enters at death. While in this lower world his spiritual body was within his natural body, giving it life and power and sense. It was always his spiritual eye which saw, his spiritual ear which heard, his spiritual senses which took cognizance of all things about him. But while he lived in the material body, it was only through the material organs of that body, that the eye of his spiritual body could see and its ear could hear ; and for that purpose these material organs were exquisitely fitted to the spiritual organs which they served as instruments. But when these material organs or coverings fell off, the spiritual eye, the true and living eye, does not lose the power of seeing. It loses the power of seeing the material things for which it once possessed a material organ, and acquires the power of seeing the spiritual substances and forms which this material organ had veiled. So it is with all the senses, and with all the organs of the body. The man rises from that portion of earth which his soul once vivified ; rises with the spiritual body he always had, and rises in full possession of all his senses and faculties, into a world of spiritual substances, of which his spiritual senses and organs now take cognizance in the same manner as the material organs here perceive material things. In a word, Death is Birth, and then man rises a man as before, but in a new world ; yet, with all his organs, limbs, senses, faculties ; and into a world like in its appearances, and analogous in its uses, to the world he has left.'

We surely need not ask our readers to admire with us this beautiful illustration of the inner life :

'THE language of the Bible harmonizes with all human experience, in declaring that all progress implies effort, resistance, combat ; but there are intervals of peace ; intervals, when the battle of that day is won, and the wearied soldier rests and rejoices ; intervals, when the climbing pilgrim has reached a mountain-top, and while he breathes the sweet freshness of its air, he looks back upon his nights of darkness and his days of toil, and around upon a world now glowing with beauty because the love which fills it is, for that hour, unveiled ; and upward to a sky, from which the clouds have melted or else give back the sunshine in golden light ; and forward, to the distant and loftier summits, where peace has a more abiding home. These are intervals of refreshing rest and calm and quiet gladness. They spring from the cessation of conflict between the life that lies latent in the faintest soul and that which animates the external character. This external life is not yet wholly obedient, wholly conformed to the life within ; but for a while it is quiescent ; for a while it yields so

far as to give rest to the soul, and a foretaste of the joy, the measure of which will be full when the work is done. And these states of peace give strength for further endeavors, further conflicts. They come again before the mind when hope is fainting, and breathe into her the breath of life; they come to rebuke the fear that might else be despair; to invigorate the efforts which begin to fail, to strengthen the resolution when it wavers. They come to remind us that in the treasury of Divine Love there is enough to compensate for all that we can do, and all that we can suffer.

We should be glad, did our limits permit, to follow our author in his observations upon 'providence' and the 'human form;' but we shall content ourselves with the following passage, which we take from the remarks upon 'religion.' Would that this 'Religion of Love' might more and more abound:

'It is the essence of love to wish to give something of its own to another. God is love—is perfect, infinite love. Therefore it is His constant and universal desire to give to man something of His own, something of Himself—to give him Himself; that is, to give him Love. This was the Divine desire, from which man was created; and from this Divine desire, man was so created that he might receive of the Divine Love, and appropriate it to himself, and live by it as his own love and life. But this love is the love of goodness, of every thing good, and of that only; and therefore in proportion as a man loves what is good, he answers the purpose for which he was created, because in that proportion he permits God to give him of Himself. Therefore it is the first purpose of religion, which is the divine means whereby the divine ends may be accomplished, to make man good. But selfishness is the opposite of love and of good. A disposition to love self, and to give to self what belongs to another, is the exact opposite of the disposition which it is the purpose of religion to produce and conjoin. And the greatest possible injustice and selfishness consists in attributing to oneself that goodness which comes as the free gift of Him who alone is Good. It is therefore the purpose of religion, not more to make man good, than to make him know and acknowledge that this is the work of God. Indeed, these two things are one; because genuine goodness in any man must necessarily exclude the thought that he is good of himself and of his own proper power, since it must necessarily exclude selfishness and injustice.'

The following comparison between physical and spiritual action is ingenious and forcible:

'If we look at the human body, and ask what constitutes its highest health and greatest vigor, we shall see that it is the absolute prevalence of neighborly love among its parts and members. For every part of the human body works for all the rest, and not directly for itself. The brain secretes its nervous fluid, and sends it in a stream of life to give sensibility and motion to the whole body. The heart impels its current of living blood even to the extremities, and the lungs are busy in purifying and vitalizing this blood for the service of the whole. The stomach and viscera are always employed in elaborating and preparing the means of life. The limbs move the body where it would go, and procure for it the means of nutriment. The eye sees every thing but itself, and the senses generally take notice of all things but themselves. Yet every part and organ lives and flourishes, because for it all the rest are unceasingly employed. As long as order and health prevail, no part appropriates any thing to itself or works in any way for itself, excepting so far as to secure for itself the full power of doing its proper work for others. In this condition and in this law of the human body, we have a vivid picture of the true order of human life. We may learn here what self-love is. When we see that the moment any part diminishes its labor for others, or begins to appropriate to itself more than its capacity of usefulness requires, that moment disease begins; and if this selfish indulgence continues, disease leads on to death; when we see this, self-love stands unveiled; for we may see in this, its evil, its destructiveness, its true nature.'

We commend the comprehensive and ably-written chapter from which the foregoing extract is taken, and indeed the entire work of which it forms a part, to the heedful perusal of our readers.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC: designed as an Introduction to PIERCE'S COURSE OF Pure Mathematics, and as a Sequel to common Arithmetica. By THOMAS HILL. Boston: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

THE object of this work, evidently from the pen of a practical mathematician, is to supply a want which has long been a subject of remark among teachers of mathematics. It forms a desirable link between the common arithmetic and the admirable but difficult and severe course of the Cambridge mathematics. The rules which it contains are concise and simple, and many of the 'Practical Hints' in the appendix are valuable to the student. We like the constant reference to preceding formulæ; and are certain that if studied carefully, as it will be by all those into whose hands it comes, who design either to teach or study rightly, it will subserve the design of its author; who in a modest, and what is better, a *short* preface, explains the reasons which led to its publication.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME THOUGHTS ON BORES. — One of the pleasant papers of the late lamented 'OL-LAPOD' was not included in his 'Literary Remains,' recently published. It was entitled '*The Genus Bore*,' and contained many of the writer's characteristic touches. In the course of his essay, he remarks: 'There are two leading classes of bores — the garrulous and the taciturn. Heaven help you, when you are victimized by one of the first class! He deluges you with words. He inflicts all the scandal and news upon you, while you look like Resignation hugging a whipping-post. You feel irritated awhile, and then ill. He has tongue enough for both, and only requires that you resolve yourself into a horrible deformity, by becoming all ear. You gape, and show symptoms of sleep. He does n't care; you may sleep, or dialocate your jaws, as you please. He is one of the emissaries of fate, sent on earth to punish, and he means to fulfil the purpose of his destiny. There is no getting clear of his noise; and you may as well be as complacent as you can, and regard his tongue as the scourge which inflicts chastisement for past sin. Again, a taciturn bore drops into your presence. You talk first on one subject and then on some other; but instead of showing interest, he looks as if his leaden eyelid would fall in spite of your efforts. You think the fellow a fool; and can scarcely resist the propensity to enlighten him in regard to himself, by telling him so. You look 'unutterable things' at him; but you cannot stir him up. Your heart sinks within you, and for a moment you look the model of a statue of despair. You ask him to read the morning paper, but he is 'tired of death of politics.' You offer him a book, and he fumbles it listlessly for a moment, and puts it down. Your agony becomes excruciating; your friend looks like the impersonation of the nightmare, and he clings to you as the Old man of the Sea clung to Sinbad.'

POOLE, the well-known author of the 'Little Pedlington' Sketches, once wrote an admirable '*Discourse of Bores*,' in which he drew several pictures of the various individuals of the species; having previously 'defined his position,' in the JOHNSONIAN form. He 'began at the beginning' by this extract from an imaginary dictionary:

'To BORE, *v. a.* (figuratively from *to pierce* ?) With unfeeling pertinacity to perforate, or drive through, heart, brain, and soul, with irresistible tediousness, as with an auger one bores through a nine-inch plank.

'BORE, *n. s.* One who with unfeeling pertinacity, perforates, or drives through, heart, brain, and soul, with irresistible tediousness, as with an auger one bores through a nine-inch plank. One who lacks the faculty of perceiving the point at which attention succumbs to lassitude. An excruciator. A tyrant who, without the sanction of a trial by jury, or any other form of law, but solely of his own authority, inflicts upon a company the capital punishment of his tediousness.'

This is a more comprehensive but not more faithful definition of a bore than was given by a lad, who said, 'A bore is somebody who does n't know when it is time for him to leave off doing something.' POOLE remarks, that among their other agreeable qualities, bores seem to be endowed with the faculty of detecting, with extraordinary accuracy, the time and occasions when their company is least of all desirable; and these they invariably

pounce upon, when they intend to perform an operation upon you. The '*Indicating Bore*' is a felicitous illustration in point; and in the hope to check the progress of some one of the class, who may perhaps be encountered at the present exhibition of the National Academy of Design, we annex the portrait of Mr. INDEX:

'INDEX will not permit you to see with your own eyes, or hear with your own ears; but to see or hear — nay, to touch, taste, or smell — he will insist on your following the guidance of *his* senses in preference to your own. In a picture-gallery he will not allow you the gratification of discovering the excellence of a work; he must point them out to you: he will not permit the beauties of a picture to develop themselves gradually to your perception, but abruptly directs your notice to what is finest in it. You are entranced by the profound pathos of a *CONCEGGERO*; he slaps you on the back, and you are dragged away to admire the *faïsa* of a brown jug in a *TENIENA*. You would remain to enjoy the higher qualities of the picture, but the brown jug being all that INDEX intended to show you, you are whisked off to look at a fly and a drop of water in a flower-piece. He is as tiresome as an old housekeeper at a show-place; nay, worse, for he is not so amusing.

'He sits next to you at dinner. You are about to take anchovy sauce to your salmon, for the foolish reason that you like it. INDEX recommends ketchup instead, which you reject because it is your aversion: He assures you it is the only sauce to be taken with salmon; you shudder at the smell of it. He insists, he persists. 'Now, try ketchup; do; you must — you shall; you have no notion how good it is: but let me give you the proper quantity; there — I'm sure you'll like it.' You have no other alternative than to be bored to death, or poisoned with ketchup, and naturally prefer the latter.

We were together at the Opera one evening. Madame PASTA was acting *Nedea*. 'The great point in the performance,' said INDEX, 'is her exclamation *Io!* I'll give you notice when that is coming, but never mind the rest.' And, truly, not one other particle of the opera would he allow me to enjoy. At length the moment for the celebrated exclamation approached. 'Now it is coming,' cried INDEX; 'stop — not yet; wait — now for it!' These last words he accompanied with a sharp dig of his elbow in my side, which shook me from head to foot; and by the time I had recovered from the shock, the long expected *Io* was numbered among the things that had been.

Who has not encountered the '*Singing Bore*?' Sometimes such an one overcomes you at a dinner party, by attempting to execute a nonsensical song of some dozen short verses, with a '*fol-de-rol tid-rel*' chorus, three times as long as the verses themselves; and if he can remember only the first two of the twelve stanzas, he repeats those a dozen times, in his efforts to recollect the remainder. 'CARL FRIEDRICH VON SCHTRUMMUNDWARBLEHEIM' is a more elaborate specimen of the singing bore. He is always alive to the slightest provocation, upon which he pounces with cat-like activity. For instance: at a pleasant conversational dinner-party one evening, the dessert was scarcely placed upon the table, when somebody desired the servant to give him another knife, the one he had being 'loose in the handle.'

'HANDEL!' exclaimed Carl. 'What a composer! what oratorios! How massive! how grand! How magnificent! how sublime! I know them by heart; could sing them in my sleep. Of course you are all acquainted with the '*Messiah*.' It opens with this you know.'

CARL cleared his voice and proceeded to sing 'Comfort ye, my people.' This was endured with patience, and by some received with pleasure, for he sung it well. But on he went with 'Every Valley.' This threatened a death-blow to conversation, and signs of uneasiness in the whole party were manifest; but common civility prevented a direct interruption of the annoyance. The singer would have felt this *could* he have felt. But bores have no feeling: take that for a rule.

'Comfort us, indeed!' mumbled one.

'What an intolerable bore!' muttered another.

'Is there no patriot present who will thrust a decanter-stopper down his throat?' said a third to his neighbor. But all to no purpose.

'CARL was preparing to whistle the Pastoral Symphony, when one of the party, in a tone of mock gravity, thus addressed him:

'My dear Mr. SCHTRUMMUNDWARBLEHEIM, you have very often favored us with that. Now, we shall be delighted if you will go through 'Judas Maccabeus,' 'Israel in Egypt,' and any other oratorio, or two; but if you give us any more of the '*Messiah*,' we are resolved to tie you neck and heels, and deposit you under the table for the rest of the evening.

'It is told of him that, upon a certain occasion, having sung all the men out of the drawing-room of the Traveller's Club (of which he was a member,) he was afterward found in one of the dressing-rooms, singing '*Viva tu*,' to a deaf man through his ear trumpet.'

There is also the '*Twattling Bore*,' fond of inflicting upon every body what he calls 'conversation;' by which must be understood, that he sets his tongue, a high-pressure engine of eighty-ass power, in motion the moment he is awake, and allows it to gabble on until he is fast asleep again; the '*Story-telling Bore*,' who is always on the *qui vive* for a hint, and yet always finds an unlucky occasion for introducing his stories, and who lacks the tact to know 'when it is time to leave off doing something;' the '*Prosing Bore*,' a

long-winded animal, who is continually interrupting himself with the trivial and irrelevant thoughts and remembrances that flit through his mind ; and the '*Wet Blanket*,' or '*Damper*,' a negative sort of bore, who extinguishes the blaze of hilarity at its very outbreak, by a look, a shrug, or suppressed yawn, just as a narrative is working up to its most interesting point. But we must close, before we add another to the list, in the shape of an '*Editorial Bore*.'

MANUSCRIPT POEM OF THE LATE JOHN G. C. BRAINARD. — We are indebted to an esteemed friend in Connecticut for the following truly beautiful poem, from the pen of the lamented JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, for which we desire to tender our cordial thanks. It has been carefully preserved by a friend of the author's, and is placed in type from his manuscript, with all its original interlineations and erasures. BRAINARD was always an especial favorite of ours. It is well observed, by one who knew him well, that his language is always appropriate and pure, his diction free and harmonious, and his sentiments natural and sincere. His serious poems are all characterized by deep feeling and delicate fancy ; and if we had no other record of him, they would show us that he was a man of great gentleness, simplicity and purity :'

SONG TO THE MEMORY OF MOZART.

ADDRESSED TO THE SOLIAN HARP.

Is e'er, when solemn stillness reigns,
Our wakeful eyes a vigil keep,
When all along the silent plains
The voice of Nature seems to sleep,
Harp of the winds ! Oh let the gale
Awake thy sadly-pleasing wail !

'Thy mingling chords so wild are sung,
So soft their heavenly murmurs ring,
They thrill as if an angel sung,
Or ANGEL's finger touched the string ;
Harp of the winds ! Oh let the gale
Awake thy sadly pleasing wail !
Now the notes awhile complain,
Now they with the breeze decay :
Hark ! they cease — they breath again —
A moment swell ; then melt away !

But ah ! more sweet, his heavenly strain,
Who with Italia's* poet sung ;
Can aught the raptured ear enchain,
Like airs which o'er his lyre have rung ?
Harp of the winds ! thy pensive tone,
Thy wildest thrill, are all his own !

Each mingled chord, each wandering note,
His magic touch would oft combine,
As dyes that o'er the azure float,
Together in the rainbow shine ;
If Music now his soul inspire,
Harp of the winds ! thou art his lyre.

In song he closed life's fleeting day,
Ev'n like the swan when death is nigh,
His requiem † was his parting lay,
Its closing strain, its latest sigh !

* METASTASIO.

† THE '*Requiem*' was composed during his last illness : he died almost immediately after it was finished.

LEGAL MAXIMS.—‘PUNCH’ is a wag, certainly, but he is a philosopher as well; and moreover, thoroughly versed in all knowledge, and especially familiar with legal lore and technicalities. We have been so much entertained with some of his late illustrations of legal maxims, which have been handed down in Latin and English, from time immemorial, that we have brought a few specimens together for the amusement of our readers. Legal grammar, concerning which we had something to say not long since, is thus glanced at: ‘For ages the law has regarded grammar as a guest at a dinner-party regards champagne, taking it when it happens to be there, but never insisting on having it. Now an indictment against JOHN, the husband of ELIZABETH YEOMAN, is good; for though LINDLEY MURRAY would say the yeoman meant ELIZABETH, the law would say that a woman can’t be a man, and that JOHN, the husband, must be considered as the YEOMAN referred to. So, in the case of the actor who burst in upon RICHARD the Third, exclaiming, ‘My lord, ’tis I, the early village cock,’ and forgot the remainder of the passage, it is clear he could not have been sued as the early village cock; for such a description, though grammatically correct, would have been at variance with all probability.’ The subjoined contain more truth than poetry:

‘*Deceit and fraud shall be remedied on all occasions.*’—It may be very true that deceit and fraud ought to be remedied, but whether they are, is quite another question. It is much to be feared that in law, as well as in other matters, *ought* sometimes stands for nothing.

‘*The law favors a thing which is of necessity.*’—This is the doctrine of ‘needs must when a certain old gentleman drives;’ and the law favors any thing which he happens to be concerned in. That the law favors necessity, is not, however, wholly true; for if a man has stolen a penny-loaf from necessity, the law has no favor to show to it. The idea of law favoring necessity, is at variance with the maxim that ‘necessity has no law,’ which is very likely to be the truth, for necessity not being able to pay for law, is not very likely to get any.

‘*An action cannot arise from a naked agreement.*’—A naked agreement is an agreement not clothed with a consideration; and certainly it seems very inconsiderate to allow an agreement to go forward to the world in the state alluded to. Among some of the jurists it is thought that the reason why no action arises from a naked agreement is, that such an agreement being naked, must have been already stripped of every thing; and as there is nothing to be got from it, the lawyers will have nothing to do with it.

‘*A personal action dies with the person.*’—This maxim is clear enough, and means that an action brought against a man who dies in the middle of it cannot be continued. Thus, though the law will sometimes pursue a man to the grave, his rest is not there liable to be disturbed by the lawyers. If a soldier dies in action, the action does not necessarily cease, but is often continued with considerable vigor afterward.

‘*The law compels no one to impossibilities.*’—This is extremely considerate on the part of the law; but if it does not compel a man to impossibilities, it sometimes drives him to attempt them. The law, however, occasionally acts upon the principle of two negatives making an affirmative, thus treating two impossibilities as if they amounted to a possibility. As, when a man cannot pay a debt, law expenses are added which he cannot pay either; but the latter being added to the former, it is presumed perhaps that the two negatives or impossibilities may constitute one affirmative or possibility, and the debtor is accordingly thrown into prison if he fails to accomplish it.

‘*The law favors things which are in the custody of the law.*’—The sort of favor shown by the law to such as are in its custody, is of a very peculiar character. Cutting the hair in the very last style of fashion (the last that any one would voluntarily adopt) and attending to the health by subscribing constant exercise on the tread wheel, together with a diet of the most moderate nature, are among the favors which the law shows to those who are its custody.

Under the head of ‘*Honor of the Bar*,’ ‘PUNCH’ has a Newgate advertisement from Mr. OILY GAMMON, addressed ‘To the Unfortunate:’

‘MR. OILY GAMMON, Q. C., still continues to give his valuable assistance to gentlemen and ladies in difficulties, on his usual moderate terms. MR. GAMMON undertakes to prove or disprove any thing, to bully any witness, to melt the heart of any judge on the bench, or to cut jokes that shall make even the unfortunate gentleman in the dock burst out laughing.

‘MR. OILY engages to cry at the domestic passages of his speech, and provide his own pocket-handkerchief. According to the case, (and dependant upon previous arrangements, to be settled with MR. GAMMON’s clerk,) MR. G. will blow his nose and whimper, or faint and turn pale, or burst out into a regular howl, accompanied by a shower of real tears, that may be measured by the tea-spoonful. The degrees of sentiment will vary with the case—say larceny, forgery, or murder.

‘In cases where both jokes and tears are to be supplied, the terms will, of course, be in proportion. MR. GAMMON need not say that both articles are prime.’

The keen satire of the above maxims will not be lost upon the reader. The most important facts are not always developed in learned treatises. ‘There’s many a true word spoken in jest.’

Gossip with READERS and CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Expect not, hope not, thou too much,' indulgent reader, of our humble departments, at this present. Believe us, if we are either over dull, desultory, or didactic, there is what the lawyers call a '*moving why*' for it; an argument peculiar to May-day in Gotham; a period when, as DICKENS says, 'all the letters of the alphabet are seized with a sudden wish to go out boarding and lodging;' when large houses and small, country houses and town houses, are seeking demand or are demanded; when furniture-carts are traversing the metropolis in every direction, piled to the top with properties 'too numerous to mention;' when the house-wife pouts and men-folk grumble; and a chaos, more miscellaneous than that lately described by 'PUNCH,' every where prevails. We have lately been in the midst of great confusion; seeking a house, and finding none, save such as 'extended long and large,' or the reverse, a building sufficiently capacious to enable a small family to get in, but in the construction of which, an occasional inclination to turn round and get out again had not been thought of by the architect. We are moving, *moving*, MOVING, at length, however, in compliance with a ridiculous custom, which has nothing but age to recommend it; and beyond that fact, have not a word to add in extenuation of any editorial 'short-comings' which may be apparent in the present number. . . . WE must have hit Mr. HUDSON, the SHAKESPEARIAN commentator, 'in the raw,' in the few remarks which we devoted to him in our last number. We are informed that in a lecture the other evening upon HAMLET and 'the sagacious and well-gloved Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER,' he adverted among other things to his reported opinion touching Lady MACBETH, which he denied, with the gentleman-like exclamation, '*That's a lie!*' 'These be parlous words;' and we merely record them in honor of the courtesy and good taste of their utterer. In the mean time, lest it might be thought by a few persons that our impressions of Mr. HUDSON's style and matériel expressed an individual rather than a general opinion, we invite the reader's attention to the remarks of two or three of our respected contemporaries, touching upon *all* the points to which we ourselves alluded. The observations of the '*Albion*,' a journal distinguished for the candor and discrimination of its criticisms, literary and dramatic, are more severe than any which we thought it expedient to make; although we cannot but admit their justice. The following alludes to the lecture on HAMLET:

'MR. HUDSON certainly presented nothing new or original in his attempted analysis of the character of HAMLET; all he said was but a stereotyped view of this mighty creation, familiar to every reader of the critics and annotators of SHAKESPEARE. We felt as we have done in listening to what is termed a new opera, where the melodies and combinations of harmonies prove such familiar acquaintances, that we seem to have whistled them all our life. To those who have never studied our great poet, and have neglected an acquaintance with his critics and commentators, Mr. HUDSON may be deemed an original genius; an *original* he certainly is, in more senses than one; for he contrives to make his critical strictures 'pivots' or 'organs,' from which he 'trots out,' to use one of his favorite phrases, some of the most *bitarres* and eccentric tirades on morals, politics, and religion, that we ever remember to have heard presented to refined or intelligent audiences; and this too, in a manner which *absolutely beggars description on paper*. We should stamp this as bad taste under any circumstances, but in connection with a serious disquisition on one of the greatest compositions in our language, our condemnation would be doubly severe. SHAKESPEARE with us is but another name for all that is intellectual, noble and elevated in human nature. We would not approach his shrine to *desecrate it with buffoonery or the tricks of a mountebank* anxious to excite the risibility of his auditors. Of the style of Mr. HUDSON, as a writer, we can but echo the opinion expressed even by his warmest admirers; it is antithetical to an extent that is both tiresome and ridiculous. Of his elocutionary powers we dare not speak as they deserve.' Nothing could be more *affected* than the manner which he dignifies by characterizing it as '*natural!*'

The '*Albion*' condemns the 'flippant sarcasm' which Mr. HUDSON visited upon Mr. MACREADY for his conception of the scene with POLONIUS; and has a trenchant hit at the brilliant logic displayed in the sage deduction that the Lord Chamberlain was an entirely *selfish* person; an idea inferred from the passage:

'THIS above all; to *thine* *ownself* be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

Mr. HUDSON, it would seem, construes this advice to mean that POLONIUS' principle of action was an especial regard for 'number one!' Well may the 'Albion' ask: 'Could any thing be more preposterous? Why, the merest tyro in ethics would confound this learned pundit.' The subjoined is a passage from the review of a subsequent lecture, on *MACBETH*:

'MR. HUDSON is a skilful compiler, and an ingenious adapter of other men's thoughts; he dishes up his *cents* in choice phraseology, and to give an air of originality to his productions, adopts the antithetical style to an extent that, however it may strike at first, becomes upon acquaintance, tedious, almost to nausea. His elocution, too, 'is part of the system;' its oddity begets notoriety, and the lecturer's end is answered. If these were the only faults chargeable on Mr. HUDSON, we should leave him quietly to pursue his vocation. We would not object to any peripatetic lecturer serving up the choice morsels of COLERIDGE, SCHLEGEL, HAZLITT, KNIGHT and VERFLANCK, in a presentable form; there are many who might profit by such a process; and were there even more of these lecture-compilers on the great bard, we believe society might be benefitted. But we must object to Mr. HUDSON as an expounder of SHAKESPEARE. We are not willing to pin our faith on his claims to infallibility. We follow him with some degree of respect, when he skilfully arranges the thoughts of others in a lucid form; but we become indignant, when he presumptuously attempts to advance opinions on the character of our cherished bard, at variance with all received conceptions, and which are opposed to the letter and spirit of the text on which he attempts to annotate. We last week endeavored to show the absurdity of his attack on the character of Polonius. In his second lecture, he took a bold flight, and *absolutely denied to Lady Macbeth the possession of mind or reflection!* Now, did we not conscientiously believe, that these startling attempts at originality of conception formed part of the system to attract notoriety, we should charitably believe them aberrations of mind, or that they arose from inability adequately to analyse the true meaning of language; or to want of perception distinctly to comprehend character.'

These remarks, from the pen of a gentleman who has long been one of the most thorough students of SHAKESPEARE among us, and who is intimately conversant with the writings of his earliest and latest commentators, embrace all the points touched upon in the observations which we deemed it proper to make, in relation to Mr. HUDSON. Other publications expressed similar opinions. Our contemporary of the 'Broadway Journal' pronounced his enunciation 'the worst provincial drawl that ever wounded a human ear. For ourselves,' added the editor, 'we wonder that any body could be induced to listen to Mr. HUDSON a second time: perhaps, if we had survived the first lecture that we attended, we could have gone again, but that was impossible. Such was the peculiar effect of his drawling enunciation upon our nerves, that after sitting fifteen minutes in the sound of his voice, the marrow in our bones began to dissolve, our teeth were set on edge as by the filing of a saw, and chills crept over us like an ague-fit; to have listened a moment longer would have induced a paralysis, or something worse; and we did not begin to resume our usual serenity until we had been jolted in an omnibus from the Stuyvesant Institute to Bowling-green.' Our friend, the associate-editor of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, for whose kind commendations of this Magazine we desire to express our sincere gratitude, pronounces our remarks upon Mr. HUDSON's lectures unjust and 'unconscientious.' Not so, dear Sir. We went to hear Mr. HUDSON twice, at the instance of two or three friends, who then thought him 'original and striking.' We found him sufficiently *striking*, as we have said, but far less original. He was bent upon repeating strong things, fine things, good things, wise things, and severe things, all in the same breath. In common with many others, we saw through the adroit disguise of his uncouth manner, which was afterward somewhat subdued, a circumstance brought about by a species of practical admonition which was not to be disregarded. A great poet represents a great portion of mankind; and we believe with the 'Journal' that 'there are a thousand young men in our city fully as competent to instruct or entertain the public' by SHAKESPEARIAN readings and comments as Mr. HUDSON. Yet it was given out that Mr. HUDSON was to take the metropolis by storm. No modern lecturer upon SHAKESPEARE had approached him. From a high intellectual elevation, he 'beheld the distant tops of thoughts which men of common stature never saw.' Boston had crowned him with honors. He had delivered his first lecture to a scattered few, but no man could number the entranced audiences that flocked to hear his closing performances. With this *prestige* in his favor, we went to hear him. We found him what we endeavored to describe him. We certainly did not use holiday phrases in our hasty limning, but we wrote without ill-nature, and without an unkind feeling

toward Mr. HUDSON, for we did not know and had never before seen him. We adopted his own often-vaunted freedom of speech; for although, like old ASGILL, 'we can write as softly as other men, 'with submission to better judgments,' and 'we leave it to you, gentlemen; we are but one, and always distrust ourself; we only hint our thoughts; you will please to consider whether you will not think that it may seem to deserve your consideration,' and the like. This is a taking way of writing; much good may it do them that use it!' Mr. HUDSON eschewed this style, and so in his case did we. He should not have been offended thereat. We simply expressed our candid opinions of his matter and manner; opinions, as we have shown, that are shared by our contemporaries. The result of Mr. HUDSON's labors is what might have been anticipated. Such sentences as these, in the notices of his successive lectures, tell the whole story: 'a select though not crowded audience;' 'his hearers were not as numerous as they should have been;' 'there was more quality than quantity in his audience;' 'the fact that his audiences have been small is discreditable to the public,' and so forth. Indeed, Mr. HUDSON himself declared, at the close of his last lecture, that he 'had not succeeded in New-York, (he admits, however, we understand, that there are some 'good minds' in town!) but he intended to do so, before he died.' We trust he may; but he must first greatly improve himself; a laudable object, to which we learn he intends to devote the ensuing summer. That Mr. HUDSON's audiences were 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' in this metropolis, was owing to himself entirely. The 'once-goes,' as the Germans phrase it, were subsequently very shy. As Count D'ARTOIS said to STEPHEN KEMBLE, when he asked him to repeat his visit to the Edinburgh theatre, to see him play *FALSTAFF*, 'with which he had been so highly pleased:' 'Yaas, I was mosh please; I laugh mosh; yaas, it was good fun; *but one soche fun, it is enoff!*' And 'so no more at present,' Mr. HUDSON, 'from yours' in the bonds of sympathy, 'The sagacious and well-gloved Editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER*.' . . . We shall be happy to hear from 'M.' with '*facts and proofs*' touching his meameric revelations. That there is a far-seeing discernment in the spirit, which reaches beyond the scope of our incarnate senses, we can well believe; but *how?* — that is the important question; can our correspondent, or any one else, answer it? . . . We would call the especial attention of our town readers to the course of lectures upon elocution, and the SHAKSPEAREAN readings of Mr. MURDOCH, at the Society Library. The metropolitan journals, we perceive, are unanimous in his praise. We have heard him with unqualified pleasure. He has a pleasant, full voice, an unaffected manner, and possesses an intimate and practical knowledge of his subject and his author. He has attracted large and admiring audiences, who have confirmed the high reputation which preceded his arrival from Boston. . . . THERE was found one morning recently, on the floor of our publication-office, doubtless thrust under the door in the evening, the following communication. It was enveloped, first in a hard parchment-like sheet of dingy foolscap, folded end-wise, and sealed with a huge yellow wafer, and again in a wrapper made of an old newspaper, which was tied irregularly around in a 'winding way,' with a dirty cotton string. We assure our readers that it is what it purports to be, a veritable production:

'MISTER EDITUR: Inclosed you will find a poem, which you are at Liberty to publish, on the sole condition that you will put it in a good place in your Magazin, and not stick it away, in which case your own good Sense will show you neither of us won't be much benefited; and I shall ask no other Recompens for it but a good Conscience — barely, that you recommend it to the Public, and leave me, say twelve to fifteen copies of the *KNICKERBOCKER* to the publishing-offis, to send to the friends of the Girl. I send it to you because I am willing to contribute my might and help on with a Deserving publication; and I have got more of the same stamp; and I assure you, my dear Sir, you shall be thought of fast. I shall publish a volumn of Poems, of which this is one. They comprise all subjects, from the Theatrical to the religiously-inclined; and from the album to the expanded swellings of Oriental beauty. Some are humorous and some are of different metres. Some are of a high grasp, others again are similar if not slightly contrary; and not one I hope which will not contain some wholesom morel — but Transcendentalism I despise. It is that which is breaking the heart of literature of the

present, and ringing tears out of the nostrils of the best spirits of the age. A century ago, if sum of them flosifers had been told of it, they would have said it was a figment; and God help us, if that cloud is to hem up the progress of a national literature, our shipwreck is clus to hand. Excuse me if I speak with too much apparent severity, but not more than they deserve. I shall renew this subject again — and in the meantime I remain, yours,

CHARLES W. GREENHAM.

The poem which was enclosed, was entitled '*Sweet Little Susanna*,' and ran for a short distance as followeth:

'LAMP of my Love! light of my eye!
My Glory and my banner;
To thee I would take the wings of a dove and fly,
Sweet little SUSANNA!

'My cousin, my rich Lily of the Valley,
I had ought to extol you in a proper manner,
Forgive my enthusiastic muse if it should dally,
Sweet little SUSANNA!

'I see you in the town of Jericho last autumn,
'T was but a Glance while the sunbeam was my tanner;
I see thee, I did see thee while I was a-sportin',
Sweet little SUSANNA!

'I see you a-passin' by the sparklin' river;
We had hauled our little boat, and was goin' to man her;
Your glance was like a arrow out of a quiver,
Sweet little SUSANNA!

Here Mr. GREENHAM says: 'Turn over; I mean on the other side of the paper, Mr. EDITOR.' Not being a 'hint' for a *personal* movement precisely, we obeyed the direction, and found on a succeeding page much more of the same order of genius, the infliction of which however we withhold for the present. Mr. GREENHAM adds, in a postscript: 'Your can say sumthin' about the Volum of poems if you think fit in your 'Editor's Table.' This is about the poorest of the hul lot, as I did n't want to injur the sale by publishing the best; and I would n't like to have this pirated; so I think if you can take out a copy-right, and give notice underneath in the usual form, it would be good.' Mr. GREENHAM is without a compeer in versification, 'saying and excepting' the composer of the '*Adventures in Michigan*,' (for which we are indebted to our friend 'W. A. S.,' and concerning which we may have more to say hereafter,) and the writer of the '*Valentine*,' from which we take these lines:

'I HAVE seen thee in the graceful dance,
And sing, if possible, with still more elegance!
But oh! thy virtues I can trace
In every feature of thy form and face;
Therefore doth all my feelings thus combine,
To you to send this Valentine.
I am in love with you, dearest —
Tell me what it is you fearest!
Tell me, oh! tell me, if your youthful heart
Beatest with generosity to assuage my smart!
What mean that blush and yonder downcast sigh?
What mean the pearly tears that stud thine eye?'

and so forth. We have seen as good grammar as the above in many pieces of verse, but we have seldom encountered such 'poetry' as these lines contain. But to revert to Mr. GREENHAM: we regret to perceive that he is disposed to disparage *Transcendentalism*. A plain Eastern gentleman, on being asked what this 'new thing' was, replied: 'I have not the dimmest conception or the remotest idea. I have heard of it, have seen it, have even touched it with gloves; but 'pon my soul, I can't ascertain what it is. In my opinion it is n't.' A correspondent of the '*Boston Transcript*' daily journal has made it obvious to the meanest capacity. Transcendentalism is a state of refined oneness; the glory of gushing dualism, where always the exalted instincts of our inner nature are kept in view; ever exhibiting existence as it should be, as it may be, as in a few beacon-instances, it is: celestial also,

stalking like a giant of the father-land through the heavens, and making the stars its stepping-stones. 'The enlightened student, therefore, discovers transcendentalism to have four phases, and of course to be *quaternian* and lunar. The first phase is *oneness*, and this is crescent; the second phase is *dualism*, and this is semi-circular; the third phase is *nature*, and this is semi-circular plus; the fourth phase is *celestial*, and this is circular, and of course lunar. Transcendentalism is then the spiritual satellite of man. In the solemn hour of midnight, when the abstract idea holds its dark sway over the sinking-spirit, its silvery light comes with superhuman radiance, and pours floods of intelligence and glory upon the obscure darkness of an unintelligible picture!' We trust that Mr. GREENHAM will rest satisfied with this lucid exposition of what has hitherto by many persons been somewhat dimly understood. . . . ONE of the newspapers mentions it as a note-worthy circumstance, that recently at one of the provincial towns in England a 'Grand United Funeral Society' celebrated their anniversary with a ball. This is not an usual circumstance. M^{rs} DE SHAYES once danced the 'Death of NELSON' at the London opera-house, and CRUMPLES' 'infant phenomenon' performed an elegiac-pas with great power and pathos. . . . We have had several communications, evidently from fair correspondents, expressing cordial approbation of the rebuke of *Old Bachelorism* with which we accompanied the 'Poetical Epistle' of our married contributor, in our last number; and we are desirous to 'pursue the subject,' to 'cry aloud and spare not,' and so forth. Perhaps we cannot better subserve the purposes of our fair friends, than by holding up before the unfortunate class whose obduracy we alike deplore, some of the dangers to which they are exposed. In the first place, they are growing old, and their personal attractions are taking wing. By and by they will be frightful. There was a '*Bachelor's Thermometer*' once faithfully kept by the author of 'GRIMM'S Ghost,' to portions of which 'we now-proceed to invite the serious attention' of our anti-connubial readers. At thirty-six, he discovers his hair to be growing thin. He buys a bottle of 'Tricosian Fluid,' but finds it a 'flattering unction.' Thinness of hair increases, awakening serious thoughts of a wig. He meets an old college friend with a 'thatch' that makes him look 'like the devil in a bush,' who mystifies him with the remark that he '*wears well*.' About this time he gives up cricket-playing. The air about the grounds is so bad that he 'can't run in it, without being out of breath!' He finds some solace for his mortified vanity in the sight of eighteen bald heads in the pit at the opera. 'So much the better; the more the merrier.' By this time too he is growing fat: 'Tried on an old great-coat, and found it an old little-one. How cloth shrinks!' 'Red face putting on shoes, Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle for using one; but was then young and foolish.' A year after, he records: 'Several gray hairs in whiskers: all owing to carelessness in manufacture of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six.' The following year he gives up country-dancing: 'Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick! Wondered how sober mistresses of families could allow their carpets to be beaten by quadrilles. Met two school-fellows; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age: what lies boys tell!' A year elapses: 'Gout again! That disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly!' The next entry is: 'Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men now-a-days much too small in the waist. Read in the '*Times*' an advertisement of 'pills to prevent corpulency': bought a box. Never the alimenter, though much the sicker.' A growing dislike to the company of young men, all of whom 'talk too much or too little,' succeeds; until, at the age of forty-nine, with 'top of head quite bald,' he resolves 'never to marry for any thing but money or rank.' A year after, 'the age of wisdom,' he marries his cook. Thereafter he employs some of his leisure in setting forth the folly of an old bachelor who 'struggles against fate, and defies the hours:' 'Time sometimes makes his chief inroads upon the face, sometimes upon the figure, and sometimes, like bidders at an auction, in two places at once. When he helps us to fat, the face continues to look young and the body gets old. When he helps us to lean, the body continues to

look young, and the face gets old. A bulky body is not easily managed; for fat, if dislodged from one station, takes refuge in another; and tight lacing only makes the matter worse. As SWIFT says, 'You lose in coach-hire what you save in wine.' And as to the hair: 'Is it not a matter of wonder that all men who wear wigs wear such young ones? How seldom do you see a gray hair in one? This is what the lawyers call 'proving too much.' Ever while you live, 'eye Nature's walks,' and where she has planted gray-ash trees, or cleared the ground by denuding the top of the head, do not fly in her face by ordering home a hyacinthine 'thatch,' with one of those curls sometimes called love-locks, and sometimes heart-breakers, playing carelessly over a forehead where the crow has been busily treading beforehand. When a wig is juvenility itself, not a hair of it being out of its teens, the outside of the head will be found in that particular as remote from the age of discretion as the inside of it. The fact is, moreover, patching never does any good. I have seen a dandy trying to rub a stray splash from his Russia-duck trousers, and thus converting a splash into a smear. A bald head at sixty is worth all the fore-tops in the world. There is nothing like an honest defect. . . . WERE we a painter, the following, from a correspondent, would impress us with its 'capabilities' for a magnificent composition: 'When that most daring of 'ocean's chivalry,' the discoverer of the Pacific, the renowned VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA, had penetrated across the Isthmus of Darien, and stood upon a lofty peak of the Cordilleras, the broad Pacific broke upon his view in all its glory and magnificence. The sun was just rolling up from his ocean-bed, bathing all nature in a flood of light. Around him, in all the freshness and beauty of a southern clime, waved the dark luxuriant forests; before him lay the vast and boundless ocean, heaving its dark blue waves in lone majesty; and as his eye scanned the wide waste of waters, no white sail, no trace of man met his eye! Nature in all her grandeur and sublimity overpowered his soul; and falling upon his knees, with all his followers, those steel-clad warriors of Spain mingled the noble anthem '*Te Deum Laudamus*' with the roaring of the surges.' . . . WE see it stated in the '*Evening Gazette*,' a new and well-conducted daily print, that when the fish disappeared from the coast of Norway, in the last century, the circumstance was attributed to inoculation for the small-pox, which had just then been introduced. There was thought to be something very revolting and unnatural, in transferring the humor of a diseased brute beast into the human frame, when the practice was first attempted. HOOD in one of his pleasant stories tells us that narratives were gravely repeated and swallowed, of horns that sprouted from human heads; of human feet that hardened into parted hoofs; and of human bodies that became pied or brindled with dappled hair. A maid-of-all-work mentions the imaginary effect of vaccination upon a little girl: 'I wont speak positive, though some do, to a pair of little knobs of horns that one could just feel under the skin on her forehead. It was moral impossible to keep her out of the fields, and from running about the common, and wading up to her knees in pools of water. She moo'd whenever a cow did, and what's more, in summer time she always had a swarm of flies about her face and ears! She could n't abide scarlet; and when they wanted to put her into a red frock, she tore and butted so with her head, that they were forced to give it up.' We of this era, 'convinced by experience of the beneficial effects of the discovery of JENNER, and consequently wiser in our *Jenneration*,' cannot sympathise with the ludicrous terrors that prevailed when vaccination was a new thing. . . . THERE are rumors of an intended removal by the President of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING from the post of Minister to the Court of Spain. This report we cannot believe to be well founded. If we are not mistaken in the character of Mr. POLK, he will in this case regard rather the reputation of his country than the appeals of partizan office-seekers. The selection of Mr. IRVING as ambassador to Spain was not less an honor to the government than to himself; and his recall, at this moment, would reflect no credit upon the President or the country. We perceive, by the way, that an incident like that told of Sir WALTER SCOTT at the coronation of GEORGE IV. lately occurred to Mr. IRVING. Landing late at night at Gibraltar, the sentinel refused to admit him; whereupon Mr.

IRVING handed him his card, with the request that it might be left with the proper authorities, so that in the morning no delay might occur in admitting him. The soldier looked upon the card, and then raising his hat, 'Sir,' said he, 'are you WASHINGTON IRVING of America?—are you the author of the 'Sketch Book,' and the 'Tales of the Alhambra?'' Mr. IRVING replied, in some surprise, 'I am.' 'Then,' said the sentinel, 'you may enter; I know that I shall be pardoned for admitting you.' . . . Our metropolitan readers have been much more fortunate than ourselves, if they have not often, at places of public resort, experienced the species of annoyance so well set forth in the ensuing lines:

WHENEVER the LEES to the theatre stray,
The singers who sing, and the players who play,
Attentive, untalkative find 'em;
With sound to allure them, or sense to attract,
They rarely turn round till the end of the act,
To talk with the party behind 'em.

The LAWSONS are bent on a different thing:
E'en PICO may warble, or BOROHESK sing,
To listeners tier above tier:
They heed not song, character, pathos or plot,
But turn back their heads to converse with a knot
Of dandies who lounge in the rear.

In life's onward path it has happened to me
With many a LAWSON and many a LEE
In parties to mix and to mingle:
And somehow, in spite of manœuvres and plans,
I've found that the LEES got united in bands,
While most of the LAWSONS keep single.

Coy Hymen is like the black maker of rum,
'De more massa call me, de more I won't come';
He flies from the forward and bold:
He gives to the coy what he keeps from the kind;
The maidens who seek him, the maidens who find,
Are cast in an opposite mould.

SOMEBODY has well hit off the tendency to high-flown language, which is often mentioned as a characteristic of a certain class of our 'free and enlightened people.' Water, with such persons, is the 'elemental fluid; a mad dog is a 'rabid animal; a mad bull 'an over-driven ox; a pair of trowsers is 'the rest' of a person's dress; and a murderer making his exit under a gallows is not hanged; oh! no; he is 'launched into eternity.' It was doubtless this love of words that led a western editor to denounce a scoundrel who had scuttled and sunk a steamer in one of the harbors of Lake Erie, as a 'black-hearted and vile incendiary!'—a most magniloquent blunder. . . . 'The Poor Man's Friend' is the title of a striking picture in a late number of 'PUNCH.' Death, in a winding-sheet robe, stands by the side of a poor emaciated man, stretched upon a rude cot, scantily covered with a ragged blanket. His hands are clasped imploringly together; the dread messenger has sealed up his eyes forever; and the last expression of deep despair mingles his compressed lips. On the wall hangs a 'testimonial' of his good character; a broken spade lies by the side of his bed; and through the glassless window of the dwelling is seen the 'Union work-house.' It is a most affecting picture of 'a wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel;' and forcibly illustrates to the eye the touching lines of BURNS:

'O DEATH! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!'

The time will come when the wrongs of the masses in monarchical countries, now sentenced to hard labor for the term of their natural lives, will be redressed. 'Surely,' says PUNCH, 'there will come a time when the rich and the poor will fairly meet, and have a great human talk upon the matter; will hold a parliament of the heart, and pass acts that no after selfishness and wrong, on either side, shall repeal. The rich will come, not with cricket-balls or quoits in their hands, to make brotherhood with the poor; but touched with the deep conviction that in this world the lowest created man has a solemn part to play, directed to solemn ends; that he is to be considered and cared for, in his condition, with tenderness, with fraternal benevolence; that there is something more than alms due from the high to the low; that human sympathy can speak otherwise than by the voice of money; and that too in at once a loftier and a sweeter tone of hope and comforting.' . . . HERE is a specimen of 'Yankee Cuteness,' given us the other day by a friend who knows how to

enjoy a good thing. It amused us, and we think may amuse others: 'Some time since, the Yankee schooner Sally-Ann, under command of one Captain SPOONER, was beating up the Connecticut river. Mr. COMSTOCK, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things, the schooner was getting rather too near certain flats which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he goes to the captain, and with his hat cocked one side, says: 'Captain SPOONER, you are getting rather close to them are flats; had n't you better go about?' To which Captain SPOONER replied: 'Mr. COMSTOCK, do you go forward and attend to your part of the skuner; I'll attend to mine.' Mr. COMSTOCK 'mizzled' forward in high dudgeon. 'Boys,' said he, 'see that 'are mud-hook all clear for letting go.' 'Ay, ay, Sir; all clear.' 'Let go,' said he. Down went the anchor, out rattled the chain, and like a flash the Sally-Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. COMSTOCK walked aft, and touching his hat very cavalierly, 'Captain Spooner,' said he, 'my part of the schooner is at anchor!' . . . THE death of the venerable and good Dr. MILNOR is already known to our readers. Closing a spotless life with a Christian's death, he has gone to join the army of apostles and martyrs, a flaming constellation of great and good men, who in the early ages of Christianity shot to their station in the heavens. He has gone to receive the reward of works which even on earth 'covered him with blessings as with a garment.' It was in feeding the lamp of charity that he exhausted the lamp of life. Yes; a good man has been taken from us:

'THE watchman is missed from the wall,
Where his warnings so often have rung;
No more the affectionate call,
Or remonstrance, will melt from his tongue;
There is dust on his lip and the shroud on his breast
And the deep seal of peace on his eyelid is prest.

'Yet who mourns that his garland is won,
That the crown on his forehead is bright?
That his trials and labors are done,
That his spirit rejoices in light?
Who weeps that our loss is his infinite gain,
Where death may not enter, and sin cannot stain?

'He walks in the smile of his God,
And looks o'er those realms of the sky
Where Mortality's foot never trod,
Unseen by Mortality's eye; [gold,
Where calm by green pastures, and dwellings of
The waters of life all their splendor unfold.

'And he sees in the shadowless air
That lofty and beautiful tree,
Whose blossoms and fruits blooming fair,
Are spread for the ransomed to see;
He hears the glad harpers that linger beneath,
And feels not the fear of corruption or death.'

THE annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design will attract the attention of our town-readers and strangers in the metropolis. It was opened at too late an hour for such notice as we desire to give of the collection, which is a very superior one. We shall aim to do it justice, at some length, in our next number. DURAND, COLE, EDMONDS, INGHAM, MOUNT, HUNTINGTON, ELLIOTT, and other of our best artists, are well represented in the exhibition. We have heard many regrets, and some sneers, that the number of portraits was so large. But we hold with 'The Doctor,' that this circumstance, so far from being displeasing, should be regarded as a symptom of wholesome feeling in a nation; an equivocal proof that the domestic and social affections are still existing in their proper strength, and are cherished as they ought to be. 'When I have heard at any time,' says he, 'an observation of the would-be witty kind upon the vanity of those who allow their portraits to be hung up for public view, I have generally perceived that the remark implied a much greater degree of conceit in the speaker. As for allowing the portrait to be exhibited, that is no more than an act of justice to the artist, who has no other means of making his abilities known so well, and of forwarding himself in his profession. If we look round an exhibition, and observe how large a proportion of the portraits represent children, the old, and persons in middle life, we shall see that very few indeed are those which can have been painted or exhibited for the gratification of personal vanity.' . . . We thought to have noticed at some length Mrs. MOWATT's new comedy of 'Fashion,' but our limits will not permit. We have only space left to announce, that it has proved entirely successful; and that after a long 'run' at the PARK, it has been secured for representation at the first theatres of our chief Atlantic cities. It is now established that there can be such a thing as a good and successful American play, in five acts; and Mrs. MOWATT deserves all honor for making this a 'fixed fact.' Nothing could be better put upon the

stage, or better acted, than was 'Fashion.' CRISP, CHIPPENDALE, MRS. KNIGHT, BARRY, FISHER, MRS. BARRY, MISS ELLIS, 'Sweet KATE HORN,' SKEERETT, and MRS. DYOTT, all performed their several parts to entire edification. The piece is destined to a prolonged popularity. . . . WE have to congratulate ourselves and our readers upon the '*Original Papers*' of the present issue; so that our contributors atone for our own unavoidable defections. The leading article will arrest, sustain, and reward attention; and the 'Pioneer Sketch' will find none but admirers. We hope to hear often from the writer. He will always be cordially welcomed. His sketch of the old mule is like a pictured animal by PAUL POTTER; and if his description of the bray of a jackass is not *perfection*, we cannot conceive of such a thing: '*an asthma, carried on by powerful machinery!*' DICKENS never hit off any thing more felicitously. 'Speaking of jack-asses,' what a melancholy fact that is, which is recorded by a Louisiana journal: 'While the '*mentangentrie*' was being exhibited here, an old negro man drove his cart, which was drawn by a mule, near the pavilion, with a view of taking a peep at the monkeys. The mule and cart were left alone while CATO amused himself at the 'show.' When the performance was over, the company commenced packing up for the next village, and when the canvass was withdrawn, the elephant stood naked just before the mule, which gave one single bray, and fell dead in the harness.' Who can depict the horror, the intense, the 'excreting horror,' which must have pervaded that poor donkey's 'bosom!' None but a jackass can appreciate the depth of the emotion conveyed by that sonorous bray, with its 'dying fall!' — 'THE Phariseism of the Age,' is an evidence of reaction in the public mind, in relation to matters which, in times happily gone by, no man dared speak above his breath. It has come to be seen, however, and *felt*, that religion does not consist in mere observances, nor in the length of its professor's face. — ALL who remember the inimitable sketch of 'PETER CRAM at Tinnecum' will need no incentive to the perusal of Mr. HOPPER's speculations in '*Morus Multicaulis*;' while those who have never read the former delightful narrative, will be able to infer its character. — WE need not direct attention to the paper on the 'Necessity of a National Literature.' It will forcibly impress every true American reader. We should never cease to remember, in our aspirations after literary distinction as a nation, that people always excel in those things which they invent, and are always mediocre in those things in which they imitate. — WE need not, however, to excuse our own departments, call attention in detail to the contributed portions of the present issue; but we cannot forbear to thank our esteemed correspondent VON SPIEGEL for his charming and faithful reminiscence of his childhood. It has actually made us a boy again, as he will himself discover. But why did he not go out in the morning to the milking:

'WHAT time the blue mist round the patient cows
Dim rises from the grass, and half conceals
Their dappled hides!'

Had HANS's 'Grand-father' no such accessories as balm-breathing cows? 'Of all things,' says SOUTHEY, 'in this our mortal pilgrimage, one of the most joyful is the returning home after an absence which has been long enough to make the heart yearn with hope, and not sicken with it, and then to find when you arrive there that all is well. But the most purely painful of all painful things is to visit, after a long, long interval of time, the place which was once our home; the most purely painful, because it is unmixed with fear, anxiety, disappointment, or any other emotion save what belongs to the sense of time and change, then pressing upon us with its whole unalleviated weight.' Happily our friend HANS had little of these last sensations. . . . WE are glad to perceive that Mr. FORREST has triumphed over his critics in London. In the personation of LEAR and METAMORA he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. . . . ONE word to the travelling public: The KNICKERBOCKER floating palace is 'once more upon the waters' of our noble Hudson. What can be added to this fact, save that the courteous and gentlemanlike HOUGHTONS are her officers! . . . 'CLYDESDALE Farewell,' is the title of a very sweet Scottish ballad, the poetry and music by Mr. JAMES LAWSON. Mr. JAS. L. HEWITT is the publisher.

LITERARY RECORD. — MESSRS. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY'S MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS are attracting wide and general attention among the profession throughout the Union. We have before us, price *fifty cents*, a handsome volume, well printed on a large clear type, the London copy of which sells for three dollars! It contains Dr. LOVER'S 'Practical Treatise on Organic Diseases of the Uterus,' a prize essay, of the first order of merit, to which the London Medical Society in 1843 awarded the annual gold medal. A most various and voluminous number of 'The *Lancet*' for April has also appeared. It is in parts profusely illustrated, and contains, among other papers of general interest, an article upon 'The Rise, Progress, and Mysteries of Mesmerism, in all Ages and Countries.' . . . Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, has issued a good edition of TULK'S 'Elements of the Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrate Animals; designed especially for the use of students.' A good elementary work in our own language, that within a small compass and reasonable price should express the amount of our knowledge upon the Anatomy of the several classes of Vertebrate Animals, has long been a desideratum, which the volume before us will amply supply. Its style is excellent. The same publisher has issued a large and well-printed volume, entitled: 'The Pictorial History of the American Revolution; with a Sketch of the Early History of the Country, the Constitution of the United States, and a Chronological Index. Illustrated with several hundred engravings. This volume should be in the hands of every true American. . . . THE 'Governmental Instructor,' recently issued by MESSRS. COLLINS, BROTHERS AND COMPANY, is a work intended and well calculated for the use of all such as have limited ideas of the general organization of the National and State Governments. Instead of placing before the young learner a large volume of confused matter, the author has had the good sense, and the ability, to suit his work to his reader's capacity. . . . OUR friend DEMPSTER, the 'sweet singer of Scotland,' has caused to be published, in a beautiful style, by OLIVER DITSON, of Boston, 'The May Queen; Cantata in three Parts: the poetry by ALFRED TENNYSON, and the music by W. R. DEMPSTER.' This is a very charming musical composition, which should be heard from the lips of the composer himself. It is one of the most touching and beautiful things we ever remember to have heard. Its great popularity has induced other vocalists to take it up; but reader, do you hear Mr. DEMPSTER sing it, if you would have justice done to it. . . . THE 'Valedictory Address' of Dr. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, A. M., M. D., delivered recently before the students and faculty of the medical department of the New-York University, deserves a more elaborate notice at our hands than we can at present extend to it; for the reason that through inadvertence it escaped our attention until the sheets of the present number were nearly all at press. We are constrained to say of it, however, albeit in brief compass, that the professional knowledge and enthusiasm which it exhibits, ample and honorable to the author as they are, are certainly not less so than the kind, humane, christian spirit with which its inculcations are informed. Like the Address of Dr. LEE, of Geneva, recently noticed in these pages, it deserves and will attract the heedful attention not alone of physicians but of 'lay' or general readers. . . . ALL that was wanted to make the 'Spirit of the Times' literary and sporting journal just what it *should* be, 'and nothing else,' has just been accomplished. Its ample pages are now impressed with new and beautiful types, upon paper firm, smooth and white. We cordially endorse the opinions of a contemporary, who says of it: 'The original papers of the 'Spirit' are characterized by valuable information and sparkling vivacity. It has sporting correspondents in all parts of the United States, and accurate reports of every event worthy of commemoration connected with the Turf, the Breeding Stable, and the wide area of Field Sports. It contains, in a condensed and readable form, all of value in the costly foreign sporting journals, of which full files are regularly received at the Times office. Its foreign and domestic theatrical intelligence is copious and exact. It also contains an excellent Agricultural department. The editorial remarks and criticisms upon matters which come within the scope of the journal, are intelligent and candid, and written in a spirit of the strictest impartiality. A remittance of five dollars entitles a subscriber to three steel engravings and the paper for a year. *Ferbum sat!*' Our young contemporary has just entered upon his fifteenth volume. 'Good boy! good boy!' . . . THERE is good fun in prospect, in a work soon to be published by CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, entitled 'The Big Bear of Arkansas, and other Sketches, illustrative of Character and Incidents in the South and South-West.' It will contain twenty-one sketches, not unworthy of HOOD or DICKENS, and will be illustrated by twelve engravings, four or five admirable specimens of which we have seen. Secure the volume, reader, when you see it announced. . . . AMONG the late publications of the BROTHERS HARPER is a very handsome edition of 'Alnwick Castle and other Poems,' by FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. This is one of those books concerning which, at this day, any thing beyond a mere announcement of its accessibility would be wholly adacitious. Every body has read, every body *will* read, HALLECK'S poetry. His is the kind of poetry that finds *buyers*.

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NOTICE.

THE Subscribers to the KNICKERBOCKER are hereby notified, that after the first of July next, the POSTAGE on this work will be reduced to six and a half cents per number : and the publisher now offers to send the work *free of postage* to all who will remit the amount of one year's subscription in advance before the 15th of June next.

JOHN ALLEN,

New-York, May 1, 1845.

Publisher, 139 Nassau-street.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1845.

No. 6.

THE POLYGON PAPERS.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

'FRESH fish from Helicon! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith not I.'

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

LITERATURE is full of cant. From Canterbury to Canton, the gait of Pegasus, whether poetic or 'pedestrian,' is invariably that of a canter. Some cant in behalf of the glories of modern improvement, while others sing a canticle to the mellow splendor of antiquity. I hope I do not reverence antiquity because it is ancient, any more than I worship the Dagon of to-day, because it is but just erected. But I can't say. Very likely I cant too. If so, I choose to do it in praise of the good old ways. Veneration for the old, and astonishment at the new, are antagonist principles, which divide the soul between them, and rule in harmonious conflict. Both principles are strong, and both are natural. If I incline to the former, it is not that I do not gaze in admiration at the rapid progress of our race in physical discoveries, and glow with a rapture, I fear irrational, at the prospect of its moral amelioration. Yet if steam-boats—whose captains may God forgive for their perilous *short-comings*!—have displaced the cumbrous conveyances of old, it does not follow that our poetry has improved. And if I can assign to the student of English poetry a reason for 'the faith that is in me,' I shall be content with having spoken what I think the truth, letting it pass for its value, be the value little or much. It is very easy to sneer at that spirit as timorous, which loves old books and old notions, and prefers to lean on the experience and belief of men, and it is not difficult to declare it conscious of incapacity to form a judgment for itself on any new production. But that seems to me a far more timorous and dependent mind, which dares not stem the current of popular opinion, and doubt the infallibility of contemporary taste, when exercised on contemporary matters.

Arthur Blowtrump announces of Charles Dingdong that he is the first poet of modern days, a 'bird of Homeric song.' The opener of a new

and sparkling avenue through the stars of the crowded concave ; and Charles Dingdong, as in duty bound, publishes of Arthur Blowtrump, that he is the most imaginative and deeply-musing of modern minds, alike distinguished for his profundity as a thinker, his acumen as a critic, and his perfect mastery of style. And this manufactured popularity, this interdependent eminence, this partnership reputation, is frequently forced upon us as the mature and undisputed decision of the age. Beside, is not all men's admiration the creature of sympathy ; the child of other men's wonders ? We read in Erasmus that a wag by the name of Poole, when riding out of London one day with some of his acquaintances, suddenly stopped short, and crossed himself in a pretended paroxysm of terror ; for he beheld a huge, fiery dragon in the heavens. His companions could not at first discover the 'whereabout' of the serpent-meteor ; but unwilling to be thought so dull-eyed, first one, and then another, and at last all *thought* they saw, and thinking, found that they actually *could* see the flaming monster in the bright blue sky of noon-day,

'Swinging the scaly horror of his folded tail.'

And very often, both before and since that ludicrous hallucination, have men seen things because they thought that others saw them. Furthermore, every thing new pleases the majority, simply because it is new ; and if it possess something of talent, it will interest and delight even those capable of forming a judgment. Now ought you not to guard yourself against this morbid taste for novelty ; this restless curiosity to peruse the tame, fat features of every 'parvum in multo' foetus, that drops hourly from an exuberantly-teeming press ? Otherwise, will you not spend half your life in reading new works in order to discover whether they are worth reading, and in devouring that which is worthless, or less worthy than much that is old and indisputably good ?

There is another and a very strong reason why you should prefer, as familiar friends and faithful teachers, those whose merits are uncontestedly settled by the consent of several ages, to those who have lately advanced their claims, aided by the passionate feelings of the moment, the love of novelty, the warmth of friendship, and the force of purchased puffs. Every generation has had some peculiar notions in respect to its own characteristic style of thought and language ; notions enforced upon it by the practice of its master-spirit, or pet writer ; while at the same time, all have united in their estimate of the great authors of old, however widely differing from their own contemporary standards of excellence. Thus, in the age of Cowley, far-fetched allusions, quaint refinements, and the driving of a metaphor to the very verge of annihilation, were thought admirable efforts of genius. The most successful gold-beater, that is to say, he who could hammer out an elegant thought to cover the greatest possible extent of surface, was thought to be the most perfect poet. As Cowley himself carried this malleability of fancy farther than any of his rivals, he was voted the first poet of his day : and yet he lived in the age of Milton and Dryden ! At the same time, the countrymen of Cowley read and admired the pure, chaste, simple productions of the ancients. But their taste was

so far vitiated by the elegant filigree-work and subtle absurdities of Cowley, that they could not appreciate contemporary writers, who rose infinitely above him, and it was reserved for a subsequent age to discover the greatness of Milton. In the last century, those, on whom the mantle of Pope had fallen without his spirit, were delighted with a cold and soulless harmony of sounds. Yet never was a time, when the ancient, as well as the earlier modern classics, were deluged with a more ceaseless cataract of praise. A like utterly perverted taste in appreciating the authors of their day, characterized the age of Statius among the Romans, of Voiture among the French, and in short has been frequently visible in every nation. Now, as most of us will admit that the Court of Charles II., and the men of a large portion of the last century were utterly mistaken in their estimate of their own cherished favorites, may it not become us to hesitate a little in forming our judgment of our contemporaries and immediate predecessors, especially when their charms are of that kind, which so easily dazzles and deceives? Let us not be in haste to deify them, lest a more enlightened, or a more impartial age stigmatize us as heretics, or blind idolaters. Let us not be over-zealous to dethrone the ancient Saturn before we are sure we have a veritable Jupiter to instate in his place.

Entertaining these general views, I have thought I might amuse myself, and perhaps interest and benefit many lovers of genuine poetry, by composing two or three rambling essays on the productions of the English Muse. And as neither my leisure and health, nor the circumscribed limits and diversified character of this Magazine, admit of technical discussion, deep analysis, large quotations and specific proof, I shall content myself with the statement of a few general facts, principles and illustrations, which, I am persuaded, will recommend themselves to the impartial investigator, as rational and true.

My 'confession of faith,' then, is that the old poets, from Spenser to Cowper, are far more worthy of your earnest attention, than are Scott and Wordsworth, with their contemporaries and successors, who gained so large honors for England, and who found themselves, almost without an effort, in the possession of so wide, so immediate, and so noisy a renown. In listening to the teachings of those ancient and venerable masters, you will be in a far safer, and, as I think, a far more instructive school, than in abiding the discipline of this later academy, with its sounding claims and titled professors. And in saying this, I claim, nevertheless, to cherish as much respect, and gratitude, and love for these latter, as any rational admirer can demand. They all by their talents, have been an honor to their country, and some of them in their productions have proved a blessing to mankind. They have enlarged the bounds of poetry, and introduced some valuable changes. Above all, they awakened the English Genius from his sleep of dull and servile imitation, and sent the blood of rejuvenescence through his torpid limbs. He who had at times seemed nearly in his dotage, awoke from his lethargy like a young and vigorous Samson, and almost attained his ancient pride of strength and loftiness of stature. His awakening first caused by Cowper, was followed by some masterly productions, productions too of such sudden celebrity and wild-fire spread, that to be unacquainted

with them would argue unpardonable ignorance. But the resuscitating drugs in that Medean kettle were quite too potent. They made him quite too juvenile ; a mad and mighty boy, drunk with exhilarating gas, rioting in the excess of his strength, 'tearing passion to tatters,' and trampling on Nature, who should have been his mistress. Admiring and loving this rampant, and mischievous, and prodigal youth for his many noble feats, I yet turn with warmer love and deeper admiration to that calm and vigorous man, who lavished not his energies on trifles, but suited his strength to the occasion, and married Genius to Wisdom, and made Minerva strike rare music on the lyre of Apollo.

And now to the exclusive advocates of this modern school, and who think it is destined entirely to supersede the old and crumbling college, of which Chaucer was the founder, and whose presidents have continued in a shining and almost unbroken line to the days of Cowper, I have a word to say. You are quite sure that your favorites are the prime ministers of nature ; men of superior genius and more comprehensive capacity than their musty predecessors ? 'Oh ! that is self-evident to every feeling heart.' Exactly. But perhaps the feelings have received a perverted bent, and the decision of the heart should always be ratified by the judgment of the head. Can you give me a clear, categorical, definite statement of your grounds for preference ? 'Yes : they have shaken off the dull weight of drowsy centuries, and their unclogged wings are ready for a tireless flight.'

But did it never strike you that this 'weight of centuries may be the frequent teachings of experience ; a ballast necessary to steady and sustain that flight ? And would not some of these singing-birds, in doubling a windy promontory, have been saved from being blown away into the realms of nonsense, if, like Plutarch's Cretan bees, they had tied a few weights to their bodies ? Are the poets of the nineteenth century wise enough to walk independently of the practice or the counsels of the seven-and-twenty centuries before them ? Has a new and nobler Adam bequeathed his life and intellect to a new and nobler race ?

'But they have wrought a great change in the style of poetry ?'

I grant it. But was the change desirable ? That's the question. If they had merely displaced the Hayleys, and Anna Matildas, and stupid Della Cruscans of 1760 and 1790, their services to English literature would stand undisputed. But when they attempt to crowd aside the worthies of the Shakspearian and Miltonic and Addisonian eras, I enter a demurrer. If the old authors were good in manner and in matter, why innovate upon them ? Why long for change *as* change, or aim at novelty at all, except so far as the independent imitation of Nature will produce it ? Was there any deficiency in the old authors ? And if any, wherein did it consist ? Was it in the knowledge of character ; the consistency with nature ; the fertility of fancy ; the utterance of passion ; the meltings of pathos ; the harmony of numbers ; the energy of language ; the order of arrangement ; the strength of reason ; or the sublimity of thought ? In none of these particulars will the most minute inspection discover any superiority in the sons over the sires, and in several of them a marked inferiority. What ! Is there a chamber in the human heart, which Shakspeare has not unlocked and rifled

of its treasures to enrich his cabinet of jewels? Is there a character among all the varieties of men, which he has not portrayed till it appears more distinct than the original; more vivid than the very life? Is there a passion, which he has not embodied in human action, and displayed in all its depth and power? For *his* fancy, may we not say in simplest truth:

‘Its glittering wings explore
Earth’s farthest realms and ocean’s wildest shore!’

Is there any height still higher than high ‘above the Aonian mount,’ where Milton soared, singing

‘Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme!’

Is there any energy of language more energetic, or melody of music more melodious than the lines of him

‘Whb fed on thoughts, that voluntary moved
Harmonious numbers!’

‘But,’ say you, ‘I compare them not with Shakspeare, or Milton.’

Well, let Shakspeare stand aside: for *he* at least, I suppose, will never be uncrowned as long as the human heart shall beat: but really I had begun to think Milton almost laid on the shelf. I close with you however, on our other classics, and ask you where you can find nobler heroic lines than Dryden’s — apart from his tasteless dramas — where a smoother flow and a more terse compactness than in Pope and Gray; where a gloomier and yet more human sorrow than in Young’s Night Thoughts; and where language of more varied ease, from polished elegance to rugged strength, than in the various poems of the timid Cowper? If we look for power of pathos; the language of true and natural passion; where shall we find more moving examples than in the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard; the Elegy in a Country Church-yard; The Deserted Village; The Hermit of Parnell, or Cowper’s ‘Lines to my Mother’s Picture;’ a poem literally all bathed in tears? What more of your idols?

‘Why, they have introduced into our language new measures, and a freer system of versification.’

But had not our language already been woven into almost every variety of verse, which can be considered elegant or desirable? There is the sonnet, of which Milton is still the supreme master; for his successors have always been too stilted or too tame. There was the Spenserian stanza; the witching step of ‘L’Allegro’ and ‘Il Penseroso;’ the free verse of Comus and Samson Agonistes; and the facile cadence of the ever admirable Lycidas, and of the hardly less wonderful Hymn on the Nativity. Passing from Milton, look for a minute at the chainless harmony of Alexander’s Feast; the spontaneous flow of Collins’ Ode on the Passions, and that exquisite relic, the Ode to Evening; the graceful and most Virgilian involutions of Thomson; and the absolute freedom of Cowper’s rhythm. Why instance the diversified metres, as well as the poetry, ‘more golden than gold,’ to be found in the works of those sweet old writers, George Herbert, Giles Fletcher, and others too numerous to mention; ‘for their name is Legion?’ The modern

poets, then, can hardly claim to have unfettered English poetry as to rhythm; since there is scarce an imaginable metre, which may not be found exemplified with great harmony and beauty among the writings of their fathers. For whatever extension they may have given to the measures of the English muse, we are duly grateful. But the most important change, was that attempted by Southey, in the experiment of writing long poems in a kind of anarchical prose, knowing neither law nor rule, but measured off irregularly and 'ad libitum,' at once passing beyond the noble freedom of prose, and falling short of the musical charm of poetry. The attempt proved to be a failure, as might have been expected. The endeavor to engraft this species of prose-poetry on the rugged stock of our monosyllabic language, is about as hopeful an enterprise, as it would be to close the majestic flow of Latin and Greek hexameters in jingling rhythms, and Southey's *Thalaba* and *Curse of Kehama*, in spite of their fine language and splendid imagery, are read only by the curious. That, which the experience of the readers of poetry in all languages will prove, may be confidently asserted, that any poem, to be permanently popular, must not only express poetical thoughts, but be invested with harmonious rhythm. The greatest stickler for abstract excellence, will not love the figure without the robe. All men *feel* rhyme, or at least rhythm, to be agreeable, and to deny the fact, or dispute its consonance with reason, is folly. How futile, then, to expect that the heroic measure, and other measures, whether in rhyme or blank verse, of a regularly recurring consonance of sounds, or perceptible harmony of cadence, will ever go out of date, and be supplanted by those compositions, in which the ear can detect no metre, or, if any, only by a painful effort, and with an abstraction of the mind from the sense of the writer in the search after the rhythm, and the doubt whether he is reading poetry or prose! And this constitutes a real and most obvious objection to many English poems, of earlier and of later days. Is there any other excellence which you require, and which you miss in them?

'Yes! I miss the deep probing of the soul; the subtle investigation of the laws of our being; the dreamy reveries on the undefined and undefinable emotions of the spirit; the Orphic hints at the mysteries of our strange, psychological existence.' Ah, well! This, I believe, you will not find in them. The kind of poetry you wish may be obtained, I presume, by taking the beautiful, but aimless vagaries of the gifted Shelly, the poetic prose of Coleridge's *Table Talk* and *Friend*, and the prosaic poetry of the *Excursion*, and fusing them together 'in a kind of witches' caldron, when after many years of 'double, double, toil and trouble,' you may catch a half-glimpse of what they supposed they meant in their eloquent rantings. But I willingly grant that in our well-beloved friends, the old English classics, you can find nothing of this philosophical poetry, or poetic philosophy, which bears so strong an affinity to those reasonings 'which darken counsel by words without wisdom,' once spoken of by the puzzled Scotchman, who said, 'when a man dinna ken what he means himsel', and naebodie else kens, they call it *metaphysics*.' They were neither Mystics nor Gnostics. They attempted not to popularize in rhyme the sublimated philosophy of

Plato, nor reduced to poetry the pantheism of Spinoza. Their highest conceptions were only common sense etherealized. They had not been inoculated with neological divinity, or mesmerized with super-rational transcendentalism. What they believed, they comprehended; what they aimed at, they knew; what they felt, they wrote. They caught no ecstatic glimpses of that double-natured and shifting 'tertium-quid,' invisible to vulgar eyes, which hangs somewhere between something and nothing. They attempted not to explain what by its nature is inexplicable, or hint wisely at mysteries, which they could only hint at. The visible appearances of the world without, and the sensible movements of the world within, were the themes of all their writings, objective or subjective. The emotions which gushed up ebullient and spontaneous from the well-spring of their hearts, they transfused into the hearts of others, and with this they were satisfied. And where among later productions (unless it be in those of the old-school style, such as *The Pleasures of Hope*, and *Human Life*,) are to be found the extended poems of a grand but definite and rational scope, whose outline encompasses a great and worthy field, and whose filling-up is wrought with minute and careful accuracy, like the *Essay on Man*; the *Night Thoughts*; the *Seasons*; the *Traveller*; the *Deserted Village*, and several of Cowper's Poems? I have looked in vain. The poems of Campbell, Rogers, and Crabbe, are to be thrown out of the account, because, as before hinted, their writings are essentially after the old models. Of the remaining poets of modern England, the only ones, who can advance their claims in rivalry with the authors of the fine old poems mentioned above, are Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, and some might say Southey and Shelley. As for Moore, Wilson, Keats, White, Hemans, etc., etc., in regard to any thing but fugitive poems, they are entirely out of the question. Most of my readers will join me in throwing out of the contest Southey and Shelley. As to Scott, his two principal poems, *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, are nothing more than novels, fertile in pleasing incident and natural description, and clothed in easy, spirited, and sometimes captivating verse. They bear the same relation to the loftier efforts of the Epic muse, which a genteel and graceful melodrama bears to a stern, high tragedy of old. Loth am I to depreciate even the poetry of the Scottish magician, though I much prefer his rich and pictured prose. But surely I may say that no man ever rose from his poems with an impression of majesty and power, such as he feels after reading the *Night Thoughts*, or the *Seasons*. In reference to Wordsworth and Byron, I have much to say hereafter. But here it may be remarked, that those older poems have a definite aim, a vigorous coloring, and a healthy tone. They did not guide their course by vague impulse, and leave their meaning to dubious conjecture, as is done in some aimless excursions of roving genius. Their Pegasus could fly; but they thought it necessary to bridle him, lest their ride should be like Phaëton's of old, ending in discomfiture and ruin.

Coleridge might, perhaps, have been the greatest poet of the Nineteenth Century. The sublime 'Hymn at Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni,' the wizard 'Christabel,' the awful 'Rime of the Auntient

Marinere,' and 'Genevieve,' of all love-verses 'most musical, most melancholy,' are ample evidence of splendid imagination, and perfect mastery of language. For these we may well forgive his endless egotism, his mystified Platonism, and incomprehensible metaphysics. Could he have refrained from prying, by the aid of opinion into the arcana of the human soul, and the mysteries of our complicated life, he, in his true vocation of poet, might have struck a harp

'The sweetest of a thousand shells.'

But German speculations bewildered his noble genius, and looking through a smoked glass at the sun of some alchemic, universal science, dimmed his clear and beautiful vision. Coleridge and Wordsworth are always inseparably associated in my mind, both from their early intimacy, and because they both have filled their writings with intimations that they had discovered, in fact, systematized a philosophy, whose principles, in their particular application, would regenerate, not poetry alone, but also the whole science of human society and of human life. With vain anxiety I have searched through their writings, in the attempt to discover and reunite this system, if any such there were. In the *Table Talk* and *The Friend*, I find many obscure oracles, which may rank with the unfulfilled and uninterpreted prophecies of Ezekiel. Also in the *Excursion*, and other philosophical poems of Wordsworth, I find many high thoughts and wise counsels, which, however, in so far as they are true, correspond, in all save their mode of enunciation, with the teachings of the Bible, and with the sentiments of the wise and good of all ages. But I cannot find, and I think the 'initiated' cannot find in the writings of either of them, a full and new system of poetical or social doctrine. And I say further, that he who believes this world has slumbered until now in ignorance of philosophy, whether poetical, social, moral or religious, and who supposes or pretends that he has discovered a new and true philosophy, is, either intentionally or unintentionally, a quack. A man may present the great truths of life and of art in a clearer or more attractive manner than any of his predecessors; but a new system has not been, and cannot be invented. If Wordsworth had discovered one, why did he not neglect his minor poems and complete the *Excursion*, the vehicle selected by himself for this new and wondrous revelation?

I have been so deeply impressed, at times, with the beautiful imaginings and heartfelt enthusiasm displayed in many passages of their writings, that in saying aught to disparage the merits of Coleridge and Wordsworth, I almost feel as if I were a cold and sceptical blasphemer. But my own reason rebukes my feelings, and tells me that the numerous lines of light traceable in their poetry and poeticized philosophy, are too straggling and indefinite to discover much beside themselves. They are such as sun-beams might be, when separated from the sun. They cross and intermingle with each other, shedding the beauty of light and warmth on many a secret recess and gloomy corner of our microcosm; but they reveal only corners; they show us only one thing at a time; they give us no connected view; and we can form therefrom no full

system, whether of thought or of action. If they were, as their admirers assert, the great apostles of a new and more humanized poetic gospel, as warm as love and wide as the world, why did they not give it a clear and tangible shape; why not digest it in a creed of comprehensive and comprehensible meaning, needing no commentary but the commentary of the heart? But in their 'pregnant hints' and oracular pointings at lonely truths, long buried in night, but of universal application and renovating power, the intellect is so often bewildered in the search for a mystic 'je ne sais quoi,' that the heart has frequently no time to be affected. The springing feelings struggle with the puzzled judgment, and the affections are afraid to sympathize at all, lest they should sympathize with the sublime of nonsense. They had the power of mind and the compass of language, to weave a perfect and intelligible system, if they had any, and where they hardly made themselves comprehended by others, I infer that they scarce understood themselves. If they had not the ability to unite the scattered pillars and architraves in a finished temple, how could they expect their readers to possess and exercise that disposing and synthetic skill? These disjointed fragments can scarce excite any other emotion than one mingled of admiration, bewilderment, and regret. And, furthermore, how could a new system, even if a true one, ever become either popular or useful, if the mastery of it requires such long and intense application, and if, to borrow Wordsworth's own beautiful words in his lines on a poet:

'And you must know it, ere to you
It will seem worthy of your love!'

To conclude for the present. At the risk of being thought a soul born in the dark ages, and transmitted, *modo Pythagorico*, into a body of the nineteenth century, I must say that, so far as the Lake School started a *new* system of poetico-social philosophy, or philosophico-social poetry, I believe its depth consisted in the profundity of unfathomable nonsense. That men of their beauty and capacity of mind could meditate for years on exalted subjects, without leaving in their writings numerous traces of originality and power, would be impossible. And we *do* find many new things said in a new manner; many passages which speak directly and earnestly to every mind and every heart. But, whatever they or their exclusive worshippers may have thought, those passages were the offspring of that same high philosophy, which has prompted the great writers of every age. They were constructed by the old and eternal principles of art: they appeal to the old and unchangeable feelings of our nature; and they have been and will be admired like all other writings which unite thought with passion, enoble harmony by reason, and impregnate eloquence with truth. More

anon.

POLTEON.

TO A VERY SHORT LADY.

You're exceedingly short; that no one denies;
But provident Nature is not in the wrong;
No matter how much you are lacking in size,
It is more than made up by the length of your tongue.

T H E D O O M O F M A L A G A .

BY MARY GARDINER.

'T was the Christian monarch's triumph day,
 And thousands thronged his pageant way;
 Bright shields were flashing to the light,
 And burnished spears on every height
 Reflected back the silvery gleam
 Of breaking wave and glancing stream.
 The fiery steeds in war array,
 And restless as the ocean spray,
 Bore gallant knight and cavalier
 From fields that glowed with crimson near:
 The cymbal's tone and trumpet's blast
 Pealed as the steel-clad warriors past;
 And the wild clarion's fitful swell
 Rose on the air, where erst the zell *
 And Moorish horn rung loud and free,
 O'er mount and lake, o'er vale and sea.
 On, on they swept, the red cross gleamed,
 And waving plume and banner streamed;
 Till pausing in triumphal state
 Beneath the captive city's gate,
 They planted on the tower-capped wall
 The sacred emblem of its fall.

'Room for the conqueror! room!
 And crowds went forth to hear their doom.
 The faltering step of age was there,
 The furrowed brow and silver hair;
 And childhood's light and joyous form,
 That heeded not the coming storm.
 Stern warriors moved in silence by,
 With flushing cheek and downcast eye;
 And youths and maidens swept along,
 Amid that crowd a graceful throng:
 There many a weeping mother prest
 Her infant closer to her breast,
 And ever on the troubled air
 Went up the tones of wild despair,
 As mournful as the sear leaf's sigh,
 When autumn dirges fill the sky.
 'Oh, wo! for our country; wo, wo to the day
 When the Spaniard came down in his battle array:
 The red hoof of war followed fast on his track,
 Our armies were driven like dry leaves back;
 Our children must rest in the captive's grave,
 And the sword of the despot hang over our brave.

'Wo! wo! for our city, the valiant and free;
 What now is thy strength and thy glory to thee?
 The spoiler has cast o'er thy ramparts a chain,
 And thy warriors sleep on the wide trampled plain.
 Alas! for thy greatness, thy beauty and fame!
 The home of our fathers will live but in name.'

They reached the Alcazaba's steep,
 Those throngs on throngs in phalanx deep;
 And paused to hear the fiat dread,
 Less like the living than the dead,
 So stamped each pallid cheek and eye
 With the signet seal of misery.

* An instrument of martial music among the Moors.

Nor shriek, nor moan, nor whisper loud
Was heard amid that gathered crowd;
A hollow moan was on the breeze,
Such as is borne from waking seas;
And a restless swaying to and fro
Told of the inward strife of wo;
Such as we mark on the ocean's crest
When storms are cradled on its breast,
Ere they mount on pinion swift and free,
And gather strength o'er the waste to flee.

Now must the herald's voice proclaim,
The conqueror's will, the captive's shame.
Have ye ever seen, when storms rage high,
And pealing thunders wake the sky,
As fire from the lightning's wing is shed
O'er the fitful tempest's path of dread,
A quivering line, intensely bright,
Speed to the oak on the mountain height,
Whose lofty head and stalwart form
Has braved for years the raging storm,
Rending each giant limb from limb,
Leave a lifeless mass in the forest dim?
So went those words to each heart that day,
Quenching the founts in its depths that play;
Rending the chords of the spirit-lyre
With tempest-breath and hand of fire;
They left no hope to prompt a prayer,
No leaf to fan the desert air.
Oh! worse than death to spirits brave,
That doom to live a branded slave;
To mark the wild bird's glancing eye
And soaring wing sweep o'er the sky;
The glad streams hastening o'er the main;
And feel beneath a galling chain,
The aspirations strong and high
That haunt the soul condemned to die.
With palsied, lingering step and slow,
Bowed down beneath their weight of wo,
They turned once more to seek the hearth
And homes that smiled upon their birth.

Beneath a lofty pillar's shade
A single horseman stood,
With dark and moody brow, and gazed
On that vast multitude.
Not he to Christian valor bent,
But all too late his armament
Through strife and blood had fought its way,
To save his native halls that day:
A while he gazed o'er lake and sky,
On spire and dome and turret high,
Till marking where the red cross shone,
With flashing eye and fearless tone,
Swore by the death-groan of his sire,
By Mecca's tomb and altar-fire,
By the pale crescent trampled low
Beneath the charges of the foe,
To sheathe his cimeter's bright crest
Within each hated Christian's breast;
To scourge them from his natal air,
Or pour his last red life-drop there.

'T was eve; from yonder vaulted arch
Night looked with placid eye;
And glorious was the starry march
O'er the broad plains on high:
The crested mountain's snowy height
Watched o'er the fields below,
As haughty spirits mark the flight
And strife of human wo.

There, 'neath the ramparts of his land
 The Moorish chieftain ranged his band.
 No trumpet's wild and stirring peal,
 Nor war-drum's note, nor clash of steel,
 Was on that mountain air;
 But swift and still, in close array,
 Like lofty thoughts on their soaring way,
 They trod the forest there.
 And when the gleaming stars looked down
 From midnight's dark and jewelled crown,
 They swept like spectres from the dead,
 By some unearthly influence led,
 To meet the startled foe:
 And strong men bowed beneath their might,
 As fast before the tempest's flight
 Autumnal leaves fall low.
 And soon upon that fated field,
 With shivered lance and broken shield,
 The dauntless leaders met;
 And paused not from the fearful strife,
 Till each strong arm and form of life
 In Death's embrace was set.
 Then Freedom's star went down on high,
 Then waned the crescent from the sky,
 And left to that fair land
 Nought but the records of her brave;
 The daring might and mountain-grave
 Of that devoted band.

Shelter-Ireland.

MY GRAND-FATHER'S PORT-FOLIO.

NUMBER EIGHT.

THE DYSEPPTIC STUDENT.

JUNE 6. — My friend M — called this morning, and spent full three hours with me in the study. He evidently grows worse and worse. I never saw him so low-spirited and nervous before. He has talked about nothing else than his own maladies and miseries. I cannot recollect that he has smiled, I am certain he has not laughed, during the whole interview. And yet he has been more than usually eloquent, descanting on his own infirmities in a manner worthy of a better theme. He has argued like an advocate to prove to me that he is the most wretched and worthless of men. He has seemed to find pleasure, and to lose his doleful consciousness, only in the earnestness with which he has defamed himself and portrayed his wretchedness both of body and soul. It was manifest enough that the cause of his troubles was imaginary, by the very ingenuity which he displayed in making out his deplorable case. He forgot that the reality and depth of misery are never measured by the multitude of words; that the sorest distresses are revealed by the simplest speech, if they are revealed at all.

But while I could have smiled at his tale of unsubstantial horrors, I could have wept to think that so noble a soul should be the slave of such contemptible humors, and led captive by such tormenting shadows. For M — *has* a noble soul. I have known him vigorous in action;

sound in judgment ; wise in counsel ; warm and true in friendship. He is something of a philosopher withal, and what is more, a Christian. And even this very hour — himself out of the question — he would sweetly discourse of the Divine benignity ; sketch to a mournful friend enchanting pictures of the beauty and hope of life, and unveil to the clouded eye a thousand hidden springs of joy covered up along the pathway of every weary traveller of the earth. If I were downcast myself, I would go to *him* for cheer, who cannot cheer himself.

Poor M —— ! he is indeed in a sad plight ; bent on tormenting himself, and what is worse, making a virtue of his self-castigation. I have tried to convince him that he is not singular in this his malady of soul ; that almost every thinker and student, from Ecclesiastes to himself, has passed through the same clouds and the same fearful baptism. I have tried to explain to him that the Flesh and the Devil always wage a long warfare with the Spirit that would mount to light and virtue. I have sought to teach him that they often make their head-quarters the Stomach, and take possession of the *digestive organs*, as the parts of the man which have been most neglected and abused, and which nevertheless exert a commanding influence upon the citadel of life. I have ventured to suggest to him that hot biscuits and Cuba sweet-meats, which to the maw of a dike-digger would be mere innocent play-things, in the ventricle of the scholar, are often the very van-guard of Satan. I have endeavored, like any physician, to convince him that gloomy fancies and evil thoughts are engendered in the close and bookish atmosphere of the study, and black vapors born under the influence of the flickering midnight taper, which would never assail his mind abroad in the free air, inquiring for wisdom in God's immeasurable and various book, under the natural and cheering light of the sun and stars. I have insisted to him that the best soul in the world cannot find satisfaction in forever examining and reflecting upon itself, and indeed is *not worth looking at* all the time ; but must feed itself from other natures, and lose its self-consciousness in tracing and admiring the handiwork and perfections of the CREATOR, and going out sympathetically toward its fellows in the flesh. I have told him, from experience, that it is often better to flee from the busy devil of the mind, when he comes upon one in weakness, like an 'armed man,' than to sit solitary, and gratify the foul fiend by engaging with him in unequal fight. I confessed, moreover, that sometimes, when I had suspected an attack of the adversary, under the advantage of studious exhaustion, or when I had stumbled upon him while pushing my speculations too far, I had started up suddenly from my chair, overturning table and books in my precipitate retreat, and rushed for protection to the company of some careless being ; if it were not a child, then a canary or a dog, or a fly washing himself complacently in the sunshine ; with whom straightway my soul joined in league against its pursuer, and felt itself reassured again.

And lest all the suggestions of comfort that my own ingenuity could devise should prove of none effect, I took down the book of a thinker, with whom my friend has more sympathy than I have, and read to him how Schiller conducted himself when a similar but more grievous malady had laid upon him its 'ever-galling burthen.'

'At no period of Schiller's history does the native nobleness of his character appear so decidedly as now in this season of silent, unWitnessed heroism, when the dark enemy dwelt within himself, unconquerable, yet ever to be kept at bay. We have medical evidence that during the last years of his life not a moment could have been free from pain. Yet he utters no complaint. We see him cheerful, laborious; scarcely ever speaking of his maladies. Nay, his highest poetical performances, we may say all that are truly poetical, belong to that era. If we recollect how many poor valetudinarians, Rousseaus, Cowpers, and the like, men otherwise of fine endowments, dwindle under the influence of nervous disease into pining wretchedness, some into madness itself; and then that Schiller, under the like influence wrote some of his deepest speculations and all his genuine dramas, from *Wallenstein* to *Wilhelm Tell*, we shall the better estimate his merits.'

I showed him also what Schiller himself said of one in the like condition: 'Wo to him if his will falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this enemy. Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him, to torment him into madness. Alas! the bondage of Algiers is freedom compared with this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve has become an avenue of disgust or anguish, and the soul sits within, in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupified with excess of suffering; doomed as it were to a life in death, to a consciousness of agonized existence, without the consciousness of power which should accompany it.'

NOTE. — The above is extracted from the old gentleman's *diary*. What effect the advice of my good grand-father produced upon his dyspeptic friend, does not directly appear; but as M — is frequently alluded to in other pages of the diary, and sometimes in connexion with employments and relaxations that pre-suppose a healthy and happy mind, I have no doubt that he lived through his dyspeptic troubles, as thousands have done before and since, and became as cheerful and well as could be expected of one who, my grand-father more than hints, was over fond of 'hot biscuits and Cuba sweet-meats.'

HOSPITALITY.

In the 'Memoires' of De Tott, a story is told of the hospitality of the Tartars, which is worthy of being wrought with threads of gold on silken tablets, and hung up at the fireside of every house. The exact words of the original have escaped my memory, but their purport is not to be forgotten.

The French resident to the Khan of the Tartars, while travelling through Tartary, on his route to Constantinople, having arrived, toward dusk, at a village in Bessarabia, was surprised to find the proprietor of every house standing at his door. He selected for his host a venerable

old man, whose amiable appearance attracted him, and begged an explanation of the custom which had excited his curiosity.

OLD MAN. Our eagerness to show ourselves at our doors is only to prove to the traveller that our houses are inhabited. The uniformity of our tenements puts us all on a footing of equality. No building is outwardly more inviting than another, and therefore I count that my good star alone has procured *me* the happiness of having you for my guest. We all consider the exercise of hospitality as a privilege.

FRENCHMAN. But, pray tell me, would you treat all travellers with the same humanity?

OLD MAN. The only distinction we make is, that if the traveller be rich, our delicacy to one another and to him prompts us to wait motionless at our doors until he has made his own selection of a resting-place; but, if he be poor and miserable, *we all run out to meet him*, as soon as he appears in sight — for poverty often renders men timid and diffident; and in this case, the pleasure of assisting him is the right of the person who reaches him first.

FRENCHMAN. The law of Mohammed cannot be followed with greater exactitude.

OLD MAN. Nay, we do not believe that in exercising our hospitality we obey this divine law. We are *men* before we are Mahometans. Humanity has dictated our customs, and they are more ancient than the law.

In reading such a story as this, one cannot help feeling very deeply the sad effect which an advance of civilization has produced upon the excellent virtue — hospitality. Whatever advantages and additional graces have followed in the train of what is called 'progressive refinement,' society has undeniably been leaving behind one of the most precious of the heart's ornaments, and of the most natural, noble, and useful manifestations of benevolence. When the covering of the hut was thatched, and the floor of trodden clay, the door was always open, and the stranger welcome. The measure of our hospitality seems to contract in proportion to the enlargement of our accommodations and means for exercising it. Rich carpets must not be soiled by the dusty feet of the way-farer. Marble halls are for the admiration of the rich. The more spacious and splendid the house, the more exclusive the entertainment; the more select the circle that can find admission. We could share our pallets of straw with the weary, but beds of down are not for way-worn limbs. We build hospitals and alms-houses, that we may keep our houses and tables to ourselves; that the sick and miserable may have a place where to lay their heads, which it would be so inconvenient and unhandsome to shelter and tend under our own roofs. To the extent of *visiting* the sick and imprisoned, our humanity can stretch; but whose charity swells to the breadth of *taking the stranger in*?

'Hospitality,' said an old writer, 'was once a *relique* of gentry, and a known cognizance to all ancient houses, and great mansions were at first formed so spacious to relieve the poor and such needful passengers as travelled by them. But now, they are of no use save as way-marks

to direct them.' He might have added, and as great staring signs to show them where they must *not* halt.

An early English poet, whose heart was as great as his wit, complaining of a similar degeneracy in the rich country gentlemen of his time, speaks of the 'towered chimneys' of their mansions, as having originally been — what he thinks they ought to be always — 'the wind-pipes of good hospitality.' We can easily imagine the delight of the tired pilgrim of old, when he came within sight of these 'towered chimneys,' with their blue flags waving free welcome to warm firesides, where there was a seat waiting for him, and to loaded tables where there was bread enough and to spare. But pilgrims have changed since those hospitable days. So too have the gentry and their gentle daughters, who used to be their entertainers. We find little that is romantic, although occasionally something of the *picturesque*, in the itinerant beggar of the nineteenth century, and not overmuch of which the wandering minstrel would love to sing, in the 'manor lords' of this age of economical philanthropy and fastidious mercy.

That man has missed for himself a choicer happiness than he has failed to impart, who has never seen the smiling gratitude of the destitute adorning his family board; who has never heard the homely though often wise converse of the aged and the unfortunate, as they have warmed themselves at his pleasant fireside; who has not watched with delight the eager appetite of the children of the poor who have feasted upon his stores; who has never stood like an angel of welcome at his door, when the way-farer has knocked for admission; who has never consecrated his house by the ready and cordial entertainment of strangers; who, if he have wasted any of his goods, has wasted them upon the rich rather than upon the poor.

It is remarkable how a single word, unaffectedly uttered, will sometimes reveal to us, more fully and strikingly than many books, the deep and long experiences of human distress. Not long ago, a friend of ours invited a small party of orphan children from a neighboring asylum to spend an afternoon at his house. They manifested, each in the way that nature prompted, or education allowed, the most eager delight. It was evidently a rich treat to them all. It would have done any body's heart good to have seen and heard them.

As he was distributing among them the contents of a basket of fruit, he overheard one of the little girls whisper to a companion who was standing at her side, 'I know why Mr. — has invited us to his house. It is because we have n't *any friends*. *I have n't had a friend come to see me for five years.*' Merciful heaven! Only twelve years old, and not have seen the face of one friend for five long years!

We have heard many a sad tale of orphanage, and thought that we felt pity for the homeless before, but we never heard words that made so palpable the dreariness of the lonesome days and nights that heavily follow one another, unenlivened by a single smile or kindly tone from one living being with whom the heart can claim kindred. We thought, too, that we knew, of old, something of the value of our friends; but never before did our natural relatives seem so precious; never did the heart clasp them with such a tenacious embrace, as since the simple

words of that poor fatherless child have given us an insight into the unutterable melancholy which is the portion of the *friendless*.

Would it not repay us a thousand fold, if we would open our doors more frequently to those who have no home; if we would sometimes 'make a dinner or a supper for the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind;' if we would distribute our kindly sympathies more freely to those who hunger and thirst for words of affection and looks of friendship?

C. R.

Boston, Mass.

M Y E A R L Y L O V E .

THE correspondent to whom we are indebted for the opening review in the 'Literary Notice' department of the present number, (Mr CHARLES ARON BAIRD, of Trinity College, Cambridge, England,) sends us the following lines by ALFRED TANNERSON, which he had been permitted to read in the manuscript of the author. 'TANNERSON,' says the writer, 'is yet young, scarcely thirty-five; so that it may reasonably be hoped that we have not even yet seen the best of him.' We can imagine nothing more striking than the contrast between the still country and its associations of love and pleasure, and the turmoil of the great metropolis, with its 'dissipated influences,' which is presented in these truly admirable lines.

ED. KRICKENBROOKER.

Oh that it were possible,
After long years of pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Around me once again!
When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave us birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than any thing on earth!

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Oh, CHRIST! that it were possible,
For one short hour, to see
The souls we love, that they might tell us
What and where they be!
It leads me forth at evening,
And lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of light,
The roaring of the wheels!

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The hand, the lip, the eyes,
The winsome laughter;
And I hear the pleasant ditty
That I heard her chaunt of old;
But I wake — my dream is fled!
Without knowledge, without pity,
In the shuddering gray behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That dreadful phantom cold.
Pass, thou death-like type of pain!
Pass, and cease to move about;
'Tis the blot upon the brain,
That will show itself without.

Now I rise; the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke

The great city sounding wide ;
 Day eomes ; a dull red ball
 In a drift of lurid smoke,
 O'er the misty river tide.
 Through the hubbub of the market
 I steal a wasted frame ;
 It crosseth here, it crosseth there,
 Through all that crowd confused and loud,
 That shadow still the same ;
 And on my heavy eye-lids
 My anguish hangs like shame.
 Alas ! for her that met me,
 That heard me softly call,
 Came glimmering through the laurels,
 At the quiet evening fall,
 In the garden, by the terrace
 Of the old manorial hall.

The broad light glares and beats,
 And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
 And will not let me be ;
 I loathe the squares and streets,
 And the faces that one meets,
 Hearts with no love for me ;
 Only I long to creep
 To some still cavern deep,
 And weep, and weep, and weep
 My whole soul out to thee !

T H E F R I E N D S : A C O L L O Q U Y .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NECESSITY FOR A NATIONAL LITERATURE.'

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

I WILL write a book ; I will pour out my heart to you, white paper ; we will be companions and confidants. I love to talk, sometimes to think ; and you, oh what a patient and acquiescent listener ! The bond is complete, the union is perfect. On what firmer basis could a friendship be founded ? On one side, affection and implicit reliance ; on the other, a silent indulgence, a guarded discretion. Between us there can be neither jealousy, nor recrimination, so that we shall have all the advantages, if not all the endearments of human friendship, and avoid those fatal shoals upon which many a gay galley, freighted with hopes, confidences, protestations, and caresses, has struck, split, and foundered ; leaving nothing visible but savage, sharp-pointed rocks, or surging, ugly whirlpools. This attachment might (how in the world did attachment ever creep in as a law term ? — those gentlemen of the long robe dearly love to be ironical) — this attachment we say might exist without writing a book ; for surely neither of us can lay claim to superior wit or knowledge ; and how infinitely beyond our grasp is wisdom, that divine gift, above all human acquirements ? We neither want money, that most universal of all civilized wants, for I am economical, and have sufficient ; and you are a perfect miser, existing on a thin, pulpy, watery diet, and always wearing the same old coat. Ah ! I hear your thin sides

ratling with laughter, at the bare idea that money could result from our partnership ; and truly I could join right merrily, when I look over our stock in trade ; comprising, not as the merchants advertise, an infinite variety, but rather as the governesses would say, a regulated propriety ; truly, truly, pretty decorations for our shop windows, insignificance and vacuity ; but then shut up in our drawers, as the most precious wares, we have honesty, devotion to our MAKER, with love and reverence for all that HE has created.

Now my *fair* friend, if we possess these qualities, we must not do as great statesmen do, advance pretexts instead of giving true reasons. No, no ; let us frankly confess the cause of our sudden intimacy. The friends that we used to be happy with, those with whom we exchanged familiar thoughts, are dead or scattered ; and there is no one to whom we can speak heart-warm words, no one to whom we can confide our thoughts and opinions. An active spirit, encircled by idleness, is in both a pitiable and dangerous state ; if it does not find proper employment, it will in time fume itself into nervousness, or harden into selfishness ; and so, to avoid either of these dreadful evils ; for surely as every day people grow older, and consequently as they hope nearer heaven, they would not wish to become unfitted for its blessedness ; so that is the real reason, oh patient white paper ! that we will be friends.

. OH, MEDON ! thou glorious old man ! with the head of a sage and heart of a youth ; with thy memory, what a crowd of feelings and opinions rush upon me : every noble aspiration, all just and true thoughts, that I may possess, were awakened or instilled by thee. It seems but as yesterday that I sat in our earthly paradise, listening to thy words of heavenly wisdom. What a picture was that sequestered nook ; a little spot of quiet beauty, not exceeding ten acres. In front of our chosen seat lay a small meadow of such rich delicious green that the verdure looked like bloom : this was skirted by a grove of young sugar-maples ; each tree of exquisite symmetry, perfect in form and foliage, and sufficiently far apart for the eye to reach some distance through the leafy-aisles. When illuminated by the setting sun, it looked like a vast natural cathedral ; solemn and yet bright. Poetry and reality there met in harmony, speaking feelingly and forcibly to the eye and heart. There reigned that silent beauty filled with holiness ; that prayerful incense that inanimate nature sends up to God. At our back rose a high semi-circular hill, that curved round and gradually sunk at each extreme until it melted down to the level of the wood in front. The lower part of this bank was covered with wild flowers of every hue, and in such gay profusion that they almost hid the dark green leaves beneath. Here and there a wild rose raised her red clusters, proudly looking down into the eyes of her young sisters, like as we have seen a blooming mother looking into the blue orbs of her little infant. The upper part was covered with the richest red clover ; redolent of perfume and musical with bees. Indeed from the numerous birds, butterflies, and bees that constantly glittered, sung, chirped, and hummed, you might have been quite certain it was on this aromatic bank that Queen Flora held her daily court of revels.

At the foot of the hill a little sparkling brook, of crystalline clearness, singing its low song of gladness, ran wimpling over a bed of pebbles, each one so small, bright and clear, that it looked like an oriental pearl. Between the brook and the hill-side there was a path sufficiently wide for two to walk abreast, save in the immediate hollow of the circle, where it left as much of the meadow as the branches of a large plane tree could throw their shade over. Beneath this were two rustic seats, and this we called our bower of repose; for here, after the severe studies of the morning, every fine summer afternoon I used to meet my venerable friend. There we would discuss and investigate opinions; read and admire our favorite authors; I bringing feelings and observations, he drawing inferences and supplying reflections. Oh, Medon! my friend, my father, my brother, instructor, superior, and yet equal, never shall we see thy like on this side of heaven! In thee were united the knowledge of the philosopher, the tenderness of woman, the wisdom of the christian, the benevolence of the philanthropist. Thou wert among men, like Mont Blanc among the mountains; thy serene mind eternally pointing heavenward. There are times 'when the beautiful has vanished and returns not;' so dark and dreary, that life and all its enjoyments appear but vanity and ostentation: to escape from this incubus, I will make a reality of my feelings; and endeavor, O my friend! to renew thy presence, recall thy opinions, and retrace thy words.

T H E F R I E N D S .

INTERVIEW FIRST.

MEDON.

WELL, my son, what have you been doing this morning? What do you know to-day that yesterday you were ignorant of?

CYRIL.

Oh, father, for several days past I have given you the same answer; history, still history.

MEDON.

AND most interesting is history, merely as a study; but it becomes truly noble, if pursued for the high purpose of rendering a man able to understand his duties as a citizen and legislator; so that he can improve and make happier his fellow citizens; for this benevolent intention ought surely to be the aim and result of all human studies. The good man gains knowledge for two important ends; one, that he may benefit and exalt those fellow men less favored than himself in the scale of humanity. The other with reference to his own improvement as a moral, intellectual, and heavenly being; how kind of our Creator so to form us, that those attainments, which in acquiring, yield our highest earthly pleasures, should be the means whereby we can best understand the true interests of man; and also the ones that contribute most essentially toward our own immortal welfare. It is not through the understanding alone, even in physics, however brilliant a man's parts may

be, that he can arrive at the higher degrees of knowledge ; but this is particularly true of that metaphysical or psychological knowledge, whose home and habitation is in the soul of man, and which acts upon, sways, and directs the qualities, passions and capacities of other men. He who wishes to possess 'that wisdom which passeth understanding,' must sedulously cultivate the moral and religious faculties which God has bestowed upon him. He must possess benevolence, reverence, a teachable spirit, an earnest truth-seeing mind ; without these qualities, my son, a man may have ever so acute and subtle an intellect, yet can he only see the surface of things ; he can act on all that is below him, but has not a jot of influence on that which is above his own nature.

CYRIL.

FATHER, there are times when I feel such an ardent desire after excellence ; such an eager thirst after knowledge ; and yet my ignorance and inability present such barriers to their attainment, that I almost despair. There is so much on every side to be learned, and life seems so short ; this presses upon me so strongly, that sometimes in my impatience to learn all, I am absolutely incapable of learning any thing : ideas throng so thickly that they become confused, and leave not a single thought that I can recollect. Father, what would I not give for a memory like Magliabechi, who, when he looked through a book, however abstruse the subject, could ever afterward remember all that it contained.

MEDON.

BUT do we not usually find such extraordinary memories are cultivated at the expense of the judgment ? and that their possessors become the mere repeaters of other men's ideas ? These they accumulate with such a delightful facility that they never feel the necessity of thinking for themselves ; and in time their brain is so crowded down by other people's thoughts and opinions, that there is no part of their own mind left for either observation or reflection to take root in. All questions they refer to, and conclude upon, according to some learned authority, without exercising their own feelings or reason ; those two most important attributes of man. The concentrated attention, the strenuous exertion and mental discipline, necessary in the endeavor to learn, are often of more advantage to the character than the thing learned ; it is a moral as well as an intellectual victory. But, my Cyril, we must not fall into the common mistake that man gains his chief knowledge from books : he must also study the mind, heart, actions and words of his fellow-men ; each one of whom is a many-paged living-book, printed by an Almighty hand ; sealed, it is true, to the eyes of the vain and foolish, but as easily read by the good and wise as if written in illuminated capitals. Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing more false than the supposition that honesty and uprightness are usually found linked with imbecility and credulity ; is it plausible that those stern and inflexible virtues should render a man more liable to imposition ? or that he who clearly understands, and has strength of moral purpose to practice, what is just and right, should not detect falsehood, crooked devices, or even

assumed honesty, which, however, is but dishonesty enveloped in honest words? Be assured he who applies the test of truth to his own views, also applies it to those of others; for what virtue but has its opposite vice; and as we love one, we must abhor the other; as one grows upon us in beauty, the other increases in deformity. Virtue is the true knowledge of good and evil, which undoubtedly is the great business of life. But depend upon it, my son, that goodness is wise; and that he who habitually lives in the light of truth, is the first to discover the clouds of falsehood.

CYRIL.

RESOLVE for me, I entreat you, father, for I have often pondered, why were error and sin ever allowed to creep into the world, when truth and goodness are so desirable, beneficial and glorious? Why is our soul, which at times so powerfully feels its immortality, that it springs up almost to heaven's own gate, dragged back again to earth by a body? Why could we not at once have been created angels?

MEDON.

AH, my son, those questions, which are as old as the mind of man, always appear new and inexplicable to youth: instead of thanking God for his creation as a man, probably the first series of a being progressively intelligent, he demands why he was not at once made an angel? I do not know that these tyros have any very definite idea of what an angel is, but suppose they mean a created mind, perfect and spiritual. Now limited, imperfect, and hedged in by flesh as is man's reason, I think it will prove to him that this exceeded the power even of an Almighty Being; it certainly is modest in a speck of humanity to ask, nay almost insist upon it as a right from divinity. When persons wish to be perfect, I suppose they have an idea of a relative perfection, perfect as a created being; that is, doing the utmost that the powers given to that being will permit him to do. They cannot mean a positive perfection, for in this case angels would no more reach this high mark than man: what is created must necessarily be inferior to the creator; and what is inferior can never be absolutely perfect. There is one great fault, or perhaps, my son, I ought rather call it a condition of partially instructed minds, they are apt to draw positive conclusions from negative ideas.

CYRIL.

BUT, father, God's own word tells us that man was created innocent.

MEDON.

INNOCENT I grant, but not virtuous. A man can never be virtuous through the will of another; no, not even through that of Omnipotence; or doubtless man would never have fallen. A human being may be innocent because he is ignorant, or because he is removed from temptation and has not the power to do evil; but to be virtuous, a man must have a knowledge of good and evil; for what is virtue but the soul's resolute choice of good, when assailed by violent and alluring temptations to commit evil? And could we have felt these temptations if we

had been created only in spirit, and spirit not linked to body ? And man bewails this high prerogative, that angels might weep for. Why are we permitted here to feel sorrow and commit sin, but that we may unrestrainedly choose good, and see the effects of evil ? Perhaps the latter may be more visible in another state of being, for this can be looked upon but as the soul's school, and where its most important lessons are often imperfectly learned ; yet even here, how often do we see the divine essence that was breathed into man triumph over the sharpest earthly afflictions ; sanctifying sorrows, and converting pain, sickness and bereavements into blessings ; whereby poor, wearied, scarred, many-striped humanity exchanges earthliness for holiness, and despondency for blessedness.

CYRIL.

Oh, father, I have indeed thus seen the soul triumph over the body : was it not so with my own poor mother ? And those thrilling stories which we read of the departed great ; how often has my heart hung pulseless over the noble acts and sublime deaths recorded of philosophers, patriots, and pious martyrs ! I have felt a strength that could conquer death ; a yearning, undying, inbreathed energy — a realization of immortality.

MEDON.

My child, these ardent feelings, disciplined by knowledge and subdued by reason, will I hope make you a good and useful man, and secure for you here a happy life, and hereafter a blessed immortality. It is the privilege of youth to repose upon and revel in its own bright and glowing feelings ; but man lives in a far sterner and more stirring element. Action is his sphere ; to do or to suffer is the assay stamp that must affix the value of every human being ; he must make an actual trial of his strength before he can measure his capacities : a man can never know any thing perfectly in this world until he gains an insight into his own nature, and thoroughly knows himself : this is the commencement of all knowledge ; the key which turns the lock that discovers the true secret of his existence. Work, struggle, strife, resistance, collision, either with himself, circumstances, or outward nature, are the means whereby mankind has achieved all knowledge and improvement, moral, intellectual, or political. The experience of the past, the guide of the present, and the light of the future, are all made up from these materials. Knowledge may be divided into two parts : first, all that which is beneath man in external nature ; this comprises the arts, sciences and natural history ; and is denominated information, because this species of knowledge, after the first discovery is made, or the first invention published, is communicable, and rather attained by studious application, than depending on any innate powers of perception, or active employment of the reason : these are all capable of positive proof, or demonstration to the senses, which must be educated to receive them.

Secondly, the study of human nature, which must rank higher than the preceding, as immortal man is immeasurably above perishable matter, which is modified by his intellect into almost any form that he wishes it to take : this includes ethics, politics, and all that belongs to the moral and spiritual nature of man. This is wisdom, and must be learned

through the feelings and affections, as well as through the understanding: not only a man's mind but his heart must be educated to receive this higher intelligence; he must love before he can understand, and translate into living sounds, the dumb woes, wants, wishes, fears and hopes, that lie unuttered but deeply felt in the minds and bosoms of his fellow-men. There are two qualities often sneered at and never understood by the flippant and superficial, without a due proportion of which, no man can be wise; I mean faith and reverence: there is not a happiness, nor a great undertaking in this world, nor a hope in the next, whose root is not planted in and nourished by faith; domestic happiness, commercial relations, political associations, all, all are entered into and subsist through faith; faith in those that you connect yourself with, and faith in the result for mutual benefit. Now since faith must necessarily enter so largely into all human enterprises and engagements, and it is not in these that the foolish or vain usually succeed, we must not suppose, as many do, that it is weak, credulous and easily imposed upon. No, my Cyril, easiness of belief is the opposite of faith; 'it is the holding fast what you have proved.' A man must know himself and others; and from past experience, or a prescience gathered from it, must be able to calculate accurately for the future; this is necessary for a rational and enlightened faith, even in worldly matters. And what is reverence, that crowning virtue, but a juster and higher appreciation of God's goodness; a closer communion with the Great Spirit of all, that infuses into our hearts adoration for Himself, and admiration or love for all that He has created? And oh, my Cyril! how can a human being withhold faith in the future; and not bow his head in reverence, when he looks over the earth; and sees the magnificent buildings, immense cities, wide empires; the fine arts that almost simulate nature; the useful arts and their various applications; the researches of science; a commerce that sweeps the globe; earth and ocean already tributary? And if, in a few thousand years, his individual existence but a span, man has achieved this, what may we not hope? Almighty God for the workman! the human soul for the material! with unlimited time, even all eternity, for its improvements! Words and imagination fade before the thought.

L. M. P.

S O N N E T

ON THE TWIN LIVE-OAKS, AT BEVERLEY, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

ALOFT in grandeur these primeval trees
 Heave high the huge mass of their rounded head;
 Their vast boughs, like gigantic arms outspread,
 Stretch o'er the herds that roam the sunburnt lea's
 Cool shade. These are the true *Autochthones*;
 Who stand enrobed in changeless drapery,
 And slow, with weird and solemn majesty,
 Wave their long gray-beards in the evening breeze.
 A mournful beauty — brother of decay!
 Their life-blood this fair parasite enjoys,
 And, like the vampyre, pleases yet destroys.
 'Tis thus the gathering frost of winters hoary
 Saps the full current of our strength away;
 Yet round the old man's head is like a crown of glory.

February, 1845.

JOHN H. RHEYN.

L I N E S

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE T. PARKER, WHO WAS LOST ON THE WRECK OF THE STEAM-BOAT
'SWALLOW,' ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 7, 1845.

I.

Thou wilt return no more !
No more — though they whom thou did'st love while yet
Thy cheek its rose-like hues of beauty wore,
Mourn thee with fond regret.

II.

Regret that knows no end,
And heartfelt sorrow all too deep for tears,
So vainly shed for thee, who wast the friend
And sunshine of their years.

III.

They 'll look for thee no more !
No more when Spring amid the woods is singing,
And on the hill-side and the fountain's shore
Wild flowers are springing.

IV.

June, through his dim blue haze
Shall softly smile o'er field and pine-hung peak,
But thou shalt come not with his golden days,
Nor with his sunshine meek.

V.

Nor when the smoky air
Of Autumn films the distant mountain's head,
Shall he have aught in which thou too can'st share,
Save garlands for the dead.

VI.

Garlands of yellow leaves
For the dear sod where love shall stay to weep,
These are for thee, and the sad wind that grieves
Above thy place of sleep.

VII.

Yet thou, who 'neath the mould
Liest with thy cold hands clasped upon thy breast,
What unto thee are Autumn's beams of gold,
Or June with roses drest !

VIII.

The sunny days come back,
And wild birds sing in thicket and in tree,
And of sweet bridal flowers there is no lack,
But there are none for thee !

IX.

Thou needest them no more !
Thou whose meek spirit from the icy wave
Wast borne by angels to that better shore
Which lies beyond the grave.

X.

Nor can'st thou calm the woe
Of those that mourn for thee, the dear departed,
Though patiently they bear th' afflictive blow,
Patient yet broken-hearted.

GOSSIP OF A PLAYER.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

In the extracts which we have heretofore given from the mss. of our 'Player,' nothing has been said of the writer's opening career upon the stage. The following passages supply this deficiency, and contain beside many entertaining matters, not otherwise accessible. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

In years I was little more than sixteen, in appearance some twenty, when boldly emancipating myself from control, I stepped forth upon the journey of life. With care and thrift, I had made up a purse of some thirty or forty pounds. With this sum I arrived in Bath, that great resort of the gay and of the fashionable; that active scene for the manœuvres of the sharper and the fortune-hunter. Mine was not, and is not, the bump of calculation. What has buoyant sixteen to do with financial details? According to my active imagination, the sum carefully hoarded in my trunk appeared a deposit of inexhaustible resources. I sought no humble inn by the way-side; I boldly took up my quarters at the 'White Hart,' one of the fashionable hotels of this most fashionable of cities: conclusions, drawn from a precedent of a very extraordinary kind, were enough to justify my present confidence: and my future expectations. The 'Young Roscius,' Master BERRY, who held such despotic sway over the whole theatrical world, had retired with a splendid fortune. No words can express the contempt which I felt for an ignorant public, (and heaven knows, their intelligence in matters of taste is *not* marvellous,) for their mania in running after a mere boy. I plucked up a manly courage. It must not be so. 'No; these dolts shall see what can be done; I will turn actor myself.' At the period in question, the Bath Theatre was the school for acting. It had sent forth a SIDDONS a BENSLEY, an ELLISTON, a DIMOND, an EDWIN, and a MURRAY, to grace the London boards. There was as much difficulty in procuring a début upon that stage as in passing the ante-chamber of a prime minister, and being ushered into 'the presence.' But '*Nil desperandum*' — what is impossible to a young and ardent spirit? I was determined upon a course of dramatic studies, and made a point of being at the opening of the pit door, for the purpose of securing the nearest place to the stage; where, unembarrassed by any intervening obstacle, I might hear, see, learn, and inwardly digest. I had heard that the great Dr. Johnson had been in the habit of doing the same. During the better part of the morning I might have been seen lingering near the stage-door, delighted to catch a glance at the favorite actor of the day. 'To tread in the footsteps of illustrious men' is a figure of speech very familiar with every patriotic orator, from the 'stump' of the back-woods to the hustings of the capital. But when I state that it was a proud satisfaction to me to do this *literally*, in respect to the personage above mentioned, I am fully entitled to credence. If this was not the enthusiasm of the devotee, what was it?

The luxurious and expensive mode of living at a first-rate hotel, added to the nightly expense of my theatrical course, soon gave me a gentle indication that my means would not last forever; and though the bright and glowing perspective displayed on tissue paper the mark of fifty pounds nightly for my performance, I began to think it would be prudent to realize as well as to idealize, before I had expended the whole of my substance. I therefore looked out for lodgings that took single gentlemen, and found very suitable accommodations in 'Orange Grove,' a romantic name, which was not without its influence upon me. And this reminds me of Mrs. INCHBALD. She was an eccentric person, and had selected for her lodgings a public house, near Hyde Park, in the Bayswater road, called the 'Grosvenor Arms.' A friend remonstrated with her on the selection she had made, observing: 'My dear Mrs. Inchbald, what could possess you to live at so vulgar a place as a public house?' 'My dear,' was her reply, 'I thought it such a genteel sign!'

I was not long in bargaining with my landlady, for I agreed to every thing she asked; not that her personal attractions in any way influenced the matter; although, sooth to say, she was one of the prettiest women I had ever set eyes upon. Beauty is the foster-mother of Jealousy. The lady's husband was a shoe-maker by trade, and in his paroxysm he was wont to 'leather' her with no sparing hand. He was one of those honest souls who are the very pink of social conviviality in the tap-room, but who would wax exceedingly wroth in his domestic circle. My temperament had, and I hope has, nothing of ill-humor in it. I therefore contrived to harmonize the jarring elements of this little establishment; so that at last, things went on agreeably enough; indeed so much so, that at the end of the first week I paid for my board and lodging; and afterward, never took a similar liberty, although I remained for two months.

One of my first theatrical acquaintances was Mr. BARTLEY, father of the Mr. BARTLEY so many years a member of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres, and at this present writing, stage-manager of the former establishment. He was box-book keeper and treasurer of the theatre; a most amiable and kind-hearted man, of very venerable appearance. He asked me to his house; his daughters kept a school, and were (one of them particularly) imbued with a remarkable theatrical taste. 'What could be more delightful?' Let others live on cold and sordid feelings; here was the Drama, morning, noon, and night! He at length made inquiries respecting my family; and parricidal wretch that I was! I destroyed them all at one fell swoop. I was like Risk, when he assumes the character of Solomon Lob, in 'Love Laughs at Locksmiths.' He had got rid of the whole of his family, and then when asked the fate of a favorite dog, said he was dead too, having swallowed a half penny one day. 'What! did that kill him?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'it was such a plaguy bad one.'

At Mr. Bartley's house I met with an actor who had but lately retired from the stage, a man named BLISSETT, who had lived in the time of GARRICK, in the golden age of the drama, and was no mean participator in the provincial triumphs of the day. He was a restless, que-

rulous old man, with his full share of that vanity which is almost inseparable from the profession. He was also a staunch *laudator temporis acti*, and consequently a sore decryer of all existing talent. I also remember having met INCLEDON there. Almost at the first sight of him, I discovered his foible, and was profuse in my praise of his talent. He was evidently flattered by the notice of even such a tyro as myself. He was at once upon his hobby, and thundered out a verse of the 'Lads in the Village;' and looking at Blisssett, exclaimed: 'Well, what do you think of that?' The flattering reply was: 'Ropy, my boy, Ropy, was good, once.' It is needless to say, that the whole evening was consumed on one side by self-adulation, and on the other by repeated bickerings.

MY DEBUT.

AND now the eventful period of my life draws nigh; the moment that was 'to make me or undo me quite.' Mr. Bartley applied to Mr. Dimond the manager to allow me to appear on the night allotted for his benefit. The consequence was, a mighty struggle in the mind of the potentate. He hesitated; 'it was breaking the regulations of the establishment;' 'an appearance, without the recommendation of a London minister of state, was infringing upon the rules, and opening a door for democracy to creep in at.' He 'would hear me;' 'liked my appearance;' and 'if this hitherto insurmountable barrier could be got over, it *should be*, in my favor.'

The morning came. I was not so much alarmed as I ought to have been. A confidence in my own extraordinary powers led me into the presence of a disciple of Garrick with perfect *sang froid*. He heard me — and was much pleased. I felt that he *ought* to be so. Alonzo, in Pizarro, was the part allotted me. The night came. A crowded theatre and the glare of lights brought conviction to my mind that I had indeed assumed the hazard of the die; sacrificed a profession, hopes of fortune, and all — for what? To paint my face, and make corked moustachios! I commenced in Spanish, and 'lost Spanish' by the event; for my god-father unfortunately died, during my wild excursion; and having been made acquainted with my vagaries, instead of leaving me ten thousand pounds, willed me only two. This was my first sacrifice for the stage.

Happy enthusiasm of youth! superior to all sordid feelings! What was wealth, compared with the glory that lighted the pathway before me! To have my name posted at the corner of every street and figuring upon every lettered post; to hear from the lips of beauty 'Romeo, Mr. ABBOTT!' — to listen in anticipation to the future applause of an audience — a London audience; to revel amidst the raptures of the press; the *bouquets*, the sprigs of myrtle gently conveyed in perfumed and embossed paper; all this floated before my mind in clouds of incense.

I appeared. The applause was such as I verily believe only an English audience can give. Their smiles foster talent, however ob-

scure, and their plaudits encourage it, however timid. No chains of icicles are thrown around you; your early path is one of roses. All this was mine; and I was in the seventh heaven. The second night came Henry in 'Speed the Plough,' by the 'Young Gentleman who was so favorably received in Alonzo;' in print — positively in print! Let me drop a veil, lest I excite too violent emotions in the reader's breast.

THE STAGE. DRAMATIC CRITICISM, ETC.

I HAD now fairly drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. I moved air-borne, exalted above vulgar men. And now for the realization of all my hopes! Mr. Dimond sent for me; was very much gratified; saw considerable promise; and in some years to come, I might hope to become a good actor. 'In years to come!' — my spirits were congealed — below freezing-point. But this was not all; this was only the stepping-stone to the long gradation of mortifications an actor must encounter, in mounting the slippery path of doubtful fame. In those days it was foolishly imagined that before the actor taught others, he should be educated himself, and that he had to pass through a long and painful ordeal, before he could be cleansed from those impurities of pronunciation which will long cling to persons even of the highest education, but which ought never to be tolerated upon the stage, at least by those who view it as an honorable pursuit, and capable, when not perverted, of leading the mind to pure and high gratification. It is too late, and I may venture to assert too ridiculous, to talk of '*vindicating* the stage.' What is the stage not capable of producing? There you may witness the most soul-stirring passions, passions and feelings exhibiting the most sublime emotions, and leading the spectator to the consummation of virtue and the detestation of vice; where the love of country is implanted in the heart, and historical events of by-gone ages are brought before you with all the magic charm to be derived from a representation aided by correctness of costume, and splendid illustrations of scenery; where the graceful proportions of architecture recall the simplicity and magnificence of Greece and Rome, and the fascinations of music soothe the cares of mankind with heaven-borne melody. Did I reflect thus then? I fear not. But where was I? Oh! with Mr. Dimond.

Dimond offered me an engagement for the ensuing season. Even now I feel the throbbings of my heart! I grasped the chair; he smiled — stocks were up. He gently insinuated that Rome was not built in a day; that Titian, Raphael, Sir Joshua Reynolds, were not able to paint pictures simply because they held a brush in their hands; that a man to depict passions must study the passions; that the labor of years would still leave me years to labor; and that no art, however humble, but would in the end leave something for the artist to accomplish. How different from the intuitive spirit of modern criticism! These Solons prove daily that education is unnecessary for the critic. What is it to these mighty potentates, if by one dash of their goose-quill they annoy the feelings of an actor who at least possesses the merit of studying and understanding his author? But let that actor

be a gentleman; let him fly the pestilential vapour of a bar-room; let him refuse to 'take a drink;' and he must be written down, for 'he is not of our quality.' But a truce with digressions, more particularly when they lead one into such unseemly society.

Mr. Dimond was a gentleman, both by manners and bearing; but he had been a pupil of Garrick, and had possibly imbibed some of the parsimonious feelings of his illustrious master. He at length came to the point; he offered me *one guinea per week!* I was a most loyal subject, but I did not wish to see the royal countenance on so small a scale. I hesitated; he gave me until the following day for decision, which brought with it an increase of four shillings per week — one pound five shillings! The hope of riches had fled like the inconstant wind; but glory remained, and my mind gradually became reconciled. I was my own banker, and in about the same situation with many others of modern days; but although I was not enabled to 'draw' professionally, I had a kind father, whom I victimised at pleasure. I returned home, to the great delight of all, and was received as the Prodigal Son. The evening passed mid tears and smiles; and before we separated for the night, I had instructed them in the mysteries of Shakspeare, and gave the philosophic abstractions of Hamlet and the insane wanderings of Ophelia, with a taste and judgment very gratifying to my own feelings, but I have no doubt with a bombast worthy of the veriest school-boy that ever spouted by admeasurement. I was again tempted to relinquish my loved pursuit, and return to my legal studies; but as the time drew near for the reëopening of the Bath Theatre, there came back all my desires; and finding it vain to oppose my wishes any longer, I obtained an unwilling consent to follow my inclinations. My frail bark was on the sea, without rudder or compass to guide it; left to the mercy of the rude storms of life, and without half the tossings I deserved for my folly. A consciousness of my temerity came over me when I had fairly embarked on my enterprise, and all my boasted promise vanished into nothing. More puerile efforts never graced the début of an aspirant; and but for the extreme forbearance of a most indulgent public, I should have been destroyed, as Rome was saved, by the cackling of geese! A burning sense of shame and mortification came over me: I felt that I could not return home so disgraced in my own self-esteem. I rallied, persevered, and before the close of the season was engaged for the following year, and at an increase of salary. There was a strictness in the discipline of the Bath Theatre that I have rarely seen equalled and never excelled. Mr. Charlton was the stage-manager, and with the exception of the birch, was held in as much awe as the celebrated Dr. Busby of Westminster. In the duties of his office he was never known to smile but once, and that was in his sleeve; but in private he was a most agreeable and social man. His son, caught by the Roscius mania, had a short time before me made his appearance in the character of Achmet in *Barbarossa*: but although his success was sufficiently flattering, he was wise enough to withdraw from the toils and anxieties of so precarious a profession as that of an actor, and is now a clergyman in London, with all the advantages of a lucrative benefice, obtained not by interest but the more gratifying result of an estimable character.

There was during the early part of my career an actor of the name of LOVEGROVE, who made a most successful début in London in the character of Lord Ogleby, and retained his position until death prematurely deprived the stage of an ornament. Mr. Rae also appeared in Bath, and with all the advantages of patronage. He accidentally forgot to mention that he had assisted in lighting Hymen's torch; and several old maids, a class both numerous and influential in that city, took a deep interest in his success; and one of these antiques became the mother.— be it not irreverently spoken — of the following offspring:

'BATH long had mourn'd her favorite son,
The lively, varying ELLISTON;
But soon her loss full to repay,
Bade shine a bright and glowing RAE.'

In person he was handsome, and in manners refined and gentleman-like, although perhaps rather affected. He was fortunate in his career, and held a prominent situation in Drury-Lane Theatre, of which establishment he became stage-manager. His talent was unquestionably mediocre.

I was not satisfied at this time with treading one thorny path, but took it into my head to write a series of essays, which were published by my friend Mr. Meyler, a very influential person, and proprietor and editor of the Bath Herald. I was rather a favorite with him, for I always made it a point to laugh at his jokes and compassionate his gout. He ushered my essays into the world under the title of 'The Contemplator;' the *Contemplator*, by a boy of eighteen!! I never heard of their having been translated into any foreign language; but I do not hold myself responsible for the want of taste here exemplified. I had the honor of dedicating them by permission to the Lady WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY, the hereditary High Chamberlain of England; and the amiable character and position of this lady rendered it sufficiently flattering to my vanity.

THE UNFORTUNATE CONWAY.

I FIND I have neglected to mention an actor who stood sufficiently forward, both by his position and his misfortunes, to be entitled to a respectful notice; I mean Mr. CONWAY. He was said to be the illegitimate offspring of a distinguished nobleman; but whether his own pride prevented his making advances, and he was resolved to lay the foundation of his own fame and fortune, or whether he met with a check upon his own natural feelings from one who was bound to support him, I know not; but gifted as he was with a commanding person, a most gentlemanlike deportment, and advantages peculiarly adapted for the stage, it is no wonder that the histrionic art held forth inducements and hopes of obtaining a brighter position than any other career open to him, without the aid of pecuniary means, and the patronage which was withheld from him. He made his appearance in 1813, the season previous to KEAN, in the character of 'Alexander the Great.' He met with a very flattering reception, and produced a great effect upon the fair sex. Indeed the actors, who are upon these occasions lynx-eyed, could not avoid

their remarks upon a certain Dutchess, who never missed one of his performances, and appeared to take the deepest interest in his success.

CONWAY was upward of six feet in height. He was deficient in strong intellectual expression, yet he had the reputation of being very handsome. His head was too small for his frame, and his complexion too light and sanguine for the profound and varied emotions of deep tragedy. There was a tinge of affectation in his deportment, which had the effect of creating among many a strong feeling of prejudice against him. His bearing was always gentlemanlike, and with the exception of a slight superciliousness of manner, amiable to every body; and his talent, though not of the highest order, was still sufficiently prominent to enable him to maintain a distinguished position. And yet this man, with so little to justify spleen, was literally, from an unaccountable prejudice, driven from the stage by one of the leading weekly journals, edited by a gentleman whose biting satire was death to those who had the misfortune to come under his lash. In complete disgust, he retired from the boards, and filled the humble situation of prompter at the Haymarket Theatre, but afterward left for the United States, where he became a great favorite. But the canker was at his heart. He again quitted the stage, and prepared himself for the church. But there again he was foiled. The ministers of our holy religion refused to receive him, not from any moral stain upon his character, but because he had been an actor. What is to become of the priesthood, who in the early periods were the *only* actors, and selected scriptural subjects for representation? He left in a packet for Savannah, overwhelmed with misery and disappointment. Ushered into the world by a parent who would not acknowledge him; driven out of it in the belief that he was the proscribed of heaven. At the moment they were passing the bar at Charleston, he threw himself overboard. Efforts were made to save him; a settee was thrown over for him to cling to, until they could adopt more decisive measures for his rescue. He saw the object; but his resolution was taken. He waved his hand, and sunk to rise no more. I have reason to believe that the gentleman to whom I have alluded, as having made such fearful use of his editorial powers, felt bitterly when the news of his ill-timed death arrived. He also is now no more. Poor CONWAY! had he possessed more nerve, he might still have triumphed over the unkindness of his fate:

'Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself or his own virtue.'

'HONORABLE SATISFACTION.'

WHEN ruin some loose scoundrel brings
Upon your honest fame,
Vengeance nor heals your bleeding heart
Nor clears the branded shame.
But if to shoot you down beside
He does the best he can,
You've all the 'satisfaction' then
That's due unto a gentleman!

THE SOLITUDE OF THE SOUL.

I.

THE MIND exulting in its store
Of knowledge, loves to impart its lore,
And mingle thought at will ;
The HEART a dearer pleasure proves,
In commune close with those it loves —
A converse sweeter still.

II.

The Mind that locked in cloistered cell,
Apart and lonely seems to dwell,
Yet finds in books a friend ;
Mind still will for its fellow yearn,
Albeit to teach, albeit to learn,
Still thought with thought to blend.

III.

To meet its like the Heart will pine,
With deeper love around will twine,
The loved and loving one.
Thus Mind and Heart alike were made
Dependent on each other's aid,
And languish when alone.

IV.

But trine Nature may declare
A something nobler lodging there,
Gift of eternal love ;
Sure pledge of immortality,
Heritor of eternity,
Care of the hosts above.

V.

And this far holier, loftier part,
Distinct alike from Mind and Heart,
The Soul, that spark divine ;
Like pilgrim wanderer seems to roam,
Nor here a comrade finds, nor home,
Until it gain the shrine.

VI.

Mysterious essence ! subtle life !
What is 't to thee this world's poor strife ?
Thou, earth's unwilling guest !
And what its honor, what its joy ?
Can they thy lofty powers employ,
Or canst thou here find rest ?

VII.

No ! let the tie be what you will,
Link Mind with Mind, and closer still
Let Heart respond to Heart ;
There art thou stayed ; thy efforts fail ;
Think not to press beyond the veil,
Where dwells the Soul apart.

VIII.

The Mind decays, the Heart grows cold ;
Each, as the body waxes old,
Yields to the touch of time ;
But age nor time may dare assail
The Soul, whose strength shall never fail,
Nor aught debase but crime.

IX.

And when at length the failing eye
And faltering tongue show death is nigh,
That soon the blow must fall ;
Then yields the vigorous Mind its power,
The throbbings of the Heart are o'er ;
The Soul is all in all !

A FRAGMENT OF FAMILY HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE SCALP-HUNTER.'

THE chief passion of my ancestor was hunting, which he practised incessantly, to the great disgust of his father, who was a farmer, and of his grand-father, who was a clergyman at Deerfield, Massachusetts. Under the auspices of this reverend gentleman, who was no other than the celebrated Dr. Ezekiel Carver, and who was earnest that his grandson should follow in his own footsteps, my ancestor had been honored with the name of a stubborn old puritan governor, whose character was the doctor's beau-ideal of earthly excellence. He was called Endicott Carver. I take pains thus early to mention his designation, that I may have a handle always ready to seize hold of him by ; and not be reduced to such awkward expedients as calling him 'our hero,' or 'the subject of our story,' after the fashion of less provident historians.

Endicott was hunting one day among the mountains of the Taconic range, in the extreme south-west corner of the province of Massachusetts Bay. As evening approached, and he began to think of his night's shelter, he recollected to have heard that a few restless pioneers from the borders of the bay had the year before built their cluster of log-houses in the midst of those woods and mountains. Preferring the shelter of a roof to that of a hemlock tree, he began to search for the settlement. At length after scrambling down the steep sides of a hill, he struck upon a broad new path, which would have led him to the hamlet, had he known which way to follow it. He turned to the left at random, and had not gone far, before the road, which was obstructed by roots, stumps, and fallen trees, and perfectly shaded by the over-arching boughs of the dense wood, began to descend. It expanded at length into a new clearing, with its usual attractive spectacle of burnt trunks of trees, standing grimly upright, with great piles of black half-consumed logs and brushwood, the whole girt around by the gloomy border of forest trees, whose foliage was miserably scorched by the fire that had lately destroyed their fallen

brethren. It was a dreary scene ; but the light of the setting sun that now poured into the opening, gilding the tall summits of the wretched half-burnt pines, gave an air of picturesque wildness to its desolation.

My ancestor had now the opportunity to look about him. He saw that he was in the midst of mountains, rearing their rocky and wooded summits all around, while far distant, through one of their openings, lay in misty perspective the valley of the Hudson, and the blue Catskills. The peaceful June sunlight was still reposing on the craggy tops of the mountains ; no trace of human labor was visible ; all was silent as midnight, except a low sound of falling water, where some mountain stream was flinging itself into the deep hollow that my ancestor could see just below him. After walking a few moments more, he found himself in a long narrow valley, through which a clear stream ran swiftly. It was shut in between parallel mountains that gradually approached each other as he passed on. The banks of the stream had been partially cleared : here was a tract of dead, girdled trees, with sickly Indian corn growing in the intervening spaces ; and here a field, of wheat, interspersed with blackened stumps. Soon after, in the increasing darkness, he could discern a neat log-house, surrounded by some rigid and shaggy pines, that gave the place a rude, wild air, much increased by a waterfall just beyond. When Endicott came opposite the house, he saw no means provided for crossing the stream dry-shod ; so he stepped into the water and waded over ; for he was too good a woodsman to be scrupulous in such matters. The ducks and hens around the house set up a loud cackling at his intrusion, at which an old man appeared from behind a corner of the building, where he had been digging in a kitchen-garden. He approached my ancestor with the utmost deliberation, looking at him with no very hospitable eye. He was six feet and a quarter high, but sallow and sharp-featured, and so emaciated in his limbs that his clothes seemed hung on a skeleton. There was a little old clay-pipe in his mouth, at which he did not cease puffing, while he was giving a cold and unwilling assent to my ancestor's request for a night's lodging.

Endicott stared hard at his ill-favored host. He was sure that he had seen him before. His doubts were removed, and changed to surprise, when on entering the house he found there an old woman of very good appearance, but bearing deep marks of sorrow on her face, and a tall, black-eyed girl, whom he immediately recognized as an old partner of his in many a dance and country frolic. Combining certain reports he had heard with what he now saw, Endicott had acuteness enough to hit the clue to the mystery. The man had been a rich dishonest adventurer, who not having skill enough to make his practices turn always to his own advantage, had become involved in debt and beset by duns ; to say nothing of the evil odor into which he had fallen with the community. It is but fair to say, that while he was looked upon with contempt, his wife, a woman of education and excellent character, was respected and pitied, while his daughter was the admiration of the whole country round, and undeniably the belle of her native town of Concord. Suddenly the family disappeared ; no one could say whither they had gone ; but the truth was, that the old man had taken a resolution to run away from his perplexities, and hide somewhere in the back-woods.

Endicott was glad to find an agreeable companion where he had looked only for the rugged offspring of some sturdy frontiersman; the poor recluse, on her side, was no less delighted in the opportunity to exhibit her charms and loosen her lively tongue once more. They spent the evening in conversation before the blazing fire in a gigantic chimney of unhewn rocks, while the old man smoked his pipe in his usual moody silence. Endicott had enough of the gallant to regret the rather outlandish attire in which he appeared before his old acquaintance; for he was clothed in a hunting-dress of leather; but she, poor girl, was evidently mortified at the figure she made in her back-woods garb, so different from that in which he had been accustomed to see her at the dance or sleigh-ride.

His handsome hostess conducted him to his sleeping-room. It was a large chamber, the 'best room' of the log-cabin, with floor and walls of rough timber squared with the axe. The furniture was never made for such an apartment. There was a large and elegant curtained bedstead; chairs and tables of the best workmanship; and a number of French and Chinese toys on the rough hewn mantel-piece. On a little centre-table were several handsomely-bound books, some empty perfume-bottles of porcelain, and a basket of visiting-cards! All these things had a most whimsical appearance to the eye of my ancestor, who was not without humor; and poor Sarah blushed, but could not help smiling as she saw him glance at them. He rightly conjectured that these luxuries had been removed to the back-woods under her auspices. In the rude fire-place were placed some rough pine boughs as a substitute for the asparagus which, with its delicate green, and its bright red berries, so often forms the ornament of New-England country-houses. Before he lay down, Endicott opened the shutter of a square aperture that supplied the place of a window, and looked out. The river tumbled close beneath the wall; the night wind with its fresh cool smell was stirring down the solitary valley; while a young moon, shining on the woods and waters, showed all the wild features of the place.

In the morning Sarah met him under a new aspect, more befitting the settlements than the frontier. In the simple and tasteful dress she wore, her charms were no longer eclipsed, and she might fairly have been called beautiful, even in New-England; for she was straight and symmetrical; as graceful as a young birch tree, and as fresh and fair as its tender leaves in the spring. Her spirit was as lively and impetuous as a mountain brook; and if there was a little vanity and love of admiration in her character, the warm heart of pure vigorous womanhood was behind it all.

They spent the morning in exploring the recesses of the valley. First, they traced it up to where the opposing mountains pressed close together, and the stream, bursting through the intervening ravine, came boiling over the rocks. Then retracing their steps, they followed the valley down till it ended in an abrupt precipice, two or three hundred feet high; for it lay imbedded high up in the bosom of the mountains, and its little stream had a long descent to make through rocks and forests before it reached the Hudson. By climbing a high precipitous hill, they could look down on the face of the precipice where the stream was

pouring itself down into an immense dark and savage gorge. Deeply bedded among woods and rocks at the bottom, there was a circular deep green basin into which the waters fell plunging from above. It was so far down, that when Endicott pushed from the brow of the hill the decayed trunk of a tree, it seemed to dwindle to the size of a straw before it splashed upon the green revolving waters of the basin. It was the wildest and sublimest spot in Massachusetts. High and abrupt mountains towered all around the cataract, which was no other than that which has since been absurdly christened with the corrupted Swiss name of 'Bash-a-pish Fall.'

Meanwhile, the sun beat down with a languid heat. The forests seemed swimming in faint sultry mists; the turpentine boiled from the trunks of the heated pines; and a dead noontide torpor pervaded the whole scene. The little stream alone kept up its restless motion and its murmuring voice, inviting the languid frame to luxury and refreshment. Endicott had made up his mind to depart early in the afternoon, though his friend pressed him to remain, and he himself felt no great earnestness to get away. A dead stillness in the air; a grumbling noise that sounded heavily from behind the mountains; a mass of sullen inky clouds that rose up and swept rapidly over the sky, saved him the trouble of coming to any decision. It was evident that if he did go, he must bide the pelting of a furious thunder-storm. As they looked from the door, a dull roaring sound, and a fresh wind came down from the valley above, which was now shrouded by a gray misty curtain, that seemed to be drawn across it, and to advance nearer and nearer, involving as it came, rocks, mountains and forests, while the roaring sound grew louder and louder. Then a few large rain drops fell on the platform before the door; then they came faster and faster, till the water streamed from heaven to earth in parallel slant lines, obscuring trees river and all. The heavy bursts of thunder would at times drown the noise of this cataract, which beat furiously upon the roof, and streamed in torrents from the eaves.

My ancestor, glad of so good an excuse for prolonging his stay, hung his gun, which he had held for half an hour in his hand in readiness to depart, upon a pair of hooks against the wall, and seated himself with Sarah in the room where he had spent the night. Endicott's nature was bold and open, while hers was frank and unsuspecting: the storm raging impotently against the windows seemed to bring them into closer intimacy, and kindled warm and cordial feelings between them. She showed him the collection of books she had brought with her into the wilderness, and Endicott, who had been educated at college, could not help admiring the excellent taste of her selections: at the same time, she opened her heart to him, and complained bitterly of the exile to which she was doomed. A sudden flood of bright ruddy sunshine pouring in upon the floor, interrupted them. The storm was past; the sun streamed from the west over the wet glistening forests and the swollen river, while a light fresh breeze awoke, and a robin that had strayed so far into the wilderness began his song.

My ancestor took his leave the next morning. The old lady showed some feeling at parting with him, though the master of the house did

not alter his position, take his pipe from his mouth, nor change in the least his accustomed air of moody indifference. Sarah bore him company as far as the edge of the forest. Her eyes were red and swollen, and while Endicott conversed gaily, she scarce replied a word. At the moment of separation, he pressed his good wishes upon her lips. 'Come and see me again,' said the poor girl. 'That I will,' replied my ancestor, raising his fox-skin cap from his head as they parted, more out of the native gallantry of his brave heart, than from any artificial good-breeding. He had asked of her some token of remembrance, and she had given a ribbon, which he now tied to his cap, and laughingly waved it to her as she turned back to gaze after him. If he had been nearer, he would have seen that she was weeping. When about noon, he had reached a point of view whence he could see the mountains and forests to the westward, he thought he distinguished the rocky summits that looked down on the little valley. My ancestor was by no means enamoured, but he gazed with a warm interest toward the place, and felt that those savage mountains contained something that would give them a place in his recollections. 'I will see her again, some time or other,' thought he; but at sunset he had nearly forgotten her in the excitement of the afternoon's chase.

Late in the summer, however, he resolved to hunt again among the Taconic mountains; and as might be expected, his steps turned in the same direction as before. He had equipped himself with unusual care for this expedition. His attire far surpassed any in which he had hitherto taken the field. It consisted of a hunting-frock of dressed deer-skin, fitting much closer to his person than usual with such garments, and gaily embroidered with dyed moose-hair and porcupine quills. He wore the Indian leggins, with their gaudy fringes extending down the outside of the leg, and corresponding moccasins. His cap was of fox-skin, with the animal's tail brought over the crown like the ridge of a helmet. A knife was thrust into his belt; his powder-horn, carved all over with various devices, hung at his side; and his rifle lay in the hollow of his left arm. This dress, though rather wild and savage, very well displayed the light athletic figure of my ancestor, whose limbs had been hardened by years of exercise to the strength and elasticity of steel.

The morning was a beautiful one for a hunter or a lover of nature. Endicott combined both characters, and had, into the bargain, unwearied limbs and a buoyant spirit. At the bottom of a wide hollow among the hills which he was traversing, was one of those openings in the forest occasioned by the too great moisture of the ground. It was smooth as the surface of a lake, and covered with a beautiful verdure, while the forest enclosed it with dense swelling masses of foliage glistening in the soft sunlight; and beyond were the mountain summits, not yet quite cleared from the mists of sunrise. My ancestor's spirits were in unison with the freshness and gayety of the morning. Here was none of the sombre gloom and silence of the wilderness. The red squirrels kept up an incessant chirping in the borders of the woods, and leaped about in the hickory and oak trees: the blue-jays repeated their harsh notes, as they flew, glancing in the sun, in and out of the

foliage ; the little wood-peckers could be heard at their labor ; and all living things seemed to have deserted the dark forest, and gathered round that sunny opening. Endicott sat down at the foot of an old maple that grew on a little mound in the very centre, and refreshed himself at a spring whose pure waters slumbered dark and glistening in the recesses between its moist roots.

As he passed down the rough pathway that led toward the valley, his steps grew quicker. A large gray squirrel, whose little barking voice he had heard for some time, ran out on the branches of a pine, that reached over the road, and swinging himself down among the leaves, sat coolly gazing at him, without expiating his rashness by having his brain delicately scooped out by the bullet of the hunter's rifle. From this I infer that my ancestor was in no little haste, and anticipated some pleasure from the approaching meeting.

When he reached the place where he had parted with his fair friend, he felt more interest than he had counted on ; nay, a certain feeling of tenderness passed for the first time across his heart. He walked rapidly along the margin of the stream, and now he saw the old twisted yellow-birch that grew on the mountain side, just above the house ; and now the three stiff pines that stood just by it appeared ; but they were strangely scorched and blackened, and a smoke was eddying up through them into the blue air. He ran up a little mound whence the house would be in full view. It was no longer there ! In its place lay a heap of black smouldering beams and rafters. Endicott leaped through the stream and ran up to the wretched pile of ruins. One glance told him the story, quenched his gay spirit, and left him frozen with speechless horror. The Indians from Canada had been there the night before ! His quick eye discerned among the charred timbers, the relics of the old man and his wife — a sight I will not dwell upon, though such as was but too familiar to the eyes of the frontier settler. Half stunned with the sudden revulsion of all his feelings, it was long before he could collect his faculties so far as to satisfy himself that only *two* of the inmates of the house lay among its ruins. There was one left, and no trace of her fate remained ; though not far off was the neat little garden, with the flowers whose care had amused her in her solitude.

As Endicott stood gazing on the desolation, a group of their sinewy men, armed each with his rifle, and more than one of them bearing the haggard look of misery, waded across the stream. They were from the hamlet below, which had not escaped the savage inroad. They stood and looked on the ruins and on each other, without saying a word. One of them at length broke the silence, while all his white features quivered betwixt agony and vindictive fury, and his wandering gray eye became for the moment fixed, and kindled like a coal of fire. His words were a bitter curse against the authors of the infernal outrage, and a vow to hunt them like beasts till he had avenged it ; and as he concluded, he struck the butt of his rifle against the ground, and swore an oath not to be written down. His wife and all his children lay dead in the ashes of his cabin.

I will suffer the reader to lose sight of my ancestor for a day or two, and will present him again to his notice in a different place, and

under different circumstances. Before his last visit to the valley, a light and careless interest was the only feeling in his heart toward the fair recluse ; but the sudden shock that almost deadened his faculties had awakened in him a spirit of resolute devotion. He had determined to recover this prisoner from the Indians, though he should follow her to Canada, and run the gauntlet of a thousand dangers. His companions were of a different temper. They burned, one and all, for vengeance, and cared for nothing else. Indeed several of them had nothing else left to care for. On the night of the Indian attack, they were absent in the forest, building a house, according to frontier custom, for a new-married couple ; and chose to remain for a merry-making on the scene of their labors, rather than return to their homes. No shadow of danger was apprehended. Two or three men remained at home, of whom one escaped the massacre ; the rest, with half the women and children of the settlement, were found dead in the morning. The savages took no prisoner but Sarah, whose beauty, it may be, saved her from the hatchet.

Reader, these scenes are rude and savage ; repulsive, no doubt, to the taste of literary epicures, and no less so to the transcendental 'spiritualists' who infect this city of Boston. Highly flattered should I be if my humble narrative should be honored with their condemnation ; and yet, to win the smiles of a larger and fairer portion of the readers of *OLD KNICK*, I would gladly make this history more smooth and attractive. But the rough and bold features of the original will lose all resemblance if I try to soften them upon the canvass ; and an inexperienced and unskilful painter is doubly bound, in interest as well as conscience, to be faithful.

One day, toward night-fall, Endicott with the band of pursuers came to the banks of a lake. It was a spot whose charms have engaged a pen far abler than mine, and should America ever become prolific in poets and romance-writers, are destined to engage many more ; for it was the southern shore of lake George. At the time of which I speak it was known by no other name than that of Lac St. Sacrament, given it by the French in reference to its consecrated waters. It was as yet a lonely wilderness of mountains and floods, which had not then borne armies on their bosom ; its rocks and forests had not echoed the blast of the trumpet, the roaring of the cannon, nor the sharp tingling report of the rifle. The spot the party chose for their encampment was on the high bank, among the spruces and hemlocks, a little to the right of the place where Baron Dieskau was afterward defeated, and the garrison of Fort William Henry marched out to their massacre. All was now covered with the dense woods. I shall be spared the mortification of attempting to portray the wild beauties of the scene as they were invisible on the evening when my ancestor encamped there ; a drizzling rain descended, and dreary mists obscured the mountains, the leaden waters, and the dull dripping forests. An encampment in the woods at such a time, after a toilsome day's journey, without a tent or other shelter, is not the most pleasant situation in the world. The party were drenched to the skin. They laid down their packs, and covered their guns with bark stripped from the trees ; ate a silent and slender repast,

duly qualified with New-England rum, and then debated as to the course to be pursued.

They were confident that the Indians, on their way to Canada, would take, as was usual, the circuitous route of Wood Creek, instead of Lake St. Sacrament, where they would be impeded by a *portage* of several miles at its northern extremity. By pushing their way rapidly up the Hudson, and across the intervening land to the lake, they had no doubt that they had outstripped the slow progress of their enemy, who were struggling northward through the forests farther to the east. Their plan was to pass down lake St. Sacrament to Ticonderoga, and there lie in ambush to waylay the Indians as they came in their canoes out of Wood Creek. Ticonderoga was not then a fort, bristling with cannon, to command the narrow straits around it, though it had borne from time immemorial its present name, which is an Iroquois word, meaning 'the meeting of the waters.' It was then only a bare rocky promontory thrust out between the two lakes, and from the singularity of its position, regarded by the Indians with some superstitious veneration. By this plan, the pursuers thought that they should meet the savages, even should they take the route of the lake.

That very night the frontiersmen sought out materials for making their canoe. No birch trees were at hand; but they found a huge old spruce, straight and tall, that bore the honors of a century. A quarter of an hour's labor brought it thundering to the ground, when the bark was stripped in one piece from its trunk, by cutting it lengthwise, and carefully prying it off its sides. The naked carcass of the unfortunate tree, as delicately white as driven snow, was rolled aside to rot in the damp forest. This part of their labor accomplished, the adventurers wrapped themselves in their wet blankets, and laid down around their half-extinguished fires.

My ancestor had at the bottom of his character, a spirit of adventure which would sometimes be exalted to a height that made him perfectly reckless of dangers and obstacles. The fit was on him now, as he paced along the narrow beach of wet sand. In the wild exhilaration of his purpose and his situation, he was indifferent whether he bequeathed his body to the family vault in Deerfield church-yard, or flung it away to waste among the lonely mountains. His imagination was too dull to trouble him with images of the dangers that awaited his enterprise; or perhaps his nerves were too strong to be startled by any such fancies.

The next morning rose bright, warm, and soft. White thin mists, it is true, still rolled over the surface of the slumbering water, and entangled themselves among the boughs of the forest; but the fresh green of the mountains contrasted beautifully with the pure white of the wreaths of vapor that half involved them. The frontiersmen worked industriously on their canoe, which as it approached completion appeared unable to hold the party, so that another had to be made. There was ash for the frame, pine to guard the bottom, and the tough fibres of spruce to sew the parts together: all the materials were at hand; but not to detain the reader with bare and unprofitable details of canoe-making, I will only tell him that the afternoon was nearly

spent before the little vessels were complete ; and that they were so frail and perilous, owing to the green state of the bark, that no man of these peaceful times would have ventured his life in one of them. They embarked, however — twelve bold vindictive men — and paddled with their best speed northward along the beautiful St. Sacrament.

It was indeed a beautiful scene ; peaceful, yet wild and majestic. So pure was the atmosphere, and so limpid the waters, that as they skirted the precipitous eastern shore, the little fishes playing twenty feet below were as distinctly seen as the quivering birch and the rough cedar that leaned in the sunlight from the cliff above. Then they stood out into the broad lake, and steered down toward an island that lay nearly midway between the shores, doubled in the unruffled water. The perch and trout darted to the right and left as the shadows of the canoes wavered over the sunny rocks and stones under the surface, all around the shores of this savage paradise. Carefully guiding the little vessels into a sort of cove, they drew them from the water upon a narrow plat of fresh grass. The island, which was that now called Diamond Island, was almost covered with a rich growth of trees : there was, however, a little space in the centre, where, from some accident, nothing was growing but the soft grass ; and here they made their camp.

The sun meanwhile had sunk below the horizon. The western steeps grew brown and shadowy, while a thousand undefined and changing hues of purple and red were reflected on those to the east, and the whole bright circumference of encircling mountains, with every island, and every reddened cloud, was mirrored in the still waters. A stream of sunlight still poured on the landscape through a gap of the mountains, illumining some spots and leaving the rest in obscurity. It fell upon a little islet not far distant, from the midst of which rose up, above a crowd of young shrubs and saplings, an old distorted pine tree. Its foliage was gone ; but light mosses hung from its knotted and broken boughs and its storm-beaten trunk, with no breath of wind in that calm evening to stir them. It looked like the veteran of a century's wars — some old Mohawk chief, perhaps, whose voice was cracked, his arm withered, and his grim features shrivelled, but who would still dance the war-dance and scream the war-song, and to the last gasp of his worn-out life exult in the tortures of his enemy. But soon the transient sunbeam left the old pine ; its charm was fled, and it was turned to a common tree again. Little by little, the light passed away from the noble landscape, and darkness sunk down on St. Sacrament. A low heavy sound came booming on the ears of the adventurers ; it was the evening gun from the distant French post of Fort Frederick. When Endicott again left the circle of the camp-fire light, and putting aside the branches, looked out upon the lake, he saw the mountains a mass of deep shadow before him, with a lingering red light in the sky above. A fish now and then splashed on the blackened surface ; and suddenly a whip-poor-will began his loud call from the opposite shore.

My ancestor was awakened in the morning by the hoarse cawing of a pair of crows, that went flapping slowly over the island. Their meal

finished, the party embarked again. The lake, so beautiful at evening, was no less so in the morning; for unlike many a ball-room beauty, its charms were such as could bear the broad light. The leaking of one of their flimsy canoes, which they were obliged to repair, delayed them so much that the day was far advanced before they reached the 'First Narrows,' where the lake contracts itself, and is dotted with a multitude of islands. They grew impatient and anxious lest the savages should reach Ticonderoga before them. They had better cause for anxiety than they thought; who can foretell the capricious movements of a party of savages? Their restless and watchful enemy had already caught sight of them, and were following their course along the shore.

They skirted the wooded banks of a long island that lay parallel to the main land and close to it, near the entrance of the Narrows. It was a beautiful sight to see the trees glide past them, and the water ripple upon the pebbles with the motion of the deep-laden canoes; but when the island was past, the main shore lay off on their right, with its swelling foliage obscured by a rich shade, and the cool dark waters sleeping in its shadows. Endicott was not in a poetical mood — indeed, he seldom was; but he could not help gazing on a scene so quiet and yet so picturesque. He was startled suddenly into life and action. A female voice, in hasty and terrified accents, came from the woods. 'I am here! — dear Endicott! — keep away! — keep away! — they are going to fi ——' but here it was abruptly stifled. The men instinctively ceased paddling, and then pushed back the canoes farther into the lake. The matter required no explanation: all saw at once that nothing had saved them from falling into an ambush of the enemy they were in pursuit of, but the heroic self-devotion of the prisoner. Most of the party were men made reckless by misery, with every feeling and instinct overwhelmed by a burning hatred of the Indians, and a keen thirst for vengeance upon the accursed race. Only two or three of them hesitated as to the course to be pursued. Neither regard for their own lives nor that of the poor captive had much weight with them. Endicott, on his part, was as eager as the rest, and longed to rush to the rescue of Sarah, without thinking of the peril to which his rashness would expose her, if indeed she had not already been made a victim to the fury of her captors. The canoes drew back and retraced their course along the island, which effectually protected them and concealed their motions, till they rounded its farther extremity, and made directly for the shore. Then it was a matter of doubt whether a salute of bullets from the woods would not reward their temerity. The very hardihood of the attempt alone saved them; for the savages, who were of twice their number, did not dream that they would venture to land in the teeth of such peril. The canoes ploughed the water into furrows. My ancestor's blood was up. He jumped from the foremost canoe, and waded to the beach; but as he reached it, a sinewy hand gripped his shoulder, and a stern voice admonished him that that was no place nor time to yield to frantic impulses.

It would be hard to imagine a situation more perilous than that into which these men had placed themselves, or one in which danger ap-

peared under a more horrid and insidious aspect. Nothing of the enemy was visible after they had entered the woods, though they might be concealed behind every rock or tree. They listened awhile, and then began cautiously to advance toward that part of the shore whence the voice had proceeded. In a few minutes they came upon the manifest traces of a large body of savages ; and here again they stopped to listen. It was close by a large brook that descended from the upland forests to the lake, urging its way over great piles of moss-grown rocks ; plunging with a sullen, heavy roar into obscure ravines, or pouring itself into deep basins and hollows among the rocks, before it streamed glancing out through the foliage into the gay sunshine of the lake. The forest was a dismal contrast to the bright landscape they had just left. The chill confined air was of that heavy nature that oppresses the spirit, and brings consumption to the lungs. Not a ray of sunlight could penetrate the dense foliage above ; all around breathed cold and dampness ; the black columns of the standing trees that seemed sweating a clammy moisture ; the moss-grown carcasses of those that lay prostrate and decaying, piled in masses together ; and the slippery green rocks themselves. There was no undergrowth but the stiff spreading shoots of the hardy spruce and balsam fir, which covered the rough and broken ground, affording abundant lurking places for an enemy. All was quiet as death except the stream with its dull plunging.

They stood still for some minutes, when a man at length offered himself to go forward and search for the enemy. Crouching from tree to tree, he began slowly to pick his way over the obstructions of the dangerous ground, glancing watchfully in every direction, and gradually approaching a ridge of rocks overgrown with fringe and piles of dripping moss, that was discernible through the trees, several rods higher up. Here he paused and listened long before he ventured to ascend. When he had got to the top, and clinging to some projecting roots, peered cautiously over the heap of logs and refuse that lay there, a tawny, braceleted arm, and a little hatchet, waved for an instant above this ambush, and the man fell back doubled to a ball. Then the Indian yell burst forth. In a moment, the woods above were filled with dark, demon-like figures, that came leaping down over the ridge and darting among the rocks and shrubbery, while the air vibrated with their shrill cries, and was clogged with the smoke of their rapid firing. Not a voice was raised in reply, except the shout of the man in command. In spite of this furious and characteristic attempt to strike them with a panic, the white men held their ground, or only drew back a yard or two. Indeed, they could not have retreated farther, as the lake was close behind, and their only alternative was to maintain their position or be killed on the spot ; so each sheltered himself behind a tree, and stubbornly refused to yield. The Indians rushed up yelling close upon them, when one or two were shot down by the iron-nerved woodsmen, at which their noisy and ostentatious display ceased at once. They all slunk behind the cover of rock, trees, or bushes, whence the incessant flashes of their guns now glanced out on every side, like darting tongues of serpents. But the sharp, quick crack of the New-

England rifles mingled with the louder and duller reports of the Indian guns. The fight became already more than doubtful ; for as the fierce impetuosity of the savages cooled at the unexpected check they had received, the deep Anglo-Saxon passion mounted higher in the breasts of the whites. Not that they gave vent to it, but it burned intensely within, rousing and concentrating all the faculties, and giving double strength and alertness to mind and sense. With foreheads knit, and lips pressed close together, they calculated the effect of every shot, and seized every advantage that offered.

The Indians continually shouted taunts and insults in broken English or Canadian French. There was one warrior, in particular, who had been remarkable for his reckless intrepidity in the first onset, and now lay crouched behind a pile of rocks and logs, loading and firing, and abusing his enemy meanwhile to the best of his power. He addressed himself especially to the nearest white man, by no means indulging him with that figurative rhetoric which I have read that the Indians are accustomed to employ on such occasions ; on the contrary, his language was the vilest and most profane that he could gather from the refuse of white men, mingled with lying boasts of his own exploits. Among the rest, he told his hearer that he had killed his wife, and eaten her heart, and to give emphasis to his assertion, he raised the scalp of a woman on his ramrod, and shook it above the rock. The white man did not reply a word, but he noticed a spot in the pile of logs behind which he knew the savage lay, where the wood seemed to his eye sufficiently decayed to allow the passage of a bullet ; and at this place, he fired his rifle. The Indian did not shriek as he received the wound, but rose convulsively from his shelter, when two more bullets were instantly fired into him, and he dropped dead. At this the disheartened Indians broke : leaping backward from tree to tree, they retired up the hill ; the white men pressed upon them with every faculty at its tension ; hand, foot, and eye on the alert. Thus, in spite of the disadvantage of the ground, they forced them slowly up the ascent.

Many rods up, a dilapidated old oak tree, covered all over with wens and protuberances, rose from the midst of the rocks, and stretched its solitary branch over the stream. It had once been the monarch of that forest, but the lightning had splintered away its top, and age had filled its gigantic trunk with decay. Around it, the savages clung tenaciously, and made their last stand. At length, as the bullets hailed in upon them, and the white men pressed them closer and closer, they broke entirely, and with a wild cry retreated, scattering up the forest. Then, for the first time, a stern deep shout, very different from the quavering yells of the Indians, burst from the throats of the frontiersmen. Throughout the fight, my ancestor's rifle had done good service, but now he could contain himself no longer. That impetuous ardor that sometimes sleeps beneath the habitual coldness of New-England, now rose up within him and mastered him. When the savages broke, he sprang out of his shelter. 'Clear the way, scoundrels !' he shouted, dashing up the ascent with his rifle clubbed ; but then his cap was struck from his head ; a thousand sparkles flashed before his eyes, and he fell down headlong among the decayed logs and the wet moss. His

companions, more experienced and more cautious, did not follow his example. Without giving the least advantage to the retreating enemy, or allowing them a moment's rest, they drove them on toward the top of the mountain. The smothered reports of the rifles, the shouts, and the occasional screams grew fainter and fainter, till they were lost in the distance :

' And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.'

No trace of the fight remained, but the smoke that clung in the damp, motionless air, and the dead who were scattered about the wood.

Among these, to all appearance, was my ancestor. He lay on his face, poor fellow, which had rested on his left arm as he fell, while the blood dropped from his forehead. Yet he was not dead, or I should never have lived to write this history of his exploits. He lay four hours, as he told my grandfather, in a swoon, for the bullet had ploughed across his temple, within a hair's-breadth of his life ; my grandfather well remembers the scar, which is indeed plainly visible in the portrait of my ancestor which hangs in the best parlor of my respected relative, Brigadier General Artemas Carver, physician, of the town of Swanzey, New-Hampshire. When his senses returned, he was in a state of wretched bewilderment. He was quite oblivious of all that had happened, and unconscious of every thing around. A sense of icy coldness chilling all his limbs, and a dull pain in his head, were his only sensations when his eyes opened, till the dreary forms of the savage rocks and trees obtruded themselves on his vision like a night-mare.

He felt about him with his hands, and grasped them full of clammy oozing moss. Then, turning his eyes upward, he beheld what increased his perplexity and confusion. It was a pale, though handsome female face ; no other, in short, than that of Sarah, who was stooping over him, frightened and trembling, but animated with all the affectionate and self-forgetting devotion of a woman. This, I am aware, has an air of romance ; and I feel really anxious in setting it down, lest the reader should accuse me in his heart of unfaithfulness to my trust, and an unprincipled intention to sacrifice truth to effect. I beg him to banish all such doubts. My ancestor was no fit hero of romance ; his sleep was too healthful and sound to be disturbed by visions, and as for day-dreaming, he eschewed it utterly ; and Sarah was no heroine, but only a warm-hearted girl, who could flatter herself sometimes with her own image in the mirror, and in the moment of her lover's peril, lose all thought of self in fearless disinterested affection.

The warning she so unexpectedly gave the white men that morning nearly cost her her life. More hatchets than one had been raised over her head, and it was fortunate that the chief of the party was a man of authority, feared and admired by his tribesmen. Nothing but his prompt interference saved her. As it was he who had taken her prisoner with his own hand, she was, according to Indian usage, his exclusive property. Though he had at first intended to sell her to the French in Canada, her beauty soon made him change his mind, and resolve to take her to Caughnawaga as his squaw. This flattering

destination preserved her from immolation, when the frontiersmen made their rash attack : her savage lover, if he deserved the name, placed her for safe keeping in the old hollow oak, round which the Indians made their last stand. Here she listened in terror to the sounds of the fight, and the pattering of bullets on the tough rind of her prison ; and when the struggle had passed away and all was quiet, she crept out and explored the scene of violence. There lay her lover among the fallen. At first, she clasped her arms around him in despair, but feeling his heart still beating, she arranged the soft boughs of spruce beneath him, and brought water from the brook to bathe his face and temples.

When Endicott could stand, and had recovered his faculties, evening had already approached, as could be seen by the ruddy light that brightened at intervals the thick canopy of leaves above them, and richly illumined the foliage that screened the lake from their view. They wandered down to the shore : the bright and glorious landscape of mountains and crimsoned waters, sprinkled with their numberless islands, brought new life to their spirits by contrast with the sombre forest. The fresh breeze of the summer evening, too, was very unlike the heavy atmosphere of the wood.

Their situation was still very perilous. Endicott sought out a place in which to pass the night, and chose a deep sheltered nook among rocks and bushes, not far from the shore. Here he ventured to kindle a fire ; and preparing a bed of the young shoots of the spruce, he built over it a little hut of boughs sufficient to ward off the night wind. Sarah entered it and lay down. He took his gun, and seated himself on a stone near by, to keep watch against prowling beasts or men. As the night grew dark, the wind freshened ; the waves rose high, and splashed with a monotonous sound upon the rocks of the shore. The trees over his head, too, rustled their leaves with a mysterious whispering sound, as the breeze passed through them ; and a patch of long grass near the shore bent and rose mournfully. Endicott watched the dark restless waters, and the stars that shone faintly between the tree-tops, till, about the middle of the night, overcome with fatigue, he fell into a doze. It was disturbed by hideous dreams : loud voices at length struck on his sleeping ear too distinctly to be any thing but reality. He started from slumber in bewilderment. Hoarse, impatient voices, were indeed sounding close at hand ; they were those of his comrades, returned from the battle to visit the field and recover their canoes. He joyfully shouted in reply, and was welcomed as one from the dead.

Not to protract my tale, I will leave the adventurers to return to the settlements without following them. The Indians had been completely beaten. A small body of them, who held together, had been driven over the back of the mountains as far as the swamps around Wood Creek, where they scattered like a flock of partridges through the woods. Their cruelties were bitterly expiated. But to avoid wearying the reader with a love-story, I will only remark that, many years after, when the War of the Revolution broke out, my ancestor and Sarah were living, surrounded by a numerous progeny, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a large house that a month ago might be seen standing near the banks of Charles River, close behind Mount Auburn Cemetery. I

regret to say that it has since been burnt down, after having weathered a century. How fortunate that my ancestor's papers were rescued and placed in my hands! Here he dwelt till his fiftieth birth-day, when he was transfixed with three bayonets, as he brought up the retreat on Bunker Hill; and as the steel entered his gallant breast, he struck so fierce a blow at one of his eager slayers, that he severed his arm at the elbow.

His descendants have scattered far and wide over the country, and over the world. Three of them are now in Texas; one is in Oregon; one is a captain in the Russian service; another is seeking his fortune in India; beside many more, too numerous to mention. Six flourishing new towns in the West, to say nothing of a new species of patent rifles, and eight steam-boats — several of which however have lately burst their boilers — have derived their names from our illustrious house. Of all our race, my relative the Brigadier, and my humble self alone excepted, none have remained quietly at home. One description will apply to all the members of the family. We are very little men, with black eyes, sunken cheeks, and a dark yellowish complexion; for, to say the truth, we have inherited none of my ancestor's good looks; yet so tough and impassive that neither can labor fatigue us, nor cold, heat, rain or snow have any effect on us. Should I decide to publish a family history, it would present to the world an edifying picture of Yankee enterprise.

S H A D O W S .

BY REVEREND WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

I.

I HAD a dream, a strange, wild dream,
One night, beneath the whispering tree;
There was a tree, there was a stream,
And, fair as moon could be,
The moon her solitary beam
Poured on that brook and tree.

II.

I saw a young and bright-eyed boy,
And little maiden, playing;
She was the loveliest thing — a toy,
A bee, or bird, a-Maying;
A feeling nothing could destroy,
Kept those two children playing.

III.

They rambled long, they rambled wide,
There, 'mid green fields and flowers;
That boy was ever at her side,
And so they passed the hours;
I heard him call the maiden, bride,
There, 'mid green fields and flowers.

New-Haven, Connecticut.

IV.

And she was pleased to be his bride,
And in his face she gazed —
Half bashfully, and half in pride,
As at herself amazed;
Yet still she clung unto his side,
And in his face she gazed.

V.

And then I thought there was a wail —
The moon still lent its ray;
But it was tremulous and pale,
And changeful seemed, and gray;
There was a church-yard in a vale —
The moon still lent its ray.

VI.

And there, beneath the cold, wan light,
Clasping the ivied stone,
An aged man, with weeds bedight,
Stood motionless and lone;
*They say that old man's heart, once light,
Lay buried 'neath that stone.*

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM JAMES COLGAN.

How the heart travels with its anxious load !
 Like pilgrim journeying from day to day,
 Hoping to find some kind though strange abode,
 Where Weariness its toils aside may lay,
 While welcomes Peace with smiles the wanderer from his way.

When Death has gathered to his silent home
 The voices of our Life, the friends so dear,
 Through what a wilderness condemned to roam,
 We struggle on, 'mid many a bitter tear,
 Nor heed the passing mockery, ever near.

Joys of the world ! how brittle is your chain !
 Thought breaks its fetters, and the spirit hies
 To scenes long past — to innocence again ;
 And guileless revels beneath brighter skies,
 Nor deems it all a dream, till Fancy's vision dies.

E'en thus we weave the fair flowers for the urn :
 Love brings the tribute to the dead and gone ;
 And though their parted steps will ne'er return,
 We feel their Love is true, and living on,
 To greet our longing souls when endless bliss is won.

New-York, 1845.

RECEIVED LAWS OF PLANETARY MOTION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It will appear perhaps like great presumption for any person who may not have attained a name among those devoted to the study of the natural sciences, to venture to call in question any of the conclusions that satisfied the minds of such men as NEWTON and LAPLACE in their investigation of the laws of planetary motion : but it has long appeared to the writer of this article, that the generally received theory which supposes the revolution of the planets around the sun or centre of our solar system to be the result of a nicely-adjusted and counteracting repulsion and attraction ; or of centrifugal and centripetal forces so perfectly balanced as to convert a movement at right angles into a uniform circular or elliptical revolution ; can have but little to sustain it except theory or assumption alone. This theory appears to the writer to involve so obvious a fallacy, that he cannot account for its reception except upon the supposition that it is regarded in the light of a plausible speculation, having no practical bearing upon the study of astronomy, and as not being relied upon for aid in solving any problem or question connected with the ascertained truths of that science.

The theory as propounded is understood to teach, that if a smaller
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body be thrown off with great force from a larger one, as the moon from the earth, or the earth from the sun, or if a small body should be projected in a straight line across the orbit of a large one, and near enough to become attracted by it, that the smaller body, which otherwise would move forward in a straight line forever, and at a uniform rate of motion, is by the law of gravitation or attraction drawn toward the larger body, and compelled to revolve forever around it in a fixed orbit, without being drawn to it by the continued operation of the power of gravity, acting upon the supposed continued operation of the projectile force ; which forces are thus mutually neutralized by the production of a compound or circular movement.

This I understand to be the theory ; and it is one that involves, in my belief, two remarkable fallacies. The first is, that the centrifugal or projectile force first communicated to a body in space beyond the sphere of attraction of any other body, would propel the projected body forward forever at an undiminished rate of movement. This supposes the original impulse or power once given, to act forever by a natural law ; and to make an inert mass of matter, once put in motion, actually to possess the power of continuing the motion forever. How a power that is thus communicated or superadded, and has no necessary connexion with the existence of matter, should thus change its nature, and impart to it the power of motion without change or diminution ; and without being counteracted by the gravitation of the body itself toward its own centre, even if there were no external resistance from the atmosphere, or from the ethereal fluid that is supposed to fill the regions of space, remains to be explained ; and would seem, in connexion with the known fact of the inherent gravitation of matter toward its own centre, and its consequent tendency to fixedness, to be most unphilosophical.

The second fallacy would seem to consist in the supposition, that the action of the centripetal power, or law of attraction in the larger body, would be sufficient to change the direction of the body moving in a straight line and draw it toward the larger body, so as to cause the smaller body to revolve around the larger at a fixed distance, and without ever being drawn to it. The natural and obvious inference would be, that if a large body could thus, by the power of attraction, change the course of a small body from a straight line, so as to make it revolve around the larger one, that the orbit of its revolution would steadily and rapidly lessen, until in the course of a very few revolutions it would be drawn to the larger one. That this would be the result seems inevitable, if the power of the larger body were sufficient to change the direction of a body moving in a straight line, into an inclination toward the larger one, sufficient to cause it to revolve around the last ; for if the centripetal power of the earth, for instance, could change the course of the moon, if moving in a straight line from it, into an elliptical movement around it, the attraction of the larger body upon the curve line would unquestionably be greater than it was upon the straight line ; and would continue to increase in the same proportion in which it first acted upon it, and with an augmented power from the diminished resistance, until the motion of the smaller body would be absolutely overcome, by being drawn to the larger one. It would seem to be evident,

therefore, that if the centripetal power could thus control the centrifugal force from the first, that the power of centrifugal resistance would be gradually diminished until destroyed.

The theory in question almost supposes the absurdity, that the centripetal power of the larger body would cease to act effectively, after it had so far overcome the centrifugal force of the smaller one, as to change the direction of motion from a straight line from itself, into a curve line around itself; which appears about as philosophical as it would be to suppose, that a power applied to the removal of a weight would act more efficiently at a distance from the weight than near to it; that the load-stone would not attract the steel more strongly in its immediate proximity than when removed farther from it; or that a stone in falling to the earth would not descend the more rapidly the nearer it came to the earth's surface.

If then the received doctrine of the laws of planetary motion be unsound, it may be asked, what better theory can be offered? To this it may be replied, that the difficulty of suggesting any sufficient or even probable solution of one of the greatest and most wonderful of all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, is no sufficient reason why an unsound doctrine should not be abandoned. If error is not to be rejected until the truth can be satisfactorily made known, the venerable theory that the substance of the moon consists of green cheese, would have a strong claim upon our respect, until it can be ascertained definitively what its substance does in reality consist of. In explanation of the mysterious cause of planetary motion, however, we have a theory which we regard as a most plausible one; and which we will venture to propose as being far more philosophical than that in question. We would ascribe it to the direct and continually-exerted agency of an overruling and special Providence, as affording the only reasonable, or even probable satisfactory explanation, of the wondrously rapid and precise movements of those astonishing masses of matter which are wheeling their silent courses around us with the rapidity of lightning, and with a regularity and precision apparently unchangeable and eternal. It would seem to be self-evident, that nothing short of a direct exertion of that power which we are accustomed to ascribe to Omnipotence alone, could put immense masses of inert matter like the planets in motion, and continue the impulse first communicated to them from age to age, without change or diminution.

The theory in question, however, is usually connected with the supposition, that by the operation of purely natural causes, such for instance as immense collections of explosive gases, large masses of matter like Jupiter, the earth, and the other planets, have been projected from the substance of the sun; and that the centrifugal force thus given to them, has been so far overcome by the attractive power of the sun, as to cause the bodies thus thrown off to move around the sun in a circle, without ever being drawn back to him. That such immense masses of matter as Jupiter and Saturn could, by any inherent power in the matter composing the substance of the sun, thus be thrown off from it to distances requiring, as in the case of the last named planet, a period of twenty-nine years and upward to complete a revolution around it,

would seem to be among the wildest dreams of an Arabian Nights' imagination.

Insufficient and incredible as this theory is, as an attempt to account for the revolutions of the planets around a common centre like the sun, it fails utterly to afford the shadow of a reason or explanation of the rotary motion of all the planets, and their satellites around their own axes. The sun itself has this rotary movement, and revolves around its axes in common with the planets; and certainly neither centrifugal nor centripetal power can upon any possible supposition have either originated or continued this motion of the sun. If we can suppose a period ever to have been, when the sun existed alone in the centre of what we now call the solar system, and before any of the attendant planets were called into existence, it would by the law of gravitation have 'self-balanced on its centre hung' without motion or revolution; and removed, as it apparently is, beyond the reach of any sensible influence from the fixed stars, what unexplained law of matter gave it a uniform and regular motion around its own axis? For the law of gravitation under such circumstances would destroy rather than produce motion.

If we adopt the theory of Lucretius, and imagine that we remove the necessity of a 'First Great Cause' in the creation by resolving matter into its original principles, and create atoms enough with our imaginations to form when condensed such a body as the sun — it being difficult according to the Lucretian theory to account for the existence of such a body as the sun now is, without an Omnipotent agency, but not difficult to account for the production of floating matter enough in the form of atoms to make the sun, without any agency whatever — even then, the accumulation of these atoms into one mass, in consequence of the accidental formation of a nucleus, the result of an adherence between a few of them, it seems to be evident enough that the process of condensation could never produce a rotary motion in the mass when formed, nor while it was in the process of formation. The original cause of motion in the heavenly bodies, and in the earth, I hold then to be unexplained and unexplainable by any of the known laws of matter, and that it can only be rationally accounted for upon the supposition of the Divine and continued agency of an overruling Providence.

When we speak of planetary motion, we refer to that most wonderful and mysterious, fixed, harmonious, rapid, and compound movement, that is exhibited to our astonished observation as a governing principle in all the bodies that belong to the system, of which our earth is a member of but secondary importance; having the immense body of the sun in the centre revolving around its own axis, with eleven primary planets revolving around the sun, and having a rotary motion at the same time round their own axes, accompanied by eighteen known satellites or moons, also turning upon their own axes, and revolving around four of the primary planets, while these pursue their revolution around the great common centre; and all of these bodies performing the revolutions on their own axes, and around the primary planets, and these last again around the sun, with a precision both as to time and distance

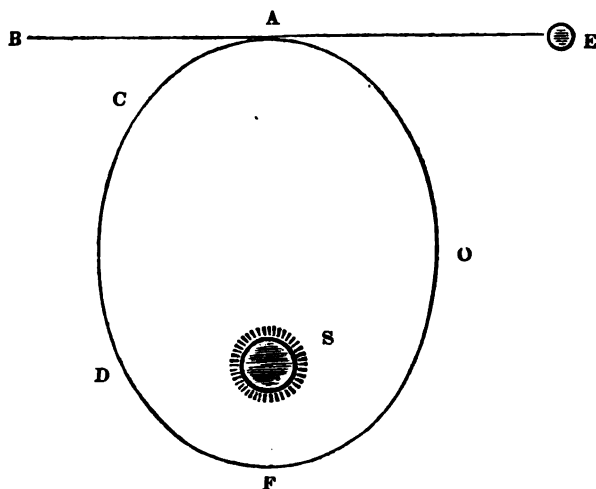
in every instance, when we take a series of years together, that is without any perceptible change or variation whatever. If there be not evidence overwhelming, of arrangement and design in this, such as could result only from a union of power and intellect beyond our limited ability to measure, then we may distrust not only the plainest conclusions of our reason, but the very fact of our own existence, or the existence of any thing that we see and handle.

The individual who would seriously assert that the movement communicated to the machinery of a clock or a steam-engine could be the result of a self-acting principle belonging to the things themselves; or that motion when once communicated to them would continue to act until the machine itself wore out; would be regarded as a promising candidate for bedlam: but if he asserted that the motion originally communicated to the planetary bodies was to be ascribed to the inherent forces and qualities of matter, and that this motion once given would act forever without diminution or change, unless a counteracting force should change the direction; and that this could be done without diminishing the rate of motion, which would still go on, notwithstanding the direction of the original movement, should be controlled and overcome by a master power; then indeed, according to the received theory, he might be regarded as a profound investigator of the laws which govern the universe!

How the grosser forms of matter are directly operated upon by what are supposed to be immaterial and spiritual agencies or powers, is a matter beyond our comprehension; but some faint conception of it may be deduced from the known operations of the human will upon the powers of our bodies, which are directed and controlled at pleasure, as we all know from experience, by the conscious intellectual operation of our wills. The mystery in both cases is beyond the reach of our understanding; but if to doubt the fact of our own experience in the one case would be more than folly, to disbelieve in the other would argue far greater unsoundness of the intellect. But how much is our astonishment increased by the overwhelming reflection, that the solar system itself is but a mere point in the universe; one only of a congregation of systems in which every visible fixed star is the centre of attraction to systems of worlds like ours, and what there is beyond; how much the visible displays and evidences of Almighty power may be exceeded by the unseen and invisible, can only be a subject of conjecture; but reasoning from analogy, and from the fact that our telescopes reveal a multitude of similar wonders that are hidden from the naked eye, it is reasonable to suppose that the boundaries of creation exceed any limits that our finite conceptions may be able at their utmost stretch, to imagine. That there is a limit, however, seems probable, from the consideration that every thing created has assignable limits given to it; and that space itself being illimitable, beyond the depths of creation, there must be depths of endless and eternal void, to form any definite conception of which our minds, overwhelmed and awe-struck, recoil from the attempt with dismay.

In order to make his objections to the received theory of planetary motion better understood by those who may not have reflected upon the

subject ; and in the hope that some one among your readers may be induced to give a satisfactory explanation of it, if that be possible ; your correspondent hopes, by the aid of the following figure, to put the theory and his objections in a more distinct and tangible form than he would otherwise be able :



Supposing E, the earth, to be put in motion and to move forward in a straight line ; the received theory teaches that when it arrives at A, or within the power of the sun's attraction at S, it will be diverted from a right line ; and approach the sun by the elliptical line A C D, with a steadily accelerated movement until it arrives at F, when the centrifugal force becomes so powerful from its continually accelerated motion in passing from A to F, as to overcome the sun's attraction ; and that it then in consequence pursues the diverging line F O to A, where it first began to be drawn from a straight line ; when the continued operation of the same causes keeps up the same movement forever.

Now supposing the first part of the theory to be demonstrably true, that when the earth is first diverted from a straight line and drawn toward S or the sun, that it would describe the curve line A C D F, and that the centrifugal movement would be accelerated by the increased power of attraction at S ; what reason is there for assuming that when the earth arrives at F, the nearest point on the line to the power attracting it, that it should not continue to approach the sun until it fell upon him ? Because, says the advocate of the received theory, the centrifugal force of the earth's motion has become so greatly increased that the centripetal power of the sun's attraction is overcome. Now here lies the difficulty. The centrifugal motion of the earth is unquestionably increased, but it cannot have increased in the same ratio as the power of attraction, for it is evident that when the earth arrives at F, the attraction of the sun will be many times greater than when it is at A.

It will be recollected, too, that notwithstanding the accelerated centrifugal motion while the earth is describing the curve line A C D F, and it is steadily approaching the sun, that the centripetal power maintains its uniform ascendancy over the centrifugal; how is it then when the earth arrives at F, where the centripetal power acts with the greatest energy, that this power should not continue to act with increasing force? Such clearly must be the case, notwithstanding the accelerated centrifugal motion. To suppose that the master-power would be overcome by its own action at the very point where its power is greatest, seems to involve a downright absurdity. It is evident enough that the centripetal power is steadily and rapidly overcoming the antagonist movement until the earth arrives at F, and to suppose that its power must then lessen when it is several times greater than at A, on account of the increased rapidity of the earth's movement *toward* the very power that is attracting it, is to suppose, according to the view of your correspondent, a downright impossibility.

There is another difficulty in relation to the supposed effect of the centripetal power. If this be so great as is assumed, how happens it that the sun's attraction, which is supposed to keep the planets in their courses, does not stop or arrest their rotary motion? The power of the sun, for instance, is supposed to act so powerfully on our earth, by the law of attraction, as actually to have changed its shape by enlarging it at the equator and flattening it at the poles. Would not such a power unceasingly acting with such energy upon those parts of the earth's surface which are always acted upon from one direction, arrest in time its rotary motion? And yet we believe that for the last six thousand years certainly, it has not caused the period of the diurnal motion of the earth to vary one single minute?

It would seem indeed as if there are many 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy;' and however humbling the reflection may be to our pride, it is by no means impossible that other theories 'will rise with other years,' in relation to this and many other subjects, which are now supposed to rest upon the immoveable basis of truth.

The ascertained movements of several of the comets — all of which it is probable are subject to fixed laws, and perform their revolutions in nearly uniform periods — involve this subject in yet greater mystery. The comet of 1680, for instance, is supposed to be upward of five hundred years in performing a single revolution of its orbit, and to be thousands of millions of miles distant when farthest from the sun, and but a few thousands of miles from the sun's surface when nearest to him. Is it credible that a power which is supposed to retain this comet in its orbit when at a distance of eleven thousand millions of miles, would not overcome its centrifugal motion when it approaches so near the sun's surface as almost to touch it?

If it be urged in support of the received theory, that satellites, planets, suns, and systems of worlds, by a constantly operating mutual attraction exert a powerful agency in preventing the power of gravitation from destroying planetary motion, it may be answered, that the reason is a sound one, as far as it may have an application, provided the number of

systems be infinite. But if the number be finite, and there be a mutual and counteracting attraction between these systems of the worlds, then it is evident that those on the confines of creation, according to this theory, would be subjected to an influence from the centre only, and would be drawn in that direction. The theory then requires its advocates to believe that there are no limits to creation ; that there is no real distinction between time and eternity, and that matter itself is eternal ; for if there be no limits to its extent, there can be no limit to its duration. There would seem to be nothing to warrant this belief but the most unphilosophical assumption alone ; for if matter be thus limitless and self-sustained, the received theory of planetary motion involves a practical denial of the necessary agency of a Great Controlling Mind in the system of the universe.

w.

T H E W I D O W ' S H O M E .

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I.

THE widow's home is desolate, and lonely is its hearth,
That echoes not with cheerful tones nor sounds of household mirth ;
And when the golden sunshine falls within each lonely room,
It only lends to her sad heart a deeper shade of gloom.
The perfumed breath of summer winds, revealing early flowers,
Steals softly through the open sash from out the garden bowers,
But bears not on its freshening breeze the sounds of childish glee
That fell upon that mother's heart, like music wild and free.

II.

Yet often to the casement still, with anxious steps she flies,
But turns away with bitter tears and agonizing sighs ;
The voices that were calling her with tones of tenderest love,
The restless and unquiet dreams of yearning fancy prove ;
For she has laid them all to rest, the earliest and the last ;
The bourn to which their steps are gone, no traveller e'er repassed !
On earth those fondly-cherished ones will meet her not again —
The memory of her vanished bliss is all she may retain.

III.

But ever dwells she on their words, their kisses and their tears,
As if they parted yesterday, and not in long-past years ;
And well can she remember yet, each gentle look and tone,
The pressure of the soft white arms that round her neck were thrown ;
The pleading eyes so sadly raised in sickness and in pain,
As meekly asking aid from her who felt it was in vain ;
The dying clasp ; the parting sigh ; life's lowest, faintest moan,
Deep graven on her heart will be, till life itself is flown.

IV.

And now her thoughts to others seem but memory of the dead,
For all save interest in the past for her has ever fled ;
A locket with the differing braids of brown and golden hair,
Is dearer to her aching sight than jewels rich and rare ;
The broken toy, the faded flower, that last their young hands pressed,
Are daily wet with burning tears, and clasped upon her breast ;
And but one soothing hope can cheer the path yet to be trod,
The children that are lost to her, have found a home with God.

G U A R D - H O U S E T A L E S .

NUMBER ONE.

STORY OF JOHN JOHNSON.*

I WAS born with the present century, or nearly so ; for in February, 1800, in a quiet town in England, I drew my first breath. My father gained some notoriety, and considerable money, at the bar of my native place. He had the misfortune to be a younger brother. My mother was the daughter of a Scottish nobleman, and was rich only in family pride. I was educated in Scotland ; and to a mistake made in my school, may be attributed much of my subsequent misfortunes. My first 'development' was impetuosity, and I was permitted to be arrogant and domineering. If I had been properly curbed, this evil might have been avoided. I was suffered, at the instance of my too-indulgent parents, to visit in certain families of the neighborhood. Among them was that of a clergyman, who was a class-mate of my father's. In his presence my general manner was so disguised that I retained his esteem ; and it seemed that he was not the only one whose regard I had secured. Even when I sat in his presence, self-condemned, he would look at me and say : 'How like you are to your father when he was young, both in appearance and manners !' Once he told me an anecdote of the bashfulness of my father and himself : 'They had called upon some ladies, and finding the room quite full, neither could muster courage to knock at the door, and by mutual consent both retired unnoticed !' His daughter, like himself, mixed in society only to see its bright side ; she knew no guile, and thought none. Finding that her father had so much confidence in me, the daughter gave me hers ; and it was the only instance in which I did not abuse it. Why it was, I know not ; but I could never bring my mind to do *her* a wrong. It is a hard matter to sustain two characters ; and my real one was known to every one else.

A circumstance at last occurred, which drove me from my last hold upon virtuous society. A poor girl, who had been deluded by myself and companions, was brought to a sense of her lost condition. In a moment of penitence, she sought the consolation of a full confession of her errors to my father's friend, the pastor. What were his surprise and my mortification, I will not attempt to describe. It was the first thing to call me to a sense of my degradation. I had many misgivings as to my course. I would have quitted the place at once, but I could not think of doing so without an attempt, at least, to excuse myself to

* Our friend 'ROPER,' to whose pen we were indebted for the admirable sketch of '*The White Pawn*,' has sent us a series of '*Guard-House Tales*,' founded on fact, which we have reason to believe will prove of no common interest to our readers. The present story was written down from the lips of a soldier in the American army, during the Seminole war. It bears upon its face the air of perfect truthfulness ; and while its incidents are spirited though simple, its lessons are highly valuable, in a moral point of view.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

her whose good opinion I found was so dear to me. To leave her in disgrace, and to be forgotten, as a lost and unworthy acquaintance, was more than I could brook. I had sundry severe visitings of conscience. My first determination was, to go to the parson. While revolving in my mind what to do, I was joined by some of my associates in frivolity and vice. They soon dispelled the idea, and a new proposition, more suited to my old views, was made and acquiesced in ; and soon all feeling was benumbed in the inordinate cup. It has been well said that the devil takes his own method to destroy those whom he has first led astray. Half-inebriation removes all qualms, and gives a man a good opinion of himself ; and I soon began to reason favorably upon my own misconduct. At last I became so eloquent, that I determined to 'try it on' others. I posted off to the clergyman's, inquired for his daughter, and was shown into the room.

I rose as the door opened, expecting to meet the daughter, but to my great discomfiture it was the father. The good pastor looked fixedly at me, and I became sadly embarrassed as the idea of my situation flashed across my mind. I endeavored to speak, but my eloquence had all vanished. My tongue 'clave to the roof of my mouth,' and I could not utter a word. I was fully prepared for severe reproach, not only for my conduct but for my presumption. I waited for him to begin. Observing that I did not speak, he motioned me to be seated. I sat down mechanically, for I could easier do it than walk. He took a seat nearly opposite to me, with his eyes fixed on the floor. I took this for the gathering of a storm ; but when he raised them, I could see the tears standing in them. At length he broke silence. 'John,' he said, 'I could have followed you to your grave with less regret than I now speak to you. What must be the feelings of your parents, when they read a letter which I have just written them ? While there was hope that youthful folly was your only sin, I trusted that reform would not be difficult ; but when I find drunkenness and crime associated in a boy of your age, I cease to hope. You have succeeded in deceiving me, who never thought that any thing dishonorable could find a place in your imagination. But a full and complete history of your misconduct has reached my ear. I do not wish to upbraid you ; your own conscience will do that. Your true situation is not better known to yourself than it is to me. The very fact of your coming here, in your present condition, must convince you of your lost sense of shame. Yet with all this there is life left yet and with it hope. No restraint can effect a change, unless it be a voluntary one ; and only years, long years of the most exemplary life, can do away the impression already made, or convince me that you are worthy to enter my doors again. You have ventured to ask for my daughter. Did you think that I would permit her to come into the presence of one who has put at defiance every law of society, of God and of man ? No, John ; you can never see her again, unless in my presence, until I am entirely satisfied that you are a changed man.'

The good pastor's conversation had been harsher than his manner ; and I found myself, instead of being roused as I expected to be, self-condemned, and could say nothing. At length I found words to say : 'You might have saved your advice ; my friends will never see me more

until I can convince them that I have seen my error. I came here to say that I was about to leave the country, and to thank you for having ever acted toward me as a friend. It is true I felt a desire to say good-bye to your daughter, and to tell her that if she ever saw or heard of me again, it would be when I had entirely changed my manner of life. I confess it grieves me more that I must leave her in disgrace, than any thing else. I have been most honorable in all my views toward her; and my deepest regret at this moment is, that she can never think of me save as one guilty and despised. I hope she may be as happy as I am sure to be miserable.'

'I can answer for you,' said the parson; 'you *will* be miserable, take what course you will. If you continue in your vices, you only prolong it. The labor of reform will be a long and tedious work; and the sooner it is begun, the sooner will it be ended. I can see no good that could arise from your seeing my daughter, nor from any advice that I can give you now. I understand your feelings at this moment; but the inordinate cup will soon drown all shame. Go where you will, it will be the same, unless you *quit it entirely*. Your associations here are bad, and the sooner they are broken up the better. Go; and may God teach you to see and feel aright, is all I can say. I shall offer you no money; if I have any to spare, it shall be for your *victim*.'

I rose, and to my astonishment walked as though I had not drank a drop. The reproof to which I had listened had, entirely sobered me. When I reached the door, to which the minister had followed me, I held out my hand, for I felt no ill will toward him. He pressed it with a warm grasp, and bade me 'God speed.' My heart was too full to speak, and I walked away. I had not determined on my course before; but now that I knew my parents had a full account of my delinquencies, I determined to say nothing to any one, but to watch my chance, and be off for America. While I was detained, waiting a passage to the new world, I received a note from the clergyman's daughter, appointing a meeting with me. The interview was conducted with the strictest propriety. She had heard of my conduct, but she felt more certain of my reform than her father. Before we parted, it was agreed that I should keep her advised of my movements; that I would give her a true account of my habits and prospects. She assured me that if I became settled, and successful enough to send her the means, she would follow and marry me. I at once determined and promised that I would do so. A few days after, I got word that a vessel was ready to sail. I packed up all I had, leaving behind me my watch, and a number of unpaid bills, for I knew they would be paid by my father.

There was nothing in my voyage that was remarkable, save its length. I was tossed about for thirty days on the great deep, and during nearly the whole time I was deadly sea-sick. On landing, I had a stout resolution; for I found an encouraging and kind friend in the captain. I had changed my name, to one which I knew would not be recognized, when I came on board; and when I landed I had become so well used to it that I had forgotten I had no other. My first employment was as an under-clerk to the ship owners. I should have succeeded well with them, but they discovered my real name, having heard me inquire for

letters to that address at the post-office. This circumstance made a most unfavorable impression upon their minds ; and finding that I was watched, I asked permission to leave. From New-York I went to Philadelphia, where I was very fortunate in getting employment in an extensive lumber-yard. I now exerted myself to the utmost, and became satisfied that I should succeed. A year soon rolled round, and found me still busy. I was stout and active ; drank nothing but an occasional mug of beer ; strove to please my employers ; and indeed well nigh injured my health, by often lending a hand to load up heavy lumber. But *woman* was to prove my ruin ! I became acquainted with many young women, some of whom were highly respectable, although not wealthy ; they did not suspect me of any unfairness ; but to my shame, in an evil hour I took advantage of trusting innocence, and was compelled to run away.

How deeply did I regret this step ! It was the last hold I had on respectability ; for I now felt that I deserved to be an outlaw. I determined to go to the Great West, for every body seemed going there. I had saved some money, and was soon at the end of my land-route, at Pittsburgh. I resolved to keep on to Wheeling, Cincinnati, and Louisville, thence to St. Louis. There I found it necessary to stop, and procure employment, for my money was getting low. I was taken into a tavern as a bar-keeper, and was soon distinguished for promptness and attention. I should have done well here, but that the liquor was too 'handy.' The landlord was a 'wet' soul, and when I made him a toddy, he always said, 'Make one for yourself,' At last, I beat him at his own game ; and when he turned his back, I did 'make one for myself,' and none for him. I soon became dull, cross, and imperious, and was not long in doing away with the good opinion I had gained, and finally was dismissed.

I was now a poor devil. I had learned to take such heavy potations, that I was miserable without liquor ; and having no means, I shipped as a deck-hand on board of a steam-boat. When I first took the situation of book-keeper, I believed my success could not be doubted ; and the first fifty dollars I had, I sent over for the parson's daughter. After my dismissal, I wrote her not to come, as the scene had changed. I was too late ; she had come out to New-York, and wrote to me at once, that she was a governess in the family of a respectable English lady, with whom she came passenger, and would remain there until I could send for her. I was now a worthless vagabond — a deck-hand on board a steam-boat. I knew not what to do. I stepped up to the furnace, and threw the letter in. This was fortunate ; for being half drunk, I forgot the address, and did not even answer the letter.

I was not long on the steam-boat before my 'steaming' propensities gained me leave to go ashore ; and then I said to myself, 'What in Heaven's name next ? I am no longer able to be a laborer on a steam-boat. If I was at home, I could enlist as a soldier, but I can't enlist here, for I may have to fight against my own country. Necessity gave me a little time to think. My pockets were empty, and I was therefore sober. I had known several officers while I was at the tavern ; and I determined in my own mind to go on foot to Jefferson Barracks. I made my ap-

plication to one of the officers, and he soon got me a 'chance to kiss the book,' and I was soon in a soldier's coat. I presently became a frequent visitor at the sutler's shop and guard-house, for one seemed naturally to lead to the other. It seldom failed, when I had got a taste of rum, that I did not find my way to the guard-house when sober. I could write a good hand, and I was therefore kept in the office much of my time writing for the quarter-master. I found him a gentleman in all things. He frequently told me what would be my fate if I persisted in my career of drunkenness. I took occasion one day to say to the surgeon that I wished he would cure me of my besetting sin. He said that if I would come to him when I felt the desire to drink, he would prepare a nauseating drug, and administer it to me in different kinds of liquor, which might give me a dislike for them all. I found little benefit from the medicine; but having made up my mind to resist the inclination, and when I did drink to take a dose that was sure to sicken me, I got so that I could live without it.

I was now a general favorite; was made a corporal, and soon after, a sergeant. With my new honors, came reflection. I began to think of my conduct toward her who had left friends and all for me. I wrote to an acquaintance in New-York, and got him to ascertain what had become of the parson's daughter. I had fortunately recollected the name of the vessel she came out in, the time of her arrival, and the names of the firm to whom she was consigned. From these circumstances he was enabled to learn the names of the passengers, and as there was but one family among them, he soon found the residence of the parson's daughter. He gained an introduction; spoke of me as having been a fellow-clerk with him; and related to her as much of my history as was contained in my letter. The angel, for I must call her so, was still true to her old affection. She told him that she could take care of herself until some turn in my affairs should enable me to take care of her; she begged him to inform me that while life lasted she should prove herself worthy of the character her parents had given her; that her affections were unalterably mine; that the country which held me would always hold her also; and that if at any time I thought proper to claim her, I might do so, however degraded I might be in my own eyes; for that I was the only man she ever had loved or ever could love. She told my friend to tell me to write to her direct — that I required no agent. This latter expression convinced me that she thought I had doubted whether her affection would stand the test of change in my circumstances.

Immediately on the receipt of this letter, I wrote to her, and told her the whole truth, and of my fixed determination to drink no more. I also stated that more than one of my three years was already gone; and that at the expiration of my enlistment, I should have means to come to New-York and seek honorable employment. I had never written my parents, and but for her sake I never should. I would now defer it until we met. My regiment was under orders for the frontier of Texas, and I could hardly refrain from telling my story to my captain, and begging him to intercede for my discharge. But I thought it better to continue a little longer under the restraint which my appoint-

ment imposed upon me. No material change took place until I was ordered to Florida. When I arrived at New-Orleans, I met with an English ship-captain from my own town. Nothing had been heard of me since I left my studies, and it was generally believed that I had gone to the Indies, that being the common receptacle for young adventurers.

I have been in Florida since my regiment first entered it. I was slightly wounded at the battle of Oakacholee, but would not report it, fearing lest a list of the wounded might be published. I saw the noble Thompson when he fell, and Vonswearingen, Brooke, and Center : the brave little Walker was covered with wounds, and yet survived. I was also with Major Noel when he was wounded by his own pistol. I am now on my last month ; my lady-love is still living ; and I am determined, as soon as I am discharged, to 'be off' for New-York. I have sent already and procured a citizen's suit. My settlement with the pay-master will give me two hundred dollars or more ; beside, I have entirely overcome drunkenness, which is of more value to me than 'much fine gold.' I expect to learn from St. Marks when a vessel will sail, and I can get my furlough at any time I ask for it. I am well satisfied with the service, and can only say that if no one but myself was concerned in my fate, I would risk my preferment, as I believe every young man of education and steady habits may be brought forward.

JOHN JOHNSON obtained his furlough and sailed for New-York. He repaired at once to his lady-love, who greeted him with tears of joy. She had written to her father, and he had written to Johnson. They had all agreed, that if ever he reformed and married, they would joyfully receive them home. John's two hundred dollars were added to the money saved by the frugality of the parson's daughter ; and this paid the passage back of the happiest couple that ever graced a British steam-packet. A letter was written to his company, describing the manner in which they were received. Many a tear of congratulation was shed, when their parents received their truant children. The veteran parson was heard to say, that good example had done much for his daughter, and that her undeviating virtue and love had reclaimed the Yankee soldier. He believed their trip to America would be of service to them ; he enjoined on them the strongest principles of temperance and frugality, and set forth the blessings, here and hereafter, of true piety. John Johnson cast off his assumed name, resumed his own, and endeavored by all proper means to compensate the parson's daughter for her well-tried affection.

ROPER.

TO A POETASTER.

UNCOMMON pleasure I have had
In getting *through* your song ;
It would be only half as bad
Were it but half as long.

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY REVEREND WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

WHAT is there in a fountain clear,
What is there in a song,
That I should sit and ponder here,
And sit and ponder long ?

The wave wells beautiful, 'tis true,
And sparkles in the sun ;
But that's what other fountains do,
And sparkle as they run.

The wave wells beautifully, and
Sings as it pours along ;
But ev'ry fountain of the land
Runs, murmuring a song.

Then what is it that keeps me here,
Beside this fountain's brink ?
Why is it that, a worshipper,
I sit me here and think ?

The robin whistles in the sky,
The squirrel's in the tree ;
Yet here I sit me moodily,
My gun upon my knee :

And, sporting round the openings
Of yonder forest green,
The golden light of glancing wings,
At intervals is seen :

And forms and things to catch the eye,
And sounds of grove and grot,
They pass uninterruptedly —
They move, yet move me not.

My hound, beside, the fit has caught,
For, looking in my face,
He sees his master thinks of naught
So little as the chase.

The wave runs round, the wave runs bright,
The wave runs dancing free,
As if it took a strange delight
A dancing wave to be.

And down the vale it goes, a brook,
Over a golden pave ;
And from the brink the cresses look,
And dally with the wave.

And every hue of leaf and sky,
And forms and things are caught,
Which dance, and glance, and glitter by,
As rapid as a thought.

And now the sun drops down the west,
And Hesper shines afar ;
When lo, upon the fountain's breast
Sparkles a mimic star !

And soft the reflex, glimmering out,
Is cut a thousand ways,
As there the bubbles whirl about,
And revel in the blaze.

And far along the sky of Even,
The clouds, in golden dress,
Have painted here a little heaven,
With added loveliness :

With every light and shade so true,
And exquisitely wrought,
As fancy never, never drew,
And fancy never taught.

And now the woods and sky are one,
And, up the orient driven,
The crescent moon hangs off upon
The canopy of heaven :

And round her come a troop of stars,
And round her comes the night ;
And o'er her face the clouds, in bars,
Are braided by the light :

And on her beams the Oreads sail,
And revel as they go ;
And little warriors clad in mail,
And Gnomes — a fairy show !

And every other combination
With poetry agreeing,
That nonsense and imagination
E'er conjured into being.

Odd fancies ! yet they came to me,
A solitary child —
A lover of the waters free,
A lover of the wild :

And here, I were a traitor vile,
If, though I mix with men,
I could not lose the man awhile,
And play the boy again.

Then ask you, *why* I sit me here,
Beside this fountain's brink ?
And ask you *why*, a worshipper,
I sit me here and think ?

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

ENGLISH POETRY AND POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY. POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON, MISS ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT, COVENTRY PATMORE, R. H. HORNE, and ROBERT BROWNING: London: MILLER, Oxford-street.

WHEN we consider the matter-of-fact character of the present age, a period in which no great questions, such as moved the minds of men and nations during the half-century preceding it, are agitated; when it also occurs to us that national minds, at least in any one department of genius, seem to require a certain time to lie fallow after being worked to their utmost; these reflections will be fully sufficient to account for the recent dearth of good poetry in England. At one time it appeared as if, while the great masters of the last generation were successively dropping away, there was no likelihood of their places being filled. Though this fear is far from being entirely removed, no small part of it has been dissipated by the actual performance of some of the new school, and the promise already given by others.

First on our list, very far first, stands ALFRED TENNYSON. It is unfortunate for him that he has no better men to contend with, for the inferiority of his contemporaries naturally leads your careless readers and talkers to say, 'To be sure TENNYSON is the best poet we have, but then who *else* is there?' Now this is not a fair way to speak of the author of 'Mariana' and 'Morte d'Arthur.' He is not a poet comparative, but a poet positive. Place him in any age, among any men, he would still be a great poet. To explain and vindicate our assertion, it will be necessary to examine the circumstances under which TENNYSON's poetry grew up, and his points of resemblance to, or difference from, his predecessors. The BYRONIC school — that of unmixed passion — carried every thing before it for a time. Like other manias, it had its day. SHELLEY the English *Æschylus*, made a slight diversion, but he was not easy to comprehend fully, much less imitate; and the public, when sated with the purely sensuous, naturally betook itself to the opposite extreme, the purely intellectual poetry of WORDSWORTH, which in its turn fairly displaced the other, and became the model for juvenile rhymesters and the ideal of newly-fledged critics. Still there was a large class who, while they admitted WORDSWORTH's claims as a poet, could not help also perceiving that he was as deficient in some qualities of a *great* poet as BYRON had been in others, and who rather admired his verses as works of art than felt them as poems. Now TENNYSON precisely supplies this deficiency in the intellectual school, or to speak more accurately, he has brought about the proper union of the two schools: He was the only man who could do it. HENRY TAYLOR had no lack of dash and spirit, with wonderful power of portraying character; but

τοὐτὸν τὸν ἄνδρα βιβλίον διέφθορον.

WORDSWORTH's unfortunate theory of poetry has — not spoiled him, for he is not a man

to be spoiled, but prevented him from doing much that he might have done. He censures *SHELLEY on principle*, not because his poetry wants grandeur or sublimity, but *because it does not leave a sufficiently real impression on the mind*. His own energy he seems to regard as a fault, and seeks to tame down. But in *TENNYSON* we find the various aspects of the poetic mind duly exhibited. There is epic narration and deep philosophy, picturesque description and voluptuous painting, each in its place. Unlike *WORDSWORTH*, he has passion; unlike *TAYLOR*, he is not afraid of showing his passion; unlike *BYRON*, he is never passion's slave. Even in that bitter and despairing retrospect of a life, *Locksley Hall*, the intellectual and moral nature of the meditative Caucasian ever asserts its supremacy amid the wild outpourings of soul of the ruined man and disappointed lover.

Thus far *TENNYSON* has been considered merely as an eclectic, a combiner of the excellencies of those who preceded him. But to stop here would be doing him injustice. There are some striking peculiarities of his poetry which can scarcely escape the most superficial reader. The first is the wonderful melody of his versification. This is displayed as well in the more ordinary poetic metres, as in those which he has himself invented. Of his blank verse it is not too much to say that it is the most harmonious in the language. And to prove our assertion, we refer to those master-pieces, 'Æonoe' and 'Morte d'Arthur.' Even where the syllables are redundant, the melody is unimpaired, and what is usually a blemish, becomes an additional beauty. We allude to such lines as

'Beautiful PARIS, evil-hearted PARIS,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.'

The metre of 'The Palace of Art' is a marvellous combination. It will be observed that the whole weight of each verse is thrown upon the emphatic short line at the close. We really consider it the most artfully-modulated in any language with which we are acquainted, except *perhaps* the Alcaic stanza of *HORACE*. Great as *TENNYSON*'s art is, this harmonious conjunction must be attributed to his genius rather than to any elaboration. That the metre of itself has no *innate* capability, is shown by *MONKTON MILNES*' 'Palm Leaves' where it is imitated, together with several others of the *TENNYSONIAN* stanzas. The contrast is lamentable; there is the same numerical structure, the same amount of syllables, but the verse is lifeless, the melodious flow is utterly wanting.*

This then, the first peculiar excellence of *TENNYSON*, we ascribe to his original genius. The second is undoubtedly the work of art, of much painful study and repeated polish. We refer of course to his felicity of language, and particularly of epithet. In this point of view, *TENNYSON*'s expressions are best described by one of his own lines:

'The words where each one tells'

Especially we say is this applicable to his adjectives, the management of which is so great a test of the poet and artist. They are never otiose, and we frequently meet with a long succession of lines in which every epithet is a picture. Even when they are heaped profusely together, each individual one helps to give life and color: *E. G.*

'WHERE with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.'

And

'I WOULD the white cold heavy-plunging foam
Whirl'd by the wind, had rolled me deep below.'

This precision and elegance is the result of much correction and study, as a comparison of the first and second editions will show. For much of this we are no doubt indebted to the savage review of said first edition in the *Quarterly*. It was exactly the same sort of

* *THERE* is one solitary and striking exception to the perfection of *TENNYSON*'s rhythm; the frequent use of 'flower' as a disyllable, which sadly enfeebles the lines in which it occurs.

stuff that 'killed poor KEATS;' but ALFRED was not to be knocked over so easily. The harsh censure was to him wholesome advice, which he has used to good purpose. Of all the passages assailed by the reviewer, there is but one which has not been either entirely expunged or carefully re-written.

But there were many poems in these earlier volumes, which have received no subsequent correction, and which needed none, about which the hostile critic, as it was not his business to praise them, preserved a discreet silence. At 'Mariana' none have ever carped. The ballad of Oriana, with its plaintive refrain, is exceedingly pathetic, though its claim to originality is somewhat doubtful. The resemblance which it bears to 'Fair HELEN of Kirkconnel' can scarcely be accidental. As that very beautiful old ballad may not be familiar to all our readers, we annex a few stanzas in corroboration of our assertion:

'CURSED be the heart that thought the thought,
And cursed the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms BURD HELEN dropt,
And died to succor me!

'I would I were where HELEN lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise;
Says 'Haste and come to me!'

'O HELEN fair! O HELEN chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest.
Would I were with thee, and at rest
Beneath the kirk-yard tree!

'O that I were where HELEN lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.'

The various female characters are also reproduced without alteration. The usual criticism upon these is, that they are very beautiful, but somewhat unreal and vague. We have remarked, however, that the speaker or writer usually made an exception in favor of some particular one, which led to the suspicion in our own mind that it came near to his ideal standard, or the realization of that standard which he had found for himself. For ourselves we confess to a *penchant* for ELEANORE:

'Serene, imperial ELEANORE.'

There are few passages in the language that can match the gorgeous description which concludes his picture of her, involving as it does some magnificent imitations, or rather *transfusions*, of SAPPHO and CATULLUS:

His bow-string slacken'd, languid Love
Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
Droops both his wings regarding thee;
And so would languish evermore
Serene, imperial ELEANORE!

But when I see thee roam with tresses unconfined
While the amorous odorous wind
Breathes low between the sunset and the moon,
Or in a shadowy saloon
On silken cushions half reclined,
I watch thy grace, and in its place
My heart a charmed stember keeps,
While I muse upon thy face;

And a languid fire creeps
Through my veins to all my frame
Dissolvingly and slowly; soon
From thy rose-red lips my name
Floath; then as in a swoon
With dinning sound my ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue fastereth,
I lose my color, I lose my breath,
I drink the cup of a costly death
Brimm'd with delicious draughts of warmest life;
I die with my delight before
I hear what I would hear from thee;
Yet tell my name again to me,
I would be dying evermore;
So dying ever, ELEANORE.'

'*Morte bonâ Morior, dulci nece necor,*' as old WALTER DE MAPES hath it. Reader, do you know an ELEANORE?

Most of the other poems in the first volume have been subjected to considerable altera-

tion. 'Cenone' is a beautiful succession of pictures. Most of it reads like a translation, by some master in the art, of some long-lost Idyll of Theocritus. This poem has undergone many changes and corrections. In some places we are disposed to doubt whether the original version has been or can be improved. The same observation applies to the 'Lotos Eaters.' The first conclusion, in which all images that suggest repose were aptly combined in lulling and harmonious numbers, has been changed to a stream of long-rolling powerful verse, vividly embodying the epicurean notion of the divine life removed from all earthly concerns. It is hard to choose between the two, but we cannot help wishing that such lines as these had been preserved at any sacrifice :

'We will eat the Lotos sweeter
Than the yellow honey comb.

And no more roam
O'er the loud hoar foam
To the melancholy home
On the summit of the brine,
The little isle of Ithaca beneath the day's decline.

Hark ! how sweet the horned ewes bleat
On the solitary shore ;
And the merry lizard leaps,
And the foam-white waters pour ;
And the dark pine weeps,
And the lithe vine creeps,
And the heavy melon sleeps,
On the level of the shore,
O Islanders of Ithaca ! we will not wander more !'

The text of this dreamy and fanciful poem is to be found in two lines of the *Odyssey* :

Τὸν δ' ὅστις λαοῖσι φάγος μεδόντα κερὰν
ὄνκτ' ἀπαννέται· πάλιν ἤθελεν οὐδέ νίσσας.

The 'Lady of Shalote' seems to have had more trouble expended on its revision than any other of the re-published poems. We doubt whether it was worth it, as even in its present state it loses by comparison with the poems around it. As there has been no little doubt respecting its meaning, some taking it for an allegory, it may be as well to state that the original story (from which the poet has scarcely deviated) is to be found in the latter part of that glorious old Romance, 'Morte d'Arthur,' where it forms a beautiful episode.

The 'Palace of Art' is generally quoted by TENNYSON's admirers as the poem by which he must stand or fall. Though preferring to it others in the present collection, 'Morte d'Arthur' for instance, we cannot deny that it is the poem most characteristic of his genius, most *Tennyson*, so to speak, of any that he has written. The versification of this poem bears signs of extreme polish before its first publication. The changes since made in it are generally not so much alterations as omissions ; retrenchment of superfluities, or what appeared to the author to be such. We are inclined to think that in some cases he has over-refined upon it, and cut it down too much. For instance, the description of *Europa* :

'On sweet *Europa's* mantle blew unclasped
From off her shoulder backward borne,
From one hand dropped a crocus ; one hand grasped
The mild bull's golden horn.'

Was originally thus expanded :

'He through the streaming crystal swam, and rolled
Ambrosial breaths that seemed to float
In light wreathed curls ; *she from the ripple cold*
Updrew her scandalled foot.

In the present edition this beautiful verse is sacrificed apparently to a love of uniformity, in order that each picture may have one stanza, and one only, appropriated to it. The theory of the 'Palace of Art' is as true as the development of that theory is impressive. It is directed against the crying sin of intellectual men, the love of the beautiful to the exclusion of the good. The soul

'A glorious devil large in heart and brain,'

has erected for her, in a solitary and unapproachable spot, a mansion *κατ' ἐξῆς*, decked with the choicest gifts of nature, and furnished with every appliance of art. Here, in epicurean seclusion from her fellows, she gives herself up to æsthetic enjoyment for a season, but at length

'DEEP dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her.'

And by strange fears, ending in utter despair, she is taught her own insufficiency :

'REMAINING utterly confused with fears
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved with dismal tears,
And all alone in crime.

'As in strange lands a traveller walking slow
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea.

Nor knows if it be thunder or a sound
Of stones thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh 'I have found
A new land, but I die.'

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire within,
There comes no murmur of reply,
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die!'

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away,
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.

Yet fall not down my palace towers that are
So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there.'

'With others.' She no longer thinks of enjoying her treasures alone. They cease to be treasures unless she can share them with her kind :

'PERCHANCE I may return with others there,
When I have purged my guilt.'

Alas! after all the old ADAM clings to her. As if the Soul of man were able to purge herself! How much would the last line have been improved by a slight change:

'Perchance I may return with others there,
When I am purged from guilt.'

We suspect that the idea of this magnificent poem was first suggested to TENNYSON by the sight or recollection of Fonthill Abbey, the mansion of the late Mr. BECKFORD. Some friends who had the good fortune to obtain a view of this remarkable place, have described it to us as more like a dream of Fairy Land, or a gorgeous vision of the Arabian Nights, than any thing which can be supposed to exist at the present day. The parallel too, holds good in more points than one, for probably no man had ever more reason to exclaim, 'I am on fire within!' than the author of 'Vathek.'

The second volume opens with what we consider TENNYSON's *chef d'œuvre*, 'Morte d'Arthur.' If it indeed be the concluding book of an epic founded on the old romance, of which the other eleven have been destroyed by the author's over-rash modesty, we can only hope that the loss is not irreparable, and that they will all make their appearance in good time. The fragment now published is HOMER, reproduced in an English garb; and if any non-classical reader, who derives his *knowledge* of the 'the blind old bard' from that singular poem of POPE's, which some people have still the fatuity to call a translation, wishes to know what HOMER really is like, let him read 'Morte d'Arthur.' Yet is not this poem a mere imitation, a 'faint Homeric echo, nothing worth;' for at the conclusion we have a glorious burst of that high philosophy which, as we said, ever holds sway in TENNYSON.

To his faithful follower, who laments that 'the true old times are dead,' the departing king makes answer :

*'The old changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May be within himself make pure! but thou —
If thou should'st never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.'*

We would fain say something of 'Sir Galahad,' a poem remarkable both for its own merits, and in connexion with 'St. Agnes,' and 'St. Symeon Styletes,' also of Locksley Hall, that vivid picture of sad personal experiences. But the space we had in our mind's eye devoted to TENNYSON is already exceeded, and we must hasten to speak briefly of the class of poems which chiefly compose the second volume, viz: the Pastoral. The very mention of pastoral poetry may excite a smile among a people like ourselves, all whose associations are of an opposite tendency; but the reader who wishes to see what can be done in that department, is recommended to the eighth Idyll of THEOCRITUS (in the original of course) the song in MICHAEL DRAYTON's 'Shepherd's Sirena,' beginning :

*'NEAR to the silver Trent
SIRENA dwelleth,'*

and the Roundelay in SPENSER's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' (December:)

*'It was upon a Holy eve,
Hey ho holyday!
When holy fathers went to shrieve,
Here begins this Roundelay,' etc.*

TENNYSON has judged, and judged rightly, that England still possesses materials to suggest and minds to appreciate poetry of this sort, and accordingly he has produced 'The Gardener's Daughter,' 'Dora,' 'The Lord of Burleigh,' and other pieces, which will live as long as England remains England. The great characteristic of these poems is their simplicity, and with this charm it is wonderful how the oldest and apparently most common-place themes assume a new and strange interest. The story of the Lord of Burleigh had been previously worked up in a hundred shapes by thousands of writers in 'prose and numerous' alas! too numerous 'verse.' Among others MOORE has attempted it. We chanced upon the performance some weeks ago, while turning over an old volume of the 'Melodies.' Very smooth and flowing were the lines, and great the amount of fine language; but it passed over us utterly without impression. With much cudgelling of our brains, we can barely contrive to recall one line:

'And ELLEN is lady of Rosna hall.'

On this theme, which had been tumbled and pawed over by so many rhymesters and magazinists, TENNYSON laid his artistic hands. He wanted no would-be-romantic improvements on the narrative, no fancy names. The real story and the real names were good enough for him. What the result was, we trust our readers know; but it will do them no harm to read it again.

Or, to take a subject still more thread-bare, inasmuch as it is not connected with the legends of any particularly country, but is applicable to every age and nation. For what a world of comment has 'she never told her love' been the text! For how much hapless paper-staining have these few lines of SHAKESPEARE been the apology! Why, not three months

ago, we saw, copied from some western paper, a quantity of the 'regular business,' headed with this identical quotation, thickly spiced with the usual vocabulary, and ending with some grand flourish about 'Time's scythe being still on wave,' the last word having been clearly suggested by a providential interposition, as an 'elegant and appropriate' rhyme for 'FANNY'S GRAVE!' Reader, if you would know what a true poet can make of this much-abused theme, read Tennyson's 'EDWARD GRAY.' There is not a word in it but a child can understand, nor a line in it but goes to the heart.

Having said thus much in praise of TENNYSON, we are in duty bound to mention his great defect, one which forces itself upon us unpleasantly more than once in the course of the second volume. He has scarcely a spark of humor. We say scarcely, for 'Amphion,' though ending lamely, begins with some genuine fun. But the 'Goose,' the 'Walk to the Mail,' and other pieces wherein he attempts the ludicrous, are sad failures. His admirers might be disposed to maintain that this absence of humor, provided he attempts such composition no more — and the unanimous condemnation of friend and foe has been a sufficient hint to him on this point — is rather a gain than a loss to him in his vocation. The tendency to satire and parody, springing from overflowing humor, has injured many a poet; WILSON, AYTON,* and our own HALLECK, are obvious examples. But unfortunately this deficiency of humor prevents TENNYSON from detecting those unlucky anti-climaxes to which the best poets are sometimes prone. BYRON, as his correspondence shows, was continually making such slips, but he always found them out in time himself. TENNYSON and WORDSWORTH make them, and the reviewers have to find them out for them. Thus in the 'Dream of Fair Women,' IRIGENIA describes her sacrifice:

'THE tall masts quivered as they lay aloft,
The temples and the people and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly, and nothing more.'

'We should think it was quite enough,' said he of the Quarterly, and we agree with him, that the lady could hardly be expected to 'ask for more,' under the circumstances.† A less flagrant but sufficiently obvious example mars the otherwise uninterrupted beauty of the 'Lord of Burleigh.' The supposed portrait-painter is welcomed home by

'Many a gallant gay domestic;'

a line which to an Englishman, or one who has resided in England, suggests unfortunate associations with fat flunkies in plush breeches.

Next to TENNYSON, (*proxima sed longo*;) comes MISS ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT. In genius she may be nearly his equal, in mere power she is his superior; but her genius, utterly unaided by art, is continually running wild, and cannot display itself to proper advantage. She has studied ÆSCHYLUS, (not over critically perhaps, but where scholars cannot agree, ladies may be excused for mistranslating,) and is frequently at least as wild and puzzling as her master. If asked to describe her poetry to one who had not read it, we should define her as a *Christian Shelley without Shelley's art*. In her writings we find thrilling description, intense pathos, wonderful effectiveness in the management of the supernatural, and equally wonderful psychological knowledge; but we also find multitudes of half-formed thoughts thrown out upon society to make themselves understood if they can; numerous passages which, in their trial of our ingenuity to extract a meaning from them, fairly distance PINDAR and ÆSCHYLUS, and must be left to those wise men and women who profess to understand EMERSON; lines which defy the most dex-

* WELL known as a classical translator for BLACKWOOD, and more recently a contributor to TATT, under the signature of 'BON GAULTIER.' His *Hermotinus* (BLACKWOOD, 1839,) is a very striking poem. Unfortunately his Aristophanic humor (it really deserves to be called Aristophanic) has fairly run away with him, and his strength is now frittered away on light magazine articles, full of merciless satire on every body and every thing.

† THIS is the passage to which we alluded as the only one of those attacked by the reviewer which has not been since altered.

terous reader to shape it into metre; strange affectations of quaint words and quainter uses of legitimate words, and combinations of syllables standing in place of rhymes, which to call even very imperfect rhymes, taxes our courtesy to its utmost. Thus a great part of the 'Drama of Exile' is not to be understood. In one of the most impressive passages in that thrilling goblin legend, 'The Brown Rosarie,' we are horrified by the cockney rhyme of 'o'er her' and 'Onora.' The final *g* in rhyming terminations is every where utterly disregarded: E. G. 'Children' and 'bewildering.' The lovely story of 'The Lost Bower' is disfigured with affectations like these:

'If it were a bird—ah, skeptic!
Give me yea or give me nay;
Though my soul were *sympholeptic*,
As I heard that *wireley*.

You might stoop your pride to pardon, for the guilt would pass away.'

In the very touching 'Lay of the Children,' Miss BARRETT attempts the long German trochaic, a magnificent metre, but one which allows no liberties to be taken with it. By turning the first foot into an iambus,

'The old tree is leafless in the forest,'

of which sort of lines half-a-dozen or more occur together in more than one place, she utterly destroys the metre.*

Miss BARRETT says that writing is to her no easy task. Certainly, reading her is any thing but an easy task. She requires to be studied like any classical author. When we have become used to her mannerisms, the meanings of many passages before unintelligible, begin to unfold themselves. Thus in the opening of 'The Dutchess May' we are told that the castle of Linteged

'Five hundred years had stood mute adown each hoary wood,
Like a full heart having prayed.'

An ordinary reader is apt to be puzzled as to the point of the comparison. But one who knows, from a careful study of the author, that one of her most common styles of simile is from the various states of the human soul to inanimate objects, soon discovers that the second line is exegetical of the word 'mute' in the first.

If Miss BARRETT's sins in rhythm and expression sprang from mere carelessness, our hopes of her might be more sanguine; but of the many pieces which she has retouched, none of them except one (the 'House of Clouds') seems to be a gainer by the process. The additions, especially, appear to us not always in the best taste. The 'Brown Rosarie,' for instance, if we are not greatly mistaken, originally ended with those powerful verses in which the demon spell is broken by the indignant renunciation of the fatal vow, and

'The fends tried to laugh at the choristers' hymn,
But moaned in the trying.'

As the poem stands at present, it is weakened by a conclusion which provokes unfortunate comparisons with the similarly-added conclusion of TENNYSON's 'May Queen.' It is questionable whether the last-mentioned poem gained by the addition, but at any rate it was suitable to the character of all that preceded it. In Miss BARRETT's conclusion we feel, and we trust such feeling is no sign of a Puritanic or vindictive spirit, that ONORA has escaped too cheaply from the consequences of her apostacy. The calm and peaceful extinction, a sinking into slumber rather than death, well befitted the village maid, whose worst sins had been vanity and coquetry; but we naturally expect a more stormy end in the case of one who had deliberately vowed that

'She would not thank God in her weal, nor seek God in her woe.'

In short, we feel ready to despair of Miss BARRETT as an artist.

* It is some excuse for Miss BARRETT, that hitherto only one man (ATTOWN) has succeeded in this stanza. BUTLER attempts it in his translation of GÖTTE's 'Bride of Corinth,' and breaks down in the very first line.

But whatever her faults may be, it is impossible for any one to read her volumes through, (many people are frightened off at once, by stumbling on some unlucky passage,) without feeling great admiration for her genius. 'Margaret,' 'The Lost Bower,' 'The Page,' 'The Cloudy House,' 'Onora,' spite of its blemishes, and most of all, the 'Dutchess May,' with its wonderfully adapted refrain; these are poems to be read and felt. We have read them, we are ashamed to say how often, and like them even better than before. Let us therefore pray that Miss BARRETT may learn to make all her thoughts explain themselves, all her lines scan, and all her rhymes rhyme. So shall TENNYSON not have all his 'aureole,' (to speak *Barretticè*) to himself.

COVENTRY PATMORE's is a remarkable book. On every page you find glaring sins against the laws of metrical and poetic propriety; lines that cannot be made to scan, expressions hopelessly prosaic, abrupt descents of bathos. Yet on the whole, you rise from the volume with the impression that the young man 'has it in him,' and will eventually turn the laugh upon his assailants, if he can only be persuaded to take his time and keep his temper. Amid all his vagaries we see signs, not to be mistaken, of great power in ethical delineation and knowledge of the human heart. Nor is he wanting in picturesqueness, as the opening of his first poem, 'The River,' shows. It is a perfect painting of its kind:

'It is a venerable place,
As old ancestral ground,
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
Within its lordly bound;
And all about that large expanse
A river runneth round.

'Upon a rise where single oaks
And clumps of beeches tall
Drop pleasantly their shade beneath,
Half-hidden 'midst them all,
Resteth in quiet dignity
An ancient manor-hall.

'Around its many gable ends
The swallows wheel their flight,
Its huge fantastic weather-vanes
Look happy in the light,
Its warm face through the foliage gleams,
A comfortable sight.

'The ivy'd turrets seem to love
The murmur of the bees;
And though this manor-hall hath seen

The snow of centuries,
How freshly still it stands amid
Its wealth of swelling trees!

'The leafy summer time is come,
The yearling lambs are strong,
The sunlight glanceth merrily,
The trees are full of song,
The plain and polished river flows
Contentedly along.

'Beyond the river, bounding all,
A host of green hills stand,
The manor-rise their central point,
As cheerful as a band
Of happy children round their chief,
Extended hand in hand.

'Their shadows from the setting sun
Reach all across the plain;
The guard-hound in the silent night
Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear at every burst of barks
The hills bark back again.'

With the different aspects of the river, in different seasons, a story of unfortunate love is interwoven. The lady of the manor is loved by one

'Who loves too much to sue.'

Misconceiving him, she has given her hand to another; and when 'November and the rains are come,' and all around the river is desolation, the discarded lover stands in the leafless park, listening to the revelry within:

'THE guests are gay, the minstrels play,
The hall is liker noon than night;
From side to side they toast the bride,
Who blusbeth ruby bright:
For youth and age, for clown and sage,
It is a cheerful sight!'

He takes the last desperate leap: the sullen stream goes on as before:

'ALONG, along, swiftly and strong
The river slippeth past;
That current deep is still as sleep,
And yet so very fast!
There's something in its quietness
That makes the soul aghast.'

But when the seasons roll round, and 'the summer's prime is come again,' the spot is haunted by vague influences, and through

'THE current keeps the dreadful Past
Deep in its bosom blue;'

yet the lady walking beside it, is overcome by doubtful recollections, and feels her spirit palpably weighed down.

This poem has been severely attacked as having no termination, and disappointing the reader by exciting expectations which it does not fulfil. Of course a common-place mind thinking of the regular 'business' (to use theatrical parlance) in similar cases, does expect the false and fair lady to meet her former lover's ghost, or at least find his body, 'according to the act.' But this invective rests on an entire misconception of the poem. It is 'The River,' and describes the river under its different phases at different times. It is not the story of Witchaire and the Lady; they are introduced subordinately, like figures in a landscape.*

'The Woodman's Daughter' is very clever, *too* clever in its way. PATMORE declaims with much truth against the corrupting influence of French literature, but we can imagine cases in which this story of illicit love would do as much mischief as any novel of SAND or SUE. And this brings us to 'Lilian,' the poem in this little volume most characteristic of its author. In some respects it may be called an imitation of 'Locksley Hall,' being written like it in long trochaics, and like it the expression of strong personal feeling. We have heard on good authority that 'Cousin AMY' is no fiction. In PATMORE's case, no external evidence is wanted. The indignant emotions that will not wait to be thrown into measured form and orderly expression, but pour themselves out in something half prose, half verse, (we wonder that PATMORE did not choose the form of a tale rather than a poem,) speak, too plainly to be mistaken, the writer's condition. Such personality is not always safe. The clown who was TENNYSON's rival has probably lived on in sheer unconsciousness of the poet's denunciation; but PATMORE chose a more dangerous subject, and has perhaps even now begun to pay the penalty of his rashness. Had 'Winton' any thing to do with the 'Slasher' in Blackwood? The power of depicting character, to which we have alluded, is well illustrated in this poem. The destroyer WINTON, is truly sketched:

'He had learned in well-taught boyhood under quick and watchful eyes,
Doctrines a sharp mind led him first to doubt and then despise.
Better to be greatly foolish than to be so little wise.

'His heart placed right by Heaven, was to Heaven once akin,
Now changed to stone less truly by degrading act than in
Too curious contemplation of the sole Medusa, sin.

'To this effect however those who knew him best were blind;
Feeling so suddenly frozen left its lineaments behind,
And passionate language, working a deceit but half-designed;

'And lips still most expressive, though deformed with quoting French,
Were tools that texts of all sorts from their proper aims could wrench,
Clothing, after Gallic models, baseless thoughts in words that clench.

'For even when he utter'd common things and clear to sight,
He looked at you so intently that you hardly thought them trite,
A trick of serious manner wherein women much delight.'

The above lines at the same time illustrate PATMORE's strength of expression and his crying sins on the score of metre and poetic diction. But say what you will against the

* This cannot be properly understood without reading the whole poem. Five-sixths of it is descriptive of scenery; of this the critic cannot give a sketch or synopsis. If he wishes to show what it is he must quote it all. But he is naturally led to sketch the events of the narrative and thus to give them more than their original prominence.

poem on these counts, it bears the marks of genius; and one proof of this is, that it has set all the reviewers, favorable and unfavorable, to discussing the character of Lillian, and talking as to whether she was once the model of purity, which her lover represents her to have been, or from the first disposed to frailty, and only waiting a sufficient temptation. The question affords room for much argument on both sides. On the one hand, our natural and laudable abhorrence to attach ideas of impurity to a virgin mind, makes us wish in every case to transfer the guilt to the tempter; on the other, when a woman is found in the habitual perusal of books in which her lover

‘Had stopped half way in horror lest his soul should putrefy.’*

the shock is so great that we find it difficult to imagine purity to have been predicable of her. But without attempting to discuss this particular, we think PATMORE right in the general principle, viz., that a naturally pure and virtuous mind may be ‘turned into mud’ by the insidious application of French romance. The poem concludes with a fine idea, that France, conquered by England in the field, is now endeavoring to conquer her with the pen, by undermining those foundations of morality on which her greatness really rests. It is a melancholy new reading of ‘*Grecia victa victorem cessit*.’

Of Sir Hubert, with which the volume concludes, we hardly know what to say. We can best express our idea of it by calling it the abortion of a noble poem. Utterly unfinished, half of it mere prose, forced into something like rhyme, it still ever and anon show traces of genuine poetry. PATMORE is still young, little more than twenty. Let him wait ten years as TENNYSON did. If he does, he may become a great poet. If he goes on in his present condition, we dread to say what seems to us his probable termination.

There are several English authors who though they have appeared somewhere in the poetic world have only followed the muses *à ravir*. MACAULAY’S ballad poetry, fiery and spirit-stirring as it is, has always been subordinate to his rhetoric; HOOD’S ‘Eugene Aram’ and ‘Song of the Shirt’ are splendid exceptions to his prose comicalities; and the versification of ‘Young England’ forms but a small element in its various attempts upon the public mind. We shall therefore take an opportunity of speaking of these hereafter under a different head, and for the present confine our concluding remarks to a school who have specially devoted themselves to literature; who are indeed so impractical, that their tragedies, though possessing no inconsiderable dramatic power, fail utterly from ignorance of stage requisites and stage effect. They call themselves *syncretics*; why, we will not pretend to explain; and their leading men are HORNE and BROWNING.

Great injustice has been done to Mr. HORNE, by no one more so than himself, when he suffered his name to be put at the head of that very trashy volume, ‘The New Spirit of the Age.’ His tragedies we have never read, nor has it been our fortune ever to meet with any one who had. His reputation must rest on the epic ‘Orion.’

‘Orion’ is a great poem in conception, but in its present state of execution it can scarcely be called a poem at all; it is rather a rich mine of poetic ore, or a depository of half-wrought precious metal. The lines utterly despise the ordinary rules of blank verse, being sometimes redundant by about four syllables; at other times they require the oddest elisions to reduce them to metre, (ARTEMIS as a *disyllable* for instance, though there certainly is never any thing quite so bad as PATMORE’S continual ‘p’r’aps’ for *perhaps*), and among this unfinished work we every now and then light upon a line like one of TENNYSON’S best, combining equal poetry and philosophy: *z. g.*

‘Tis always morning somewhere in the world.’

The idea of the poem is truly great. It is really the most successful instance of alle-

* This is one of PATMORE’S strong lines, as true as forcible. We can find nothing in the language so descriptive of the sensations with which we once threw down, after the third chapter, a volume of PAUL DE KOCK, which our indiscreet curiosity had led us to open.

gory with which we are acquainted. The giant Orion is the ideal man, the 'builder-up' and the improver of his species. His loves for Artemis, Merope and Eos represent the purely intellectual, and the entirely sensuous love, with that third and complete one, which is the just union of the other two. His giant companions are Akinetos, the passive intellect, Biastor, Harpax and Rhexergon, various developments of the spirit of lawlessness and radicalism, and *Encolyon*. (It should be *Encolyon* by the way.)

'The dull retarder, chainer of the wheel,'

an embodiment of the conservative principle. The chief merit of such an idea lies of course in its development; and the excellence of 'Orion' is, that the two currents of truth and fable in it never interfere with, but always assist each other, so that the narrative is as interesting as the allegory is instructive. For a neat example of this we would refer to the sack of a Cœnopion's city, where Biastor is whelmed under Encolyon's statue, and Rhexergon killed by the fall of the temple in which he had collected the rulers and priests to destroy them; a wholesome warning to all

'Breakers-down of things.'

That our praise of this epic is not exaggerated, we could easily show by numerous extracts, did the limits assigned to a magazine-article like the present permit. As it is, we can only commend 'Orion' to the favorable regards of our readers; being well convinced that they will confirm the justice of our encomiums.

ROBERT BROWNING is an odd character; much cleverness dashed with more conceit. His plays are as good as any mere closet plays can be, his shorter poems very lively and spirited, his longer ones quite unintelligible. 'Sordello,' for instance, beats Sycophron hollow. It is a perpetual riddle throughout. 'Paracelsus' is nearly as bad, but is saved by some glorious lyrics interspersed through it. BROWNING ought clearly to confine himself to fugitive pieces. His Cavalier Ballads are very dashing; in reading them we forget our Puritan prejudices, and wish to be among the jolly loyalists:

'Marching along ten thousand strong
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.'

His humor is rich and racy. Bluphocks, the English vagabond, might almost be a character in one of the Elizabethan dramatists. As a sample of rollicking fun we know few things better than the following 'Garden Fancy.' 'SIBRANDUS SCHAFNABURGENSIS,' whose pedantry provoked an interment too good for him, was we suppose some school-man: we have often fancied ourselves disposing in a similar way of a Cambridge mathematical treatise:

I.

'PLAGUE take all pedants, say I!
He who wrote what I hold in my hand,
Centuries back was so good as to die,
Leaving this rubbish to lumber the land;
This, that was a book in its time,
Printed on paper and bound in leather,
Last month in the white of a matin-prime,
Just when the birds sang all together,

II.

Into the garden I brought it to read,
And under these arbutues and laurustine,
Read it, so help me Grace in my need!
From title-page to closing line;
Chapter on chapter did I count,
As a curious traveller counts Stonehenge;
Added up the mortal amount,
And then proceeded to my revenge.

III.

Yonder's a plum tree with a crevice
 An owl would build in, were he but sage,
 For a lap of moss, like a fine pont-levis
 In a castle of the middle age,
 Joins to a lip of gum, pure amber;
 When he'd be private there he might spend
 Mours alone in his lady's chamber;
 Into this crevice I dropped our friend.

IV.

Splash he went, as under he ducked,
 (I knew at the bottom rain-drippings stagnate,)
 Next a handful of blossoms I plucked,
 To bury him with my book-shelf's magnate;
 Then I went in-doors, brought out a loaf,
 Half a cheese and a bottle of Chablis,
 Lay on the grass and forgot the cat
 Over a jolly chapter of *RABELAIS*.

V.

Now this morning betwixt the moss
 And gum that locked our friend in limbo,
 A spider had spun his web across,
 And sat in the midst with arms akimbe;
 So I took pity for learning's sake,
 And *de profundis accentibus latine*,
Cantate, queth I as I took up a rake,
 And up I fished his delectable treatise.

VI.

Here you have it, dry in the sun,
 With all the binding all of a blister,
 And great blue spots where the ink has run,
 And reddish streaks that wink and glisten
 O'er the page so beautifully yellow;
 Oh, the droppings have played their tricks!
 Did he guess how toad-stools grew, this fellow?
 Here's one stuck in his chapter six!

VII.

How did he like it when the live creatures
 Tickled and toused and broused him all over,
 And worm-slug, oft, with serious features,
 Came in each one for his right of trover;
 When the water beetle with great blind deaf face
 Made of her eggs the stately deposit,
 And the newt borrowed so much of the preface
 As tiled in the top of his black-wife's closet.

VIII.

All that life and fun and romping,
 All that frisking and twisting and coupling,
 While slowly our poor friends leaves were swamping,
 Clasp cracking and covers suppling,
 As if you had carried sour JOHN KNOX
 To the play at Paris, Vienna or Munich,
 Fastened him into a front-row box,
 And danced off the ballet in trousers and tunic.

IX.

Come, old martyr! what, torment enough is it?
 Back to my room you shall take your sweet self:
 Good bye, mother-beetle, husband-elf *sufficit*!
 See the snug niche I have made on my shelf.
 A's book shall prop you up, B's shall cover you,
 Here's C to be grave with or D to be gay,
 And with E on each side, and F right over you,
 Dry-rot at ease till the judgment day!

And with this *bonne-bouche* at parting, we take our leave of English contemporary poets.

G. A. B.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK. Second Series. By L. MARIA CHILD. In one volume. pp. 287. New-York : C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

SEVERAL of the letters or articles in this volume here appear for the first time ; others of them have been published in the different periodicals of the day. No one can read them without being satisfied that they are what they claim to be, an honest record of the writer's views and impressions on subjects which most interested her. 'That I see glorious truths in mere fragments,' she remarks, in her brief preface, 'I am very conscious ; but frankly and confidingly, as children do, I show you an image of my soul, as reflected in the mirror of its passing thoughts. I have written nothing from sectarian prejudice or partizan zeal.' There are thirty-one 'Letters' in the volume, and all on different and very various themes. We must content ourselves with two short extracts ; the first is taken from Letter XV., which treats of kindness to animals, and contains, beside a characteristic anecdote of our friend Judge EDMONDS, the following amusing story of a fox :

'ONE of the most amusing stories I ever heard of animals, was lately told by a sober Quaker from New-Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness, himself a member of the same serious, unembellishing sect. He was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time, he was not so fortunate in his manoeuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch further proceedings. The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves ; but lo, his dinner had disappeared ! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than misdoubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him ; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected, under the circumstances.'

From a chapter which contains some eloquent thoughts upon the mountain scenery of New-England, we take the following passage. Its just satire will not escape the attentive reader :

'WITH the remembrance of Mount Holyoke, came the twenty-two spires seen from its summit ; and they reminded me of the following paragraph from a Northampton newspaper, which did not seem to me very much like mountain preaching : 'There is no one thing which helps to establish a man's character and standing in society, more than a steady attendance at church, and a proper regard for the first day of the week. Go to church ! If you are a young man, just entering upon business, it will establish your credit. What capitalist would not sooner trust a beginner, who, instead of dissipating his time, his character, and his money, in dissolute company, attended to his business on week-days, and on the Sabbath appeared in the houses of God ?' This recommendation of religion for the sake of bank-stock, made me think of the interesting newspaper, published by inmates of the Insane Asylum, in Vermont. One of the writers tells the story of an old aunt of his, who loudly praised a rich man, for building a great brick meeting-house. 'Heaven prospered him in the undertaking,' said she ; 'he has sold out ; the underground part for victualling cellars, the basement story for grocery shops ; and after selling the pews, he has nearly fifteen hundred dollars more than the whole cost him, and next week, it is to be dedicated to the Lord.'

'Now, we crazy ones think that churches should be built by benevolent and pious individuals, and then unreservedly dedicated to God, and opened to all who have a desire to worship in them. This building your churches like splendid palaces, making the pews the individual property of those who are able to buy them, and turning the button against all who are not owners, drives from those houses the poor, to whom the gospel was first preached freely, and for whose comfort and consolation it was emphatically sent.'

'This is not crazy reasoning, though pointed against a very common manifestation of the spirit of trade among us. No branch of business is more respectable than these profitable investments in the

name of the Lord. But those who engage in them are little aware how rapidly they tend to decrease popular reverence for the public institutions of religion.

The exhortation to go to church for the sake of being trusted by capitalists, is a growth from the same stock. It reveals a wide contrast between the present times and the old Puritan days of spontaneous zeal, when people frequently walked ten or fifteen miles to attend a place of worship.'

The great popularity which attended the first volume of Mrs. CHILD's 'Letters' renders it unnecessary for us to commend the present series to the attention of our readers. The work will make its own way to the public heart.

POEMS BY WILLIAM W. LORD. In one volume. pp. 158. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE have heard, for some time, of the great merit which characterizes the poetical writings of the young author of the volume before us; we are not surprised, therefore, to find it distinguished for strong and well-sustained flights into the realms of song. The great length of the leading paper in this department, however, and the cognate character of its theme, deter us from entering at present upon a review of Mr. LORD's book. That duty we shall aim to perform hereafter. In the mean time, we present a brief poem as an example of our author's style, and of his philosophical musings. The following lines were addressed to a deaf mute on seeing a song interpreted to her by signs:

POOR Girl! I said, hapless thy fate, to whom
Forever silent is the voice of song;
To whom the viol sings not, nor the sweet soul
Imprisoned in the flute: to whom we all,
As thou to us, are deaf, and still, and mute,
And even nature moves in a dumb show.
Yet why to thee may not the effect of sound,
Which is the soul of motion, and hence thought,
With high constraint of harmony to move
The throng of worlds symphonious to the sun;
(And who within himself has never felt
The power of sound control him by this law
To cadent movement of the hand or foot,
Or stirred by swifter impulse, to enact
Its promptings intricate?) why may not the effect
Of sounds melodious be felt by thee
In motion, if that sound itself be naught
But motion given to a subtler sense?

If this may be, (and pity for thy state,
Though with less proof, might make me think it so,)
Then, may this dumb discourse to thee be song,
Our looks be music, and a soothing sign
Or glance affectionate, a sweet-spoken tone;
To thee, the rising sun be a great strain
Majestical, and his departing pomp
An anthem like the evening psalm of heaven,
Sung by responsive choirs angelical
To harp and trumpet; and the rising moon
May be, what almost it has seemed to me,
A prelude soft to the full hymn which Night
Pours forth with the appearing stars, that fill
The trembling heaven with innumerable sounds;
The streams to thee be music, as to us,
The birds in their winged flight be harmonies,
The tyrannous winds, that rock the earth-fast wood
Beneath its perilous weight of swinging boughs,
Sing thee a song of night; or when from sleep
They rouse with slight continuous stir that sets
The leaves a-tremble, and along the fields
Steal whisperingly, and move the seas of grain
Into slight silvery waves, may seem a tune,
Like those we chaunt in snatches to ourselves—
A song made in the silent soul, and sung
To the unuttered music of its own sweet thoughts.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN ORIENTAL EPISTLE: THE KNICKERBOCKER TALISMAN. — We are indebted to an esteemed friend and correspondent, long accredited at the Sublime Porte, for a recent interesting epistle from the Turkish capital, portions of which we shall take the liberty to lay before our readers. The following will be read with interest: 'Lately, FUAD EFFENDI, who had been sent on special embassies to Portugal and Spain, to compliment their young Queens on the part of his own young Sultan, has recently returned. He informed me some time since that he made, at Madrid I believe, the acquaintance of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, and received from him, 'as a friendship's present,' some of his writings. He added many civil remarks on the honor and pleasure which he felt on becoming acquainted with him. FUAD EFFENDI is one of the most gentlemanlike, enlightened, and best educated of the officers of the Porte. His father, IZZET MALLA, was one of the best poets of his time. His paternal aunt, yet living, is well known for the sweetness of her *Gazals* and *Sharkies*; and he is also himself the author of some well-written odes. His library of European and American works is quite extensive, and well selected; and he enjoys the respect of all the diplomatic corps. He visited many of the Moorish antiquities in Spain; copied many of their Arabic inscriptions; and brought them, and a catalogue of the Arabic works in the library of the Escorial, to offer, with a detailed account of his mission, to his young sovereign. He says that he does not believe there are now any rare Arabic books in the Escorial; for its library having been some years ago pillaged, its most valuable contents found their way into France and Germany. The catalogue which he brought here is to be examined, with those of the public libraries of Constantinople, to ascertain if there are yet in the Escorial any works not possessed or known here.'

The following passage refers to two very tasteful presents, safely received from our correspondent. With the beautiful talisman upon our finger, we turned our face to the East, and making seven *salaams*, rendered audible thanks to our friend for his valuable and most acceptable gift: 'I sent you in one of my late packages a little antique stone, with a gazelle engraved upon it. I now have the pleasure of enclosing you a pure fine white cornelian for a signet-ring, with the word 'KNICKERBOCKER' engraved in Eastern characters in its centre; and the names of the 'Seven Sleepers and their Dog' around it. The word KNICKERBOCKER signifies in Turkish 'The Good Virtuous Man,' or rather the 'Good Old Bachelor,' for such you no doubt consider to be the modern *deus*, which you have placed on the title-page of your worthy periodical, as a Catholic would say, its titular (title-lar?) saint, but which an Orientalist is bound to regard as a good *Genii*, or Talisman, to preserve it from the 'evil eye' of all competitors. Beside the remarkable coincidence of the name of the periodical which you so ably direct, and the Turkish, or rather I ought to say, Eastern words, *Neek Er Bakr*, (the first Persian, the second Turkish, and the latter Arabic,) they have an appropriate signification, adding particular interest to the seal. I must not forget to add, that the PROPHET himself wore on his little finger a white cornelian-ring, and this circumstance has made the stone a favorite one among his many devoted followers, who believe that when white cornelians are set *au jour* in a ring so as to touch the skin, it will

protect the wearer from all disease.* Around the court-yards of the great Imperial mosques of Constantinople (superb and awe-inspiring edifices they really are, and especially that of the most revered one of EYOUB EL AASAREE, one of the Prophet's own friends and companions, whose holy remains found a place of repose here,) are found at all times of the day natives of Yemin and Bakhara, vending to the faithful and devout, cornelians, agates, and heliotropes, sometimes cut in the shape of hearts, or balls perforated so as to be suspended on the neck and arms of Mussulman females, children, and sometimes full-grown males, who may put faith in their virtues. These stones are found in Arabia, the birth-place and tomb of their Prophet; and this circumstance is the original and first source of value attached to them by Mussulmans. If these stones are subsequently engraved with any religious verses or names — and all Islam or rather Arabic names are religious — they become *full talismans*, and their virtue can only be augmented by being worn for some time by a devout and holy person. They are frequently cut into particular shapes, and so finely engraved as to require a magnifying glass to be read. I have a red cornelian, not much larger than my thumb-nail, on which the entire ninety-second chapter of the Koran is engraved, and each letter beautifully perfect.

'It was at the gateway of the Mosque of Eyoub, and from a native of Yemin, that I purchased your white cornelian. I might write you a long chapter on the use which Orientals, from the earliest period, have made of such stones, and others more costly. The Decalogue was written upon stone, and AARON's breast-plate was the first talisman which I now remember in history. SOLOMON's seal yet bears a great renown in the East; it is said to have been engraved in the form of a triangle, with the inscription, 'This also will pass away;' which is in perfect accordance with the little value which, it is mentioned in Holy Writ, he attached to all things in this world. It was by means of this seal that, according to Oriental tradition, he possessed so much wisdom; and once having lost it, he refrained from ascending his throne until it was found. Sometimes the seal bears only the name of the owner, but it is generally accompanied by an expression from the Koran, the names of the earlier Caliphs, a verse from some favorite poet, or mystical name, such as those on the seal I send you. The story of the 'Companions of the Cave and their Dog' inspired the Islam prophet to write a chapter for his book, to which his followers subsequently gave the name of the 'Cave.' In that chapter he tells the tale of their long sleep in a manner peculiar to himself and the literature of his age. In his non-committal style, he says:

'SOME say the sleepers were three, and their dog was the fourth; and others say, they were five, and their dog was the sixth; guessing at a secret matter; and others say they were seven, and their dog the eighth. Say, my Lord best knoweth their number: none shall know them, unless a Jew. Therefore dispute not concerning them, unless with a clear disputation, according to what has been revealed unto thee; and ask not any of the Christians regarding them. And they remained in the cave three hundred years and nine years more. And thou wouldst have judged them to have been awake, while they were yet a-sleeping. And their dog stretched forth his fore-feet in the mouth of the cave. And so we awoke them from their sleep, that they might ask questions of one another. One of them spoke, and said, 'How long have we tarried here?' They answered, We have tarried a day and part of a day. The others said, 'Your Lord best knoweth the time you have tarried; and now send one of you with this money into the city, and let him see which of its inhabitants hath the best and cheapest food, and let him bring you provisions from him.'

The more modern version of their remarkable tale is, that the sleepers were young men of a good family in Ephesus, who, to avoid the persecution of the Emperor DECIUS, A. D. 370, hid themselves in a cave on Mount Cawous, near that city, where they slept for a great number of years, even until the reign of JUSTINIAN the Younger, A. D. 590. The interesting dog belonged to a shepherd of the Mount, named CALBOHORN, and following

* EXTRACT from an ancient Armenian book on precious stones, translated from the Persian of HAS-SAIN IBN TONEST: 'Philosophers have written that whoever wears on him the Akiki Hedjas, or pure white cornelian, will be protected from the phthisic, chill bilious, colds in the breast, and diseases of the kidneys. If it is reduced to a powder and drank in cold water, it will cure the worst cough. Among the inhabitants of Arabia it is venerated above all other stones, on account of having been worn by their PROPHET.'

the young men into the cave, participated in their long repose. I had two reasons for putting the names of the sleepers and their dog around that of the KNICKERBOCKER. The first was, the coincidence previously mentioned; and that they are said to possess a virtue universally credited in Eastern lands; that of powerfully protecting the wearer of the ring from harm: when recited hastily and with accuracy, they act as a charm to soothe pain; and for putting restless children to sleep, are worth more than all the narcotics in the *Materia Medica*, or the whole catalogue of lullabies. I must however tell you them so as to enable you to prove the correctness of the faith placed in them here. '*Yemlika, Meksilina, Meslina, Mernoos, Dibernoos, Shadnoos, Kostitiyus, and Kitmir.*' There has been some learned controversy among the Eastern *Ulema*, or Doctors on the subject of the latter name, viz., that of the dog. The Prophet called him *Al Rakim*, and no one will venture to doubt but that he was correct; but his followers, for reasons best known to themselves, give him now the name of Kitmir; and a learned writer gravely adds, have a superstition to write the same on their 'letters which go far, or which pass the sea, as a protection, a kind of talisman to preserve them from miscarriage.' So strong is the public faith here in the virtue of these same names, that the celebrated Orientalist of Vienna, VON HAMMER, had them handsomely written and framed, and suspended in the cabin of the finest steamer of the Austrian Steam Navigation Company, called 'The Stamboul,' as a charm to put her passengers asleep during storms, and protect the vessel from harm. And, in proof of their efficacy, I will add, that the manner in which the 'Stamboul' has always weathered the severest storms of the Black Sea during the winter, has excited the fullest admiration of her captain's friends. My second reason for placing the names of the said sleepers and their dog on your seal is, that I have at times thought they were connected with the History of the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' with the same accuracy that characterizes that grave and learned historian's writings. I fancied that DEIDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, *alias* GEORGE FRÉY CRAYON, conceived the idea of writing the remarkable account of RIF VAN WINKLE from the preceding story of the youths of the cave; and that in the 'little village of great antiquity,' must be understood the city of Ephesus; in the Kaatskill mountains, Mount Cawous; in place of the Imperial DECIVS, imagine the no less imperious 'Dame VON WINKLE;' Kitmir takes the place of 'Poor Wolf;' or that DECIVS is KING GEORGE, and THEODOSIUS the Younger, General WASHINGTON: and the astonishment of the sleepers of the fourth century was certainly not greater than that of those of the eighteenth. The superiority of the modern legend serves also as a strong evidence of the progress of literature; and notwithstanding the famed eloquence of the Koran, it bears but an indifferent comparison with the Sketch-Book. If you will have the white cornelian with its long legend set as a signet-ring, beside the protection which it will always afford you, and to your 'letters which go far, or that pass the sea,' you will confer a favor on your distant friend and correspondent.' Thanks again, and 'acceptance bounteous,' for our friend's valuable gift! Henceforth the 'OLD KNICK,' bears a charmed life.

A WORD TO PUBLISHERS: NEWSPAPORIAL, ETC.—Our friends the publishers, must bear with us a little. The unwonted space occupied in our 'Literary Notice' department, and the *forgotten* addition of an index to the present volume, have excluded notices of KIDDER's 'Sketches of Brazil,' WILKIE's 'Exploring Expedition,' PUTNAM's striking 'American Facts,' MARTIN AND COMPANY's excellent Illustrated Bible, and several publications by Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS, WILEY AND PUTNAM, CAREY AND HART, and others. We had also a few lines in relation to certain changes among our weekly contemporaries, and concerning Mr. BENJAMIN's new weekly journal, 'The Metropolis.' We shall address ourselves to these publications in our next number; and in the mean time we 'throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court.'

MADAME OTTO'S CONCERT. — We are indebted to a friend, an accomplished musical critic, for the ensuing notice of the brilliant concert recently given to the amiable, charitable, and clever *cantatrice*, Madame OTTO: 'The overture, by WEBER, we have heard much better played. There was not that *aplomb* in its performance which usually characterizes the efforts of the distinguished professors who took part in the orchestra; in truth, an additional rehearsal or two would have done no harm.' Our enthusiastic *maestro*, HEINRICH, who led in his own composition, did not have that response which was due to his really clever conception. There appeared to be occasionally a difference of opinion between the band and leader as to what time certain movements should be taken; and then ever and anon the authoritative and powerful thump of the drum would beat in the refractory forces, and the baton of the leader would whip them out again; so that in fact it beat our feeble powers to tell who was in the right. However, the audience took it good-naturedly, and 'came down handsomely' with a perfect shower of 'bravos,' canes, pedal-movements, and 'Æolian attachments' à la bouche, which almost overcame the old hero. 'Our MARY' led off in the vocal department. 'Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark!' was fairly given by her, and KYLE imitated the lark as well as a 'third flute' could, when compared with the *Bulbul*. Would that this gifted young lady might confine herself to a pretty rigid practice in the *soffeggio*. Her transition from her chest-voice to the *voce di testa*, or head-voice, is too abrupt and startling, and is often painful to a refined and cultivated ear. We have always taken an interest in the success of this clever young lady, from the time when she was a very little girl. Some seven years ago, she sang BEETHOVEN'S 'Adelaide,' Anglice 'Rosalie,' at the anniversary concert of that time-honored and excellent association, the Euterpean Society. She was then a bud of promise, and as an actress she has since made rapid strides in the profession. We must let her glide gently from our hands, and take up the *beneficière*, Madame OTTO. From the outset this lady had a high compliment paid her, which we have never seen exhibited toward any professional singer in this country. She was conducted on and off the stage by several of the audience; and her entrance was the signal for such a shower of bouquets, and such a storm of applause, as we have rarely witnessed. She never sang better: she gave with much archness and cleverness her different *arias* and songs, and 'came FANNY ELLSLER over us' by expressing her thanks in a naïve German accent, to this effect: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you from the bottom of my heart; and may you always be as happy as you have made me this evening.' Mr. P. MAYER gave with very fair effect the 'Cruda Funesta' from 'La Lucia.' He appeared to be struggling against a severe hoarseness; but sufficient talent was evolved to evince the possession of a fine voice, and much promise. RAPPETTI'S style was, as it always is, free, natural, graceful and flowing, with all the impassioned energy of the Italian school. The *themes* which he played, although somewhat hackneyed, were admirably executed, and several of the variations were beautifully conceived and properly rendered.

SAN QUIRICO and DE BEGNIS sang a very funny 'Duetto Buffo' by COCCIA. It was new to an American audience, who however *understood* it so well, that it received an unanimous encore. But the concert-room is not the place for buffo scenes. Stage, orchestra, dress, and various other little accessories, are necessary to render the dish piquant. Howbeit, the duet was very well acted and sung. An aria from 'Donna Caritea' ushered in that 'bird most musical, most melancholy,' PICO. 'Oh! PICO! PICO! why art thou Pipo!' When thou openest 'thy doors of breath,'

'THE soul is an enchanted boat
Which like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine does like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it.'

'There is a soul-stirring quality in some of her notes, below the staff, which strikes a chord

breathless darkness, and the narrow house? This summer morning on which we write, how sunny and beautiful it is!—how bright the verdure on the distant slopes, over the sparkling waters!—how melting the incense-laden airs that steal in at the open window! Why does Memory go back to only one spot of greenness, and that a 'place of graves?' Why is it impossible, at this joyous season, *not* to remember, that

'WHITE clouds o'er that spot will pass
As freely as elsewhere,
That sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue may wear;
That, formed from out the very mould
In which the DEAD doth lie,
The daisy with its eye of gold
Looks up into the sky!'

But of serenest summer influences he yet speaketh, 'our brother and our friend,' by whose last resting-place we have been standing in thought, as on that brightest day of the year's brightest month, when he 'made his bed in darkness, and closed his eyes forever upon the brightness of the sun:'

THE Spring's gay promise melted into thee,
Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here;
Thy emerald robes are on each spreading tree,
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales that wander from the unclouded West
Are burthened with the breath of countless fields;
They teem with incense from the green earth's breast,
That up to heaven its grateful odor yields;
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,
By nature's aspect into rapture stirred.

In such a scene the sun-illumin'd heart
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
When through its bars the morning glories dart,
And forest anthems in his hearing swell:
And like the heaving of the voiceful sea,
His panting bosom labors to be free.

Thus gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
O, Summer! in my inmost soul arise
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
And the bland air, with its soft melodies;
Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling
To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride:
I would soar upward on unfetter'd wing,
Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies.

W. G. C.

WE have an inkling, we think, of the sort of feeling which, in a piping time of peace, sometimes comes in aid of making war. An esteemed friend and correspondent, belonging to the water-service of our excellent 'UNCLE SAMUEL,' writes us: 'Are we to have a war? If so, I must be afloat again! What think you of the probability? Shall I have tails put to my round jacket, and have that old sword, which even now hangs, greased and buckskin-robed, before me, burnished and sharpened even to great thirstiness? Advise us, you who are upon the borders. I would to heaven I was within ten fathoms of you this sunny morning! No peace would 'OLD KNICK' have, till he had tested my seaman-ship by a stretch down to the Hook, or through Hell-Gate eddy, in one of those pretty bay boats which lie at Fulton-Ferry. I long to smell the salt air once more; to rise and fall

with the breathings of old Ocean's bosom; to listen to the music which bore cadence to the many joys of my youthful hours. I cannot live long so far from sea.' We shall have no war, dear Sir—none. The spirit of the age is opposed to 'deeds of brawl and battle.' So that our correspondent is safe from carnage, whereto our readers will greatly rejoice. We had *one* friend nearly lost in a naval engagement, 'whereby he received a cannon-ball in his chest, which utterly destroyed a couple of dozens of very good shirts;' an escape almost as miraculous as that of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who tells us that on one occasion he should 'inevitably have fallen in battle, had he not prudently left the field the night before the action.' Our hand is outstretched to our friend, however, with thanks for the hint in regard to the sail-boat excursion. *There* he touches us; for, as he must often have seen from our pages, we greatly affect the landward reaches of the mighty element on which his youth was cradled. . . . READER, did you ever see a man, the tide of life and health running free the while in his veins, take a leap into the abyss of death? It is an awful spectacle—yet we have seen it (for the first and only time) within the last hour. From the same gloomy halls where but a few months since we bade farewell to one condemned to die, we have just seen led forth another of the Law's wretched victims; seen him walk with a firm step to the scaffold, where he 'took his last stand.' How many straining eyes, how many trembling lips, how many pallid faces, attested the horror of the unhappy man's situation! 'God help him! God help him!' was all that we could utter. Like the victim in the Italian tale, who every morning found one less window in the slowly enclosing prison which was finally to crush him to death, he had arrived at the 'inevitable hour' which could 'lead but to the grave.' Few words were said; when a white effigy hung suddenly before the shuddering spectators, heralded by nothing save a strain upon the rope, and a sound like *th-ugg!* from the recoil of its oscillating burthen. From this moment we are opposed to *hanging*. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought to be abolished. The author of *Eothen* tells us of an exhibition of *gibbeting* which he beheld in his travels in a heathen land; and it is only a short remove from the inhuman custom of hanging. He saw the remains of three or four poor fellows who had been impaled upon high poles, and so propped up by the transverse spokes beneath them, that their skeletons, clothed with some white wax-like remains of flesh, still sat up loling in the sunshine, and listlessly staring without eyes. But, reader, hanging is next to gibbeting; and either is utterly obnoxious to humanity. If blood *must* atone for blood, let the homicide 'perish by the sword,' the axe, or the deadly discharge of musketry. Let him not be suspended like a dog, to struggle in long death-agonies between heaven and earth. 'It is too horrible—let us not think of it!' . . . AN esteemed friend, who has just returned from a year's residence in England, informs us that it is a very barbarous country. 'Would you believe it,' he asked us, with emotions that he knew would be appreciated, 'would you believe it, that in enlightened England, a country of which we have heard so much and know so little, they have no oysters, worthy the name?—none in which the strong taste of copper is not a relief to the other palatial sensations which they awaken; no clams; no buckwheat cakes; no green-corn; no canvass-back ducks; no pea-nuts, (and of course no legitimate drama;) no tomatos, no water-melons, nor hickory or butter-nuts—no Fourth-of-July!' Possibly it was from a prejudice awakened by these sad deficiencies, that our friend was led to regard the state of society there with no favorable eye. The wide and general contrast exhibited in the condition of the rich and titled, and the poor and 'ignobly-born;' the truckling, the humiliating subserviency to rank and station; the *hopeless mediocrity of condition* which cannot be overcome by the middle classes or 'lower orders,' struggle as they may; these things painfully impressed him at every turn, and in every part of the kingdom. Our friend is no longer surprised, he tells us, to find the tradesman, the mechanic, the artisan, who could not, with the freedom which becomes A MAN, lift his head above an assigned level in *his own* country, appreciating *here* that equality which Talent and Industry and Taste can command at the hands of the highest in our land. . . . 'THE poor ye have with you always,' said the REDEEMER, when on earth; and it is grateful to

the heart of every well-wisher to his kind, that they are remembered and cared for by those whom Misfortune has left unscathed. 'Corporations,' it is oftentimes said, 'have no souls;' but this can scarcely be asserted of our municipal corporation. We have just returned from a very delightful jaunt to RANDALL's Island, a spacious garden of beauty, situated in the East River, off the village of Harlem, upon which was laid in our presence the corner stone of the new Alms-House; a vast structure of stone, six hundred feet in length, the width and height in proportion. The day was one of the most delightful of the fresh-budding month of May. The air was redolent of the scent of countless apple and cherry trees, in full bloom; while the view from the central swell of the island was one of matchless beauty. Alderman MILLER, member of congress elect, in an address characterized alike by sound judgment, benevolence, and good taste, adverted to the favorable situation of the island for the purpose to which it had been devoted; and it only required his hearers to look around them, upon the far-reaching landscape, embracing sparkling waters, verdant fields, and vernal woods, with the towers, domes and steeples of the city melting into the blue haze of the distance, without feeling that no encomium, however fervent, could exaggerate the natural advantages and beauties of the location. The edifices for the Farm School, a separate branch of the city charity, in progress of erection upon the same island, are fast verging to completion. The business of the day was concluded by a sumptuous dinner in a temporary edifice upon the ground; whereat were discussed divers excellent edibles and potables, in connexion with pleasant intellectual viands, which were equally 'well received;' after which a highly-gratified party, embracing the burgomasters and schepens of the city, and a few invited guests, returned to town at a seasonable hour, refreshed and strengthened for their daily toils, by the glimpses they had had, and the pure air they had breathed, of the fresh and blooming country. . . . SOME modern essayist, speaking of 'Woman' as a loveable, marriageable entity, observes: 'What matter if she be young or not, so she be loveable? I won't say what matter if she be plain or not, for everybody knows that *is* no matter where love is, though it may have some business in determining the sentiment.' Any one, says an amusing writer of another description, can admire a *handsome* woman; but the true benefactor to the public, whose memory is to be cherished, and to celebrate whose praises the muses and the fine arts ought to strive with eager emulation, is the man who during a long life has always been deeply in love, but never with a lady whose aspect would not frighten a tolerably quiet horse. . . . Mr. EDWARD DECHAUX, artists'-colorman, at Number 306, Broadway, near the corner of Duane-street, has sent us his new and very handsome catalogue of '*Artist's Materials, Prints, etc.*' which we have examined with pleasure, not unmixed with wonder. We had no conception before of the almost countless variety of materials and instruments, from celebrated manufactories in England and on the Continent, which are employed by artists in this country. An 'Artists' Emporium,' like that of Mr. DECHAUX, is indeed a marvel. We observed, for example, twenty-six divisions of painters' and gilders' *brushes*, alone, of all sorts of 'known-hair,' each division including perhaps a dozen or more varieties of the species; the various 'pencils' are scarcely less numerous; and as for colors, 'prepared,' 'in powder,' or 'in drop,' for oil or water; in 'tubes,' 'tin' or 'compressible,' flat or round; in 'bladders' of all shapes and modes of expulsion; in 'boxes,' 'cans,' 'bottles,' or 'porcelain cups;' why, verily their name is legion; including among them a '*mummy-brown*,' a color that can *only* be obtained from the powdered dust of Egyptian mummies. Then the canvasses, pallets, easels, varnishes, resting-sticks, lay-figures, crayons; gums, pallet-cups, miniature cases, port-folios; compasses, modeling tools, daguerreotype-apparatus, camera-lucidas, 'and so forth;' there is inextricable confusion in the very thought of half the varieties of them! One of the most pleasant features of Mr. DECHAUX's establishment, however, is his rich and constantly-reinforced collection of the rarest engravings and lithographs; 'studies' of the human figure, of marine views, landscapes, and animals, by the most eminent artists in Europe; with architectural models, views, sculptures, ornaments, furniture and armor of the Middle Ages, etc. Copious as is

the catalogue before us, however, it embraces, we are informed, 'but a small portion of the extensive collection always on hand.' Mr. DECHAUX resides mainly in Europe, that he may be enabled to furnish at once to his establishment all that is new and beautiful which may appear in the capitals of Italy, France, and England; and to this fact may be attributed the perfection and popularity of his 'Artists' Emporium,' which, as a mere matter of curiosity, is richly worth visiting. . . . We had the pleasure the other evening to hear the ensuing lines sung with great feeling and expression by a charming young lady, who accompanied herself upon the piano-forte with simplicity and good taste. When she had finished, 'the water stood in our eyes;' whereat a friend somewhat marvelled, remarking that it was odd we should 'take it so much to heart,' for the song was as old as the hills. We had never heard it before, however; and the touching pathos of the air, which is in excellent keeping with the words, made an evident impression upon one or two other persons present, who seemed as much 'behind the age' as ourselves. In the hope that there are many more such among our readers, we annex the lines without further comment:

'OH! the early time of Love! when my fancy used to rove
From the black eyes to the blue, from the tiny to the tall;
When as many girls were dear as the days that fill the year,
And the newest and the youngest was the fairest of them all;
When I lived but in her sight, and lay awake all night,
Ere I met her in the greenwood on a dewy morn of May,
And a treasure passing rare was a stolen tress of hair—
Oh! merry days of youth! T'was a sin ye could not stay!

O! the manly time of Love! Though the face for which I strove
From its cheek hath lost a rose, from its eye one shade of blue;
Though I see a furrow now on its mild and matron brow,
The years that dimmed its beauty have made it dearer too:
And my heart it swells with pride to see her by my side,
Or to hear her singing tenderly some old and simple lay,
When the fire is burning bright, on a stormy winter night;
Oh days of home delight! ye should never pass away.

'But Age comes creeping near, with his forehead bleak and aere,
And his heavy, heavy ear, and his voice so small and shrill,
When my steps must totter slow, and my strength must dwindle low,
Till a baby with its little hand can lead me where it will.
But though manhood's prime be past, so long as life shall last,
Her gentle voice shall cheer me, still her faithful arm sustain;
And our love shall even brave the parting of the grave—
For I know there's bliss beyond, and we shall meet again!

A WESTERN correspondent, 'Captain L —,' (have we his *real* name?) writes us as follows: 'In the tenth chapter of JOSHUA, at the twelfth and thirteenth verses, you will find it thus written: "Then spake JOSHUA unto the LORD in the day when the LORD delivered up the Amorites before the children of ISRAEL; and he said in the sight of ISRAEL, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. *Is not this written in the Book of Jasher?* So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." You will also find the *Wars of Jehovah* and *The Enumerations*, mentioned by MOSES, in the twenty-first chapter of Numbers, at the fourteenth, fifteenth, and twenty-seventh to thirtieth verses: "Wherefore it is said in the *Book of the Wars of the Lord*, "What he did in the Red Sea, and in the brooks of Arnon; and at the stream of the brooks that goeth down to the dwelling of Ar, and lieth upon the border of Moab. Wherefore they that speak in proverbs, say, "Come into Heshbon, let the city of Sihon be built and prepared: for there is a fire gone out of Heshbon, a flame from the city of Sihon: it hath consumed Ar of Moab, and the lords of the high places of Arnon. Woe to thee, Moab! thou art undone, O people of Chemosh: he hath given his sons that escaped, and his own daughters into captivity unto Sihon, King of the Amorites." Now, Mr. EDITOR, have you any curiosity concerning these